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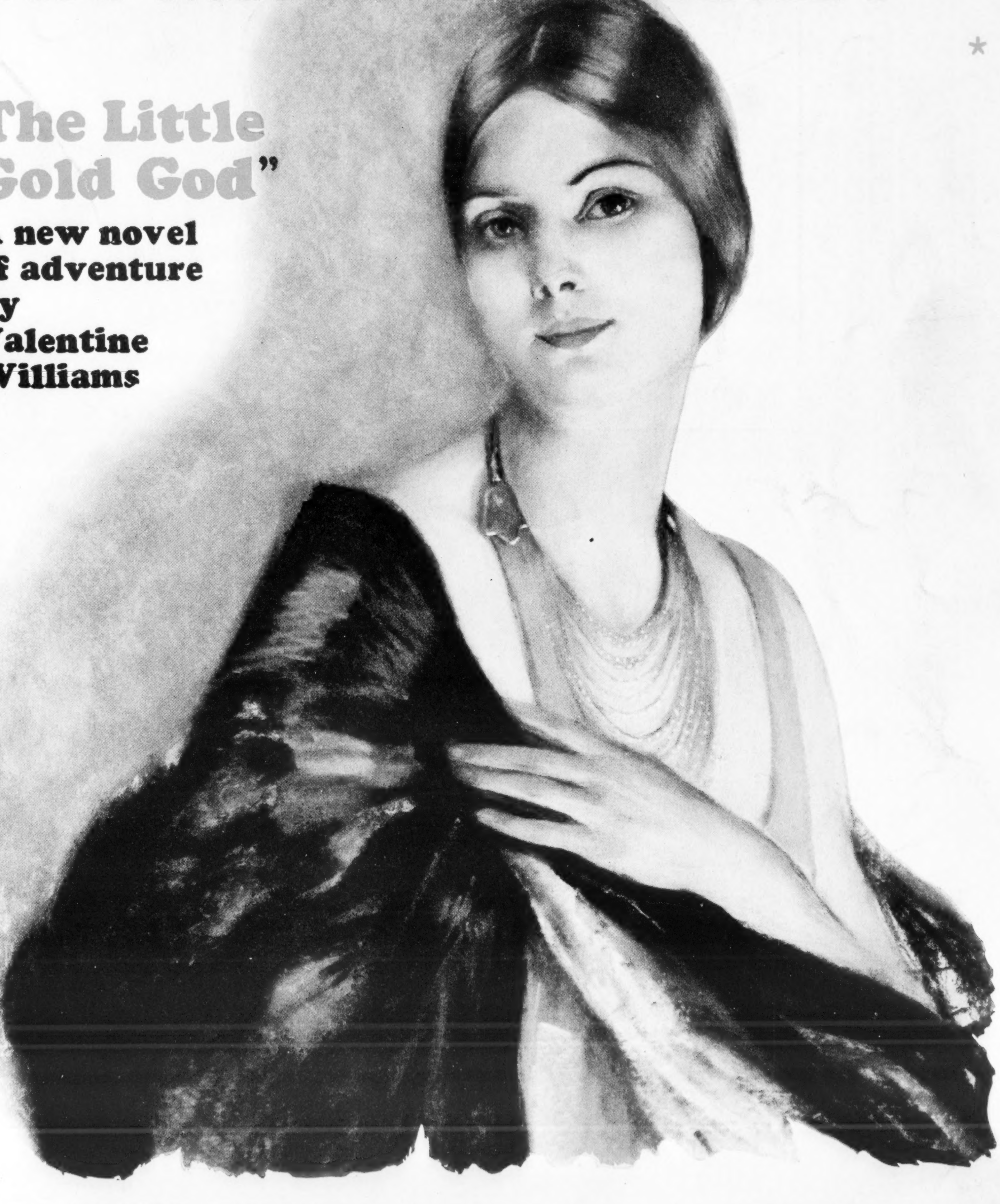
December 12, 1925

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

"The Little Gold God"
A new novel of adventure by Valentine Williams



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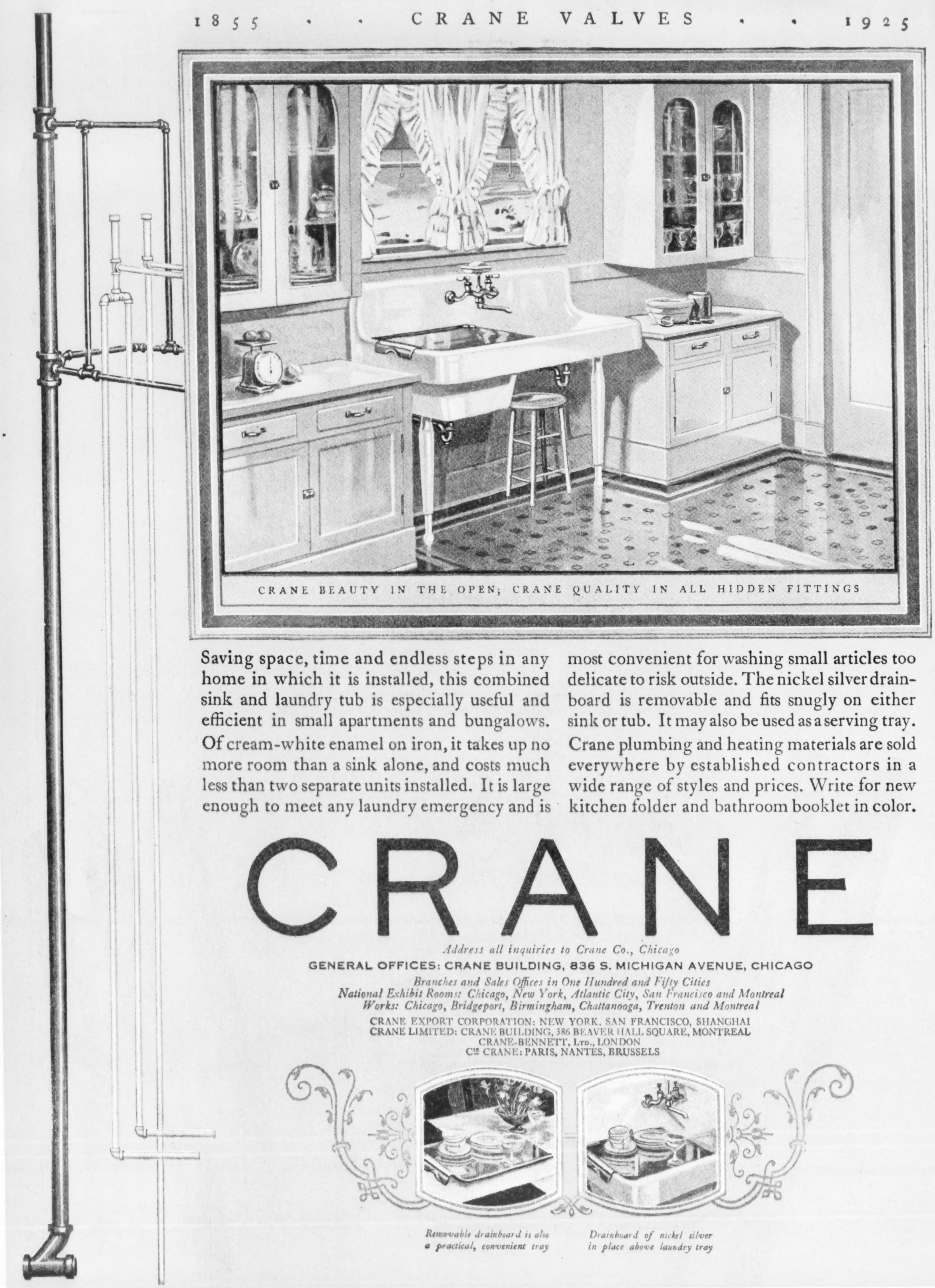

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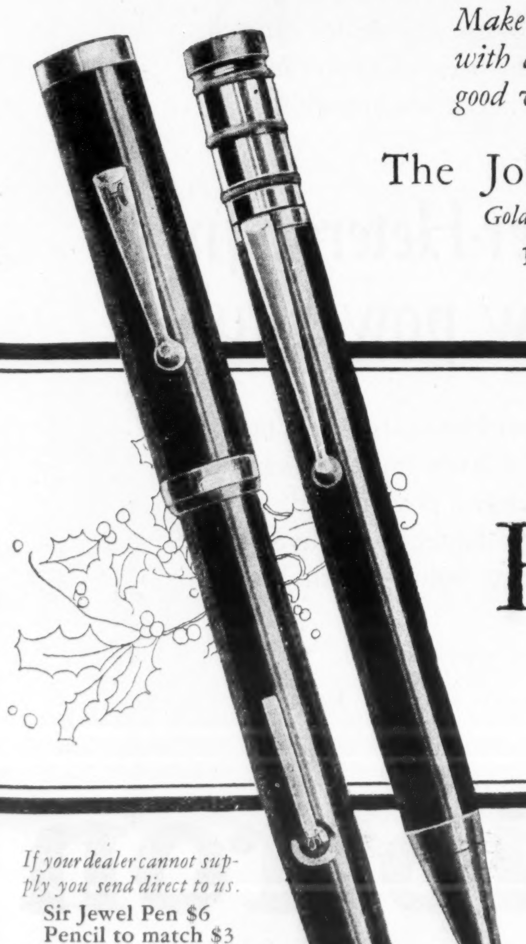

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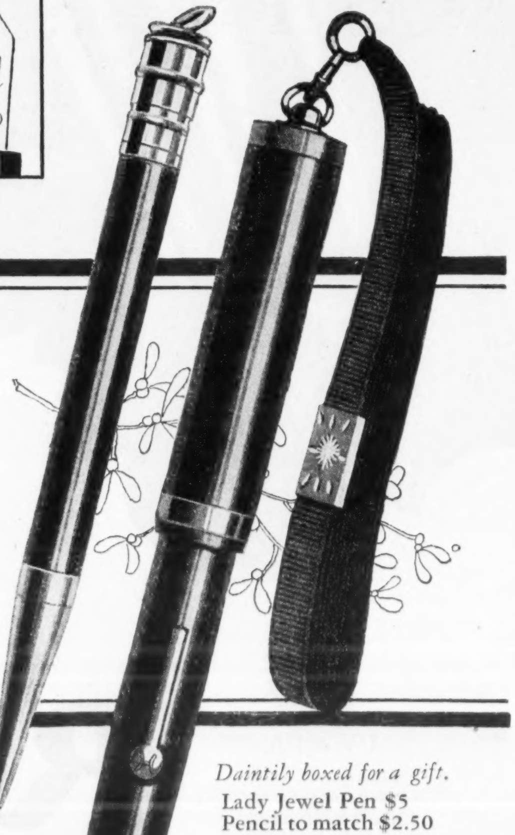

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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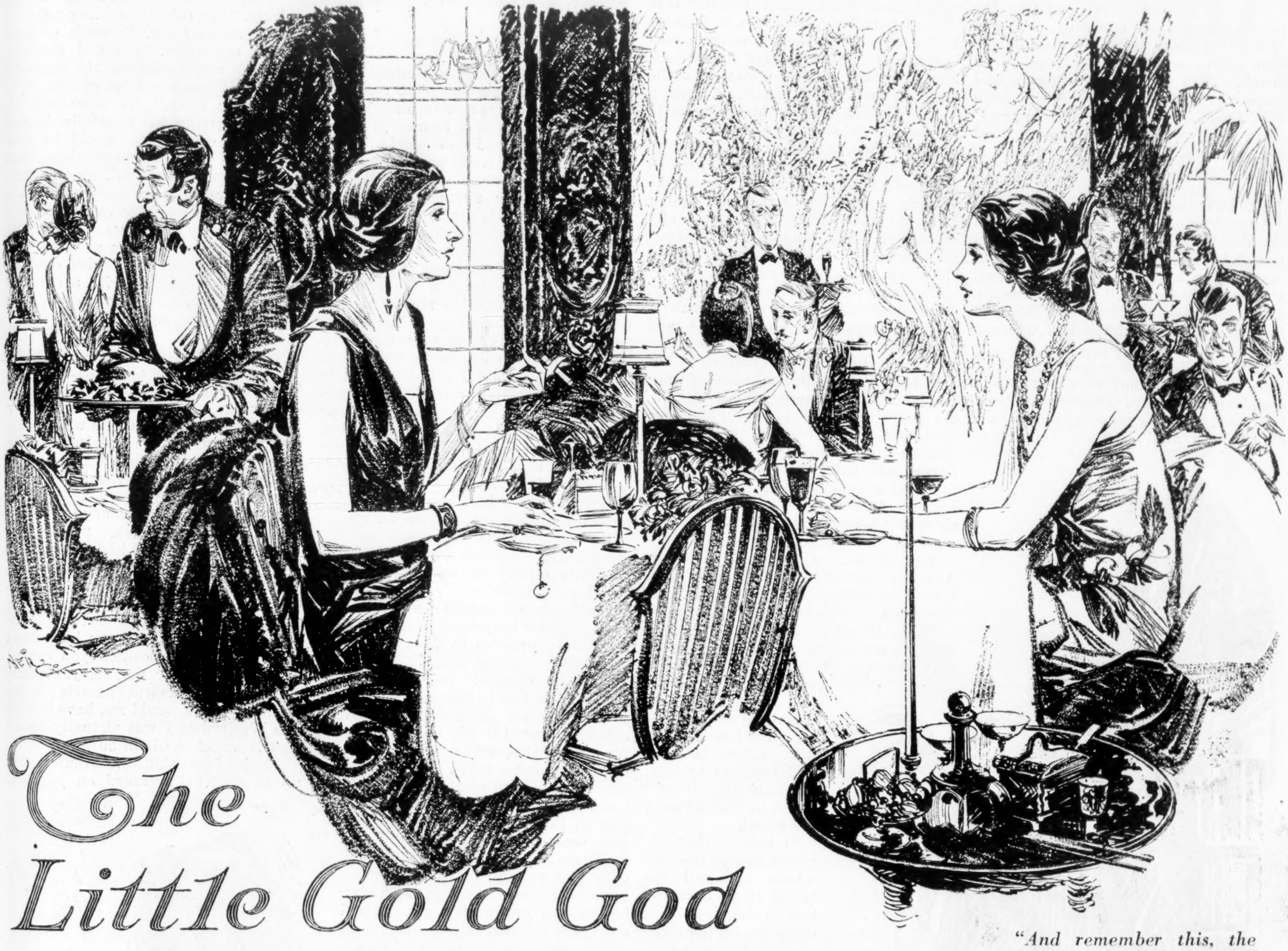


"And remember this, the best man ever born is fit only for the guillotine"

The Little Gold God

By
VALENTINE
WILLIAMS

Beginning the breathless story of an American, both young and lovely, who could not know that adventure and mystery were the prelude to romance

WITH a roar from its open exhaust like the clamor of an approaching cyclone, the great white car sped rushing through the night. Before it opened, funnel-shape, the straight French road edged with tall poplars that, in the steady glare of the four dazzling lights, were seen to bend and writhe and shake before the tremendous lashing of the rain.

At the wheel a crouching, begoggled figure bounded and trembled to the motion, hands lightly resting on the dancing circle, eyes fixed on the yellow blur ahead. There was a man in front beside the driver and two more muffled shapes were visible in the tonneau, but they did not speak or move. Thus for many hours these four had traveled through the storm, as silent, as impersonal, as the the blankly lifeless countryside about them.

But now the engine's voice droned lower, the speed decreased, and the big white car rocked and swayed hesitatingly, as it were, over the pot holes of the road.

"We turn off here," said the driver in English. "Did one ever see such a night? Have the goodness, Signor Seaton, to wipe a little the glass. It's as dark as the gate of hell under the trees!"

With the soft jar of smoothly changed gears the car swung round and carefully began to nose its way up the incline of a side road. A thick voice spoke from the back of the car:

"'Most there, eh, Mr. Lucca?"

"Sure, Mr. Aronfels!"

"Thank the Lord for that! Me and Mr. Ismail is nigh frozen back here."

"It's a perishin' night," remarked the man beside the driver, speaking over his shoulder. "I hope to Heaven Simonou's got some whisky."

"Amen to that!" rejoined the voice from the tonneau fervently, and the party relapsed into silence.

The car was clambering stolidly up a narrow lane lined with dripping trees whose branches all but formed an arch overhead. The air was dank and raw; the darkness intense. On the right a white gate that stood open between two granite pillars seemed to step suddenly into the beam of the headlights and the car turned in. VILLA SCARABÉE was the name on the posts.

A graveled drive wound its way steeply up a precipitous slope dotted with tossing palms and pines. The lamps showed beds of bright-hued flowers set at intervals in the stretch of emerald turf between. Unexpectedly out of the Stygian blackness ahead a blurred light winked through the rain, and presently, in the brightness of the headlights, a white house with green shutters stood disclosed.

The car stopped. With a suddenness that was almost painful the steady throb of the engine was stilled. A door opened and a gush of yellow radiance poured from the dark house upon the mud-splashed car. It had halted at a porch beneath which, silhouetted against the light, a man in evening dress was standing.

"So there you are at last!" was his greeting. "He's been here since nine o'clock waiting for you! Good evening, Seaton; I'm delighted to see you. And you, too, Mr. Aronfels. And you, my dear Ismail, and you, friend Lucca!"

Each and severally he hailed the four travelers as, muffled up in overcoats, they descended stiffly from the car.

"Gee!" ejaculated Mr. Aronfels, whom the porch lamp discovered as a stout man with small eyes and a fat nose. "That's a fierce run we've had. We're

The table of contents will be found on page 50

hoping that you've got a drop of something to keep out the wet, brother Simonou!"

"And none of your mastic!" put in the man addressed as Seaton. His heavy fur coat had fallen open, disclosing the undeniable elegance of his attire, and a monocle glittered in his eye.

"Not on your life!" the man on the porch retorted idiomatically. "I've a case of the finest pre-war whisky inside that wants nothing better than to be drunk. Step right in, gentlemen, and warm yourselves. Leave the car where it is, Lucca. It will come to no harm!"

He was very eager, smiling a good deal with the assiduity of one who is not too sure of himself.

HE LED the way into the house, and the four men trooped after him. In the dainty white hall, deliciously perfumed by masses of golden mimosa in vases, they left their outdoor things. Presently they were all grouped about a fire of olive logs that hissed in the open hearth of a room off the hall where a table was set for supper.

"I've sent the man to bed," said their host, "so I trust that none of you will stand on ceremony. There's a Strasbourg pâté, lobster mayonnaise, a brace of chickens and a ham. You'll find whisky on the buffet or, if you prefer it, some George Goulet '13, which I've heard highly praised. My dear Seaton, you've been here before; might I ask you to take my place while I run up and let our friend know that you've all arrived?"

He left them crowding round the sideboard. With almost professional dexterity Seaton set about carving thin slices off the ham; Aronfels, in a smart brown suit deftly molded to the swelling curves of his abundant figure, took charge of the whisky decanter, while the man they called Ismail, wielding a knife in a small brown hand, began to cut bread. Their host found them all at table when, presently, he returned to the dining-room. He planted himself in front of the fire, a trail of blue smoke floating upward from the long amber cigarette tube held in his carefully manicured hand, and let his narrow, restless black eyes rove from one to the other of his four guests.

They were an oddly assorted company. Their table manners varied as much as their appearance. Aronfels ate and drank noisily, rooting in his plate like a hog in its trough, cracking jokes and laughing loudly, a mass of animal spirits and energy, while Seaton, his glass in his eye, his set white face impassive, demolished his drumstick of chicken with an air of dainty aloofness. Lucca, who had driven the party, had fastened a napkin under his chin and, his big nose pointed plateward, was shoveling lobster salad into his mouth with the blade of his knife.

At last, with a grunt of repletion, Aronfels pushed back his plate and helped himself to a cigar out of the silver box at his elbow.

"Well, friend Simonou," said he, addressing the man at the fireplace, "there ain't another guy in the business what'd bring *me* all the way from N'York to Cannes to meet a gink I'd never heard of before. I hope he's got real business to talk, that's all—eh, fellers?"

And he looked round the board.

"I believe that Simonou knows too well where his real interest lies," observed Seaton, tapping out a cigarette on the richly enameled back of his gold cigarette case, "to have brought *me* on a fool's errand from London. . . ."

He spoke like a well-bred Englishman, but his voice had no timbre. Combined with this the perfect rigidity of his features, which his eyeglass accentuated, gave a rather unpleasant flavor to everything he said.

"And me from Turin!" ejaculated Lucca.

"Gentlemen," said Simonou, holding up his hand for silence, "you shall have no cause to regret the promptitude with which you have responded to my summons. I am distressed to have had to bring you so far, busy men as you four are, but alas, I had no choice!

"My friend Mr. Ramosi is an elusive person with a marked dislike for making plans in advance. I had to avail myself of his fleeting presence on the Riviera to snatch the opportunity for this private meeting at my villa. It was because my friend was so uncertain of his movements (he is a man of great and wide interests), but also—I will be frank with you—because I had to ensure absolute secrecy (for the business we have to discuss is not everybody's affair), that I asked you all to come to Lyons and await further word from me there. That every one of you has honored me by keeping the rendezvous is a mark of confidence, believe me, that I highly esteem. Mr. Ramosi is upstairs in my study now, and if you will accompany me I shall have much pleasure in presenting you. . . ."

He had a smooth voice, soft and caressing as though his throat were permanently oiled. He talked rapidly in excellent English with the sort of undefinable accent peculiar to those who speak several languages fluently, using his hands generously to express his meaning.

"Wait a minute!" interposed Aronfels. "When I do business I like to know where I'm at. I know you, friend Simonou, and I'll tell the world that, for a man what ain't in the trade regular, there ain't a better judge of Egyptian antikas than what you are. When you cabled to inquire would I meet you on this side to discuss the biggest deal ever put over, did I ask questions? No, sir. I packed my grip and caught the next steamer because I done business with you before and you're all right. But I don't know your friend and, from what these boys tell me, they don't know either. I'll say I'm acquainted with most of the big guys in the Egyptology line, but this Ramosi has got me guessing. Who is he, anyway?"

The shade of yellow which was the dominant tint of Simonou's face deepened. His restless eyes flickered nervously round the group.

"That question doesn't arise," he said quickly. "The only interesting point for you is whether Mr. Ramosi's proposal proves attractive. I stand guaranty that he's able to deliver the goods."

Seaton's toneless voice cut in.

"All the same," he remarked, absently fingering his carefully knotted gray silk cravat, "it would be more regular if we knew something more definite about your pal, Simonou. That he's a friend of yours speaks, no doubt, volumes for his private character; it is not necessarily a certificate of his business integrity. As far as I am concerned, my people in London can't afford to get mixed up with a bunch of Levantine crooks. We've always left that side to you, my friend!"

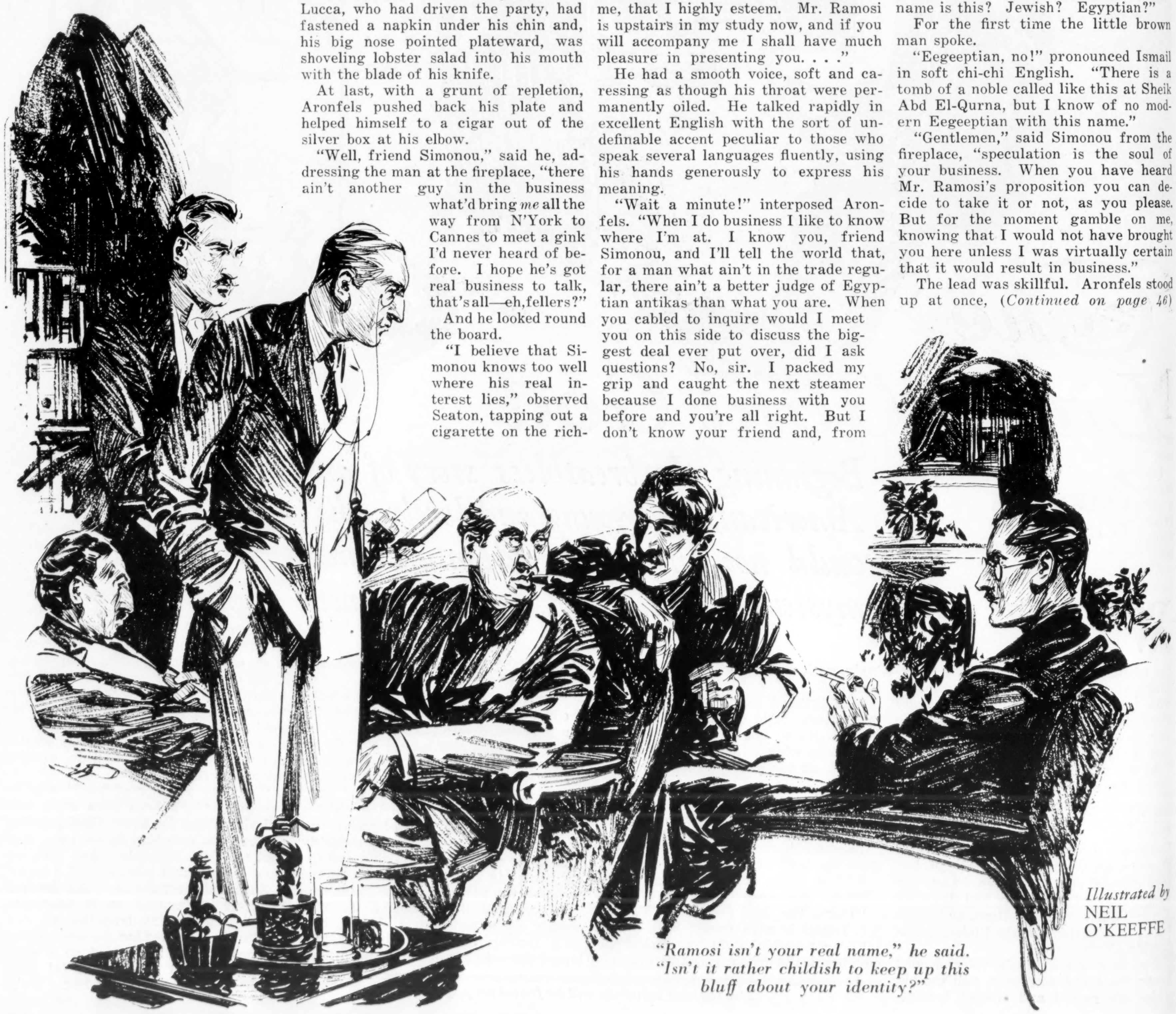
THE words, delivered in his dry, metallic voice, were incredibly insulting. Simonou moistened his lips nervously with his tongue before replying. The Italian forestalled him with a question: "Ramosi?" he queried. "What name is this? Jewish? Egyptian?"

For the first time the little brown man spoke.

"Eegeeptian, no!" pronounced Ismail in soft chi-chi English. "There is a tomb of a noble called like this at Sheik Abd El-Qurna, but I know of no modern Eegeeptian with this name."

"Gentlemen," said Simonou from the fireplace, "speculation is the soul of your business. When you have heard Mr. Ramosi's proposition you can decide to take it or not, as you please. But for the moment gamble on me, knowing that I would not have brought you here unless I was virtually certain that it would result in business."

The lead was skillful. Aronfels stood up at once, (*Continued on page 46*)

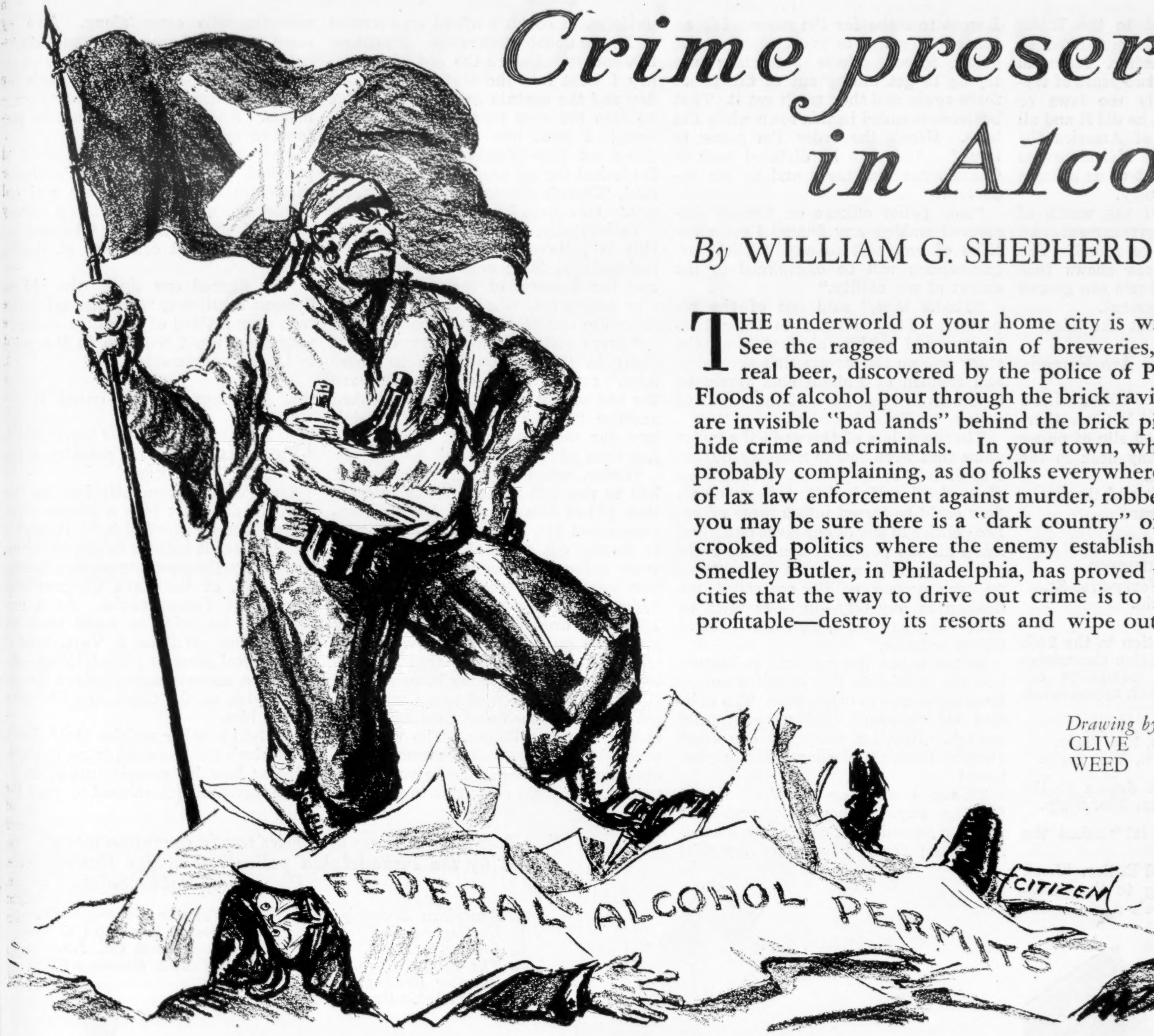


"Ramosi isn't your real name," he said. "Isn't it rather childish to keep up this bluff about your identity?"

Illustrated by
NEIL O'KEEFFE

Crime preserved in Alcohol

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD



THE underworld of your home city is wild country. See the ragged mountain of breweries, containing real beer, discovered by the police of Philadelphia. Floods of alcohol pour through the brick ravines. There are invisible "bad lands" behind the brick pile in which hide crime and criminals. In your town, where you are probably complaining, as do folks everywhere these days, of lax law enforcement against murder, robbery and vice, you may be sure there is a "dark country" of booze and crooked politics where the enemy establishes his base. Smedley Butler, in Philadelphia, has proved to American cities that the way to drive out crime is to make it unprofitable—destroy its resorts and wipe out its friends.

Drawing by CLIVE WEED

NO ONE wanted to play against the Crazyville baseball team. The reason for this will appear shortly. It was not, I may say in opening, that Crazyville played too well.

Because Crazyville lacked opponents the business men of the town organized a second Crazyville team. On that great day when the two Crazyville teams met in their first game the entire town turned out.

All the players on both sides were Crazyville products. So was the umpire. So was the audience.

The pitcher of team Number One started off by refusing to pitch from the box. He stood ten feet in front of it as he threw his first ball.

"Hey!" shouted the Crazyville umpire. "You throw that ball from the pitcher's box the next time, according to the rules."

"It's too far and it hurts my arm," objected the pitcher.

The umpire turned to the batter, expecting him to complain of the short-distance pitching. The batter only smiled. No one in the grand stand or on the field objected, apparently, to the violation of the rules. The pitcher threw his second ball from the same spot.

"Three strikes," said the umpire at last.

"Look here," said the batter. "I didn't get a good crack at that ball. I'm going to take another strike."

"You can't," yelled the umpire. "It isn't according to the rules."

Nevertheless the batter stood up to the plate and the pitcher from somewhere infield threw him another ball, which he hit for a home run.

"Better'n Babe Ruth," yelled the Crazyville crowd.

Up went the score, "one run." No one in the Crazyville crowd or on the Crazyville teams complained.

Pretty soon the Number One team was out. Number Two came in to bat. The first Number Two batter knocked a short grounder and started for first. As he ran down the line he tripped and fell. By the time he had risen the ball had reached first.

"You're out!" yelled the Crazyville umpire.

"I am not," said the runner, rubbing his knee and limping toward first base. "I fell and hurt myself."

"But the rules say you're out," shouted the umpire. He turned for support toward the runner's teammates. They made no sign. He turned to the crowd. It showed no objection to breaking the baseball rules. He turned to the field where the Number One team was waiting apparently for the next batter to come up. Even the first baseman showed no protest as the runner, still brushing his knee, planted his foot on first base.

The next batter knocked a foul along the third base line.

He ran to first, while the umpire yelled "Foul!" The man with the sore knee ran to second.

"Come back here, or you're out!" said the umpire.

"Aw! That was close enough to be a fair ball," roared the runner on first.

"But the rules—" protested the umpire.

"Well, they don't count this time," growled the runner.

No one, anywhere, seemed to object to this statement, so the game went on.

None but Crazyville folks would have sat and watched such a game, with rules broken at every play. None but Crazyville players could have played it and no one but a Crazyville man would have "umpired" it.

The game ended in a tie, with each side breaking about an equal number of rules. Everybody in Crazyville said it was a great game, except one stranger who had bet on results and who yelled that there had been cheating. Everybody frowned at him. At first the so-called game of baseball succeeded in Crazyville. The teams played together frequently after that. The games always ended in a tie, with both sides cheating. Crowds came from miles around, not to see the game, but to witness and laugh at the craziness of Crazyville.

Are We Like Crazyville Folks?

BUT when the wonder died out the crowds remained away. And Crazyville's baseball went to pot. Cows now graze over the Crazyville diamond. And cows will some day graze over Crazyville itself, for no one in that town, either in church affairs, business, civic affairs or society, is willing to follow rules; with Crazyville folks rules are always for the other fellow; not for oneself. And no one in Crazyville ever complains of rule-breaking by the other fellow unless he, personally, is hurt by the act. Then he yells, loudly, "You're breaking the rules." And the rest all frown at him and say he's a nuisance.

What's the use of having rules if you don't follow them? Sounds like a silly query, but stab your brain with this question, Messrs. and Mesdames Citizens, one of these days when you're worrying about law violation and the generality of crime in your towns.

Of all the big facts of the problem of city government that stand out in the effort of Smedley Butler to enforce crime and vice laws in Philadelphia—and Philadelphia is no Crazyville, nor any worse than any other large-sized American city—the biggest fact is that, somehow, citizens did not look on laws as rules that *must* be followed, if they wanted to have a clean, safe, sane, honest-to-goodness city. They didn't try very hard to follow the rules—and they're not different in this respect from citizens in other towns that you and I might name—and they didn't get very mad at others who broke the rules. They didn't as a mass even get very mad at those who made fortunes in money by *purposely* breaking the rules. In fact, on election days, they permit these interested rule-breakers to become not only their rule-enforcers but their rule-makers as well.

Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler was granted a leave of absence from the Marine Corps to act as Director of Public Safety for Philadelphia by President Coolidge after the mayor and a group of citizens went to the White House to say that their city must be saved from a wave of crime. If he did nothing else during his two years of trying to enforce literally the laws or "rules" of Philadelphia, he did it and all the other large cities of America the favor of showing up the ridiculousness of having laws that most of us citizens don't take any too seriously.

He took the case off the watch of American municipal government and let us see the wheels go round. The story of his experiences shows that only too often these wheels are geared up to dodge law enforcement.

What about an incident like this?

When Law Enforcers Are Forced

A GRIZZLED old police officer with a quizzical smile on his weather-beaten face laid a printed slip of paper on Butler's big mahogany desk in the city hall in Philadelphia.

General Butler read it and threw the paper over to me. It ran:

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD REPUBLICAN
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
Lancaster Ave. and Forty-first St.,
Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR:

A voluntary contribution to the 24th Ward Republican Executive Committee to pay for legitimate campaign expenses would be very much appreciated.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE A. WELSH, Pres.
BENJ. H. FIELDS, Rec. Sec'y.
FRANK W. HAHN, Fin. Sec'y.

P. S.—Check should be drawn to the order of Frank W. Hahn, Fin. Sec'y.

"What'll I do about it?" asked the old police officer.

"Do about it?" shouted Butler. "Look here!" he said, turning to the newspaper reporters. "Here's a statement I want to make for the press. It's an order I'm going to give to the entire police force. These politicians are trying to get money out of the police force again and they won't get it. That business is ended in this town while I'm here. Here's the order I'm going to issue." And then he dictated both to Oakum, his secretary, and to the reporters:

"Any police officers or firemen discovered making any financial contributions of any sort to any political organizations will be disciplined to the extent of my ability."

"That's that," said one of the reporters. They hurried to their telephones and within a short time the story was on the streets that the police and firemen of Philadelphia would be saved several hundreds of thousands of dollars by Butler's orders.

There are lots of things in the police game that were new to Smedley Butler. Not even a cosmopolitan, worldly-wise globe-girdling United States marine officer could be tossed into a maze of police politics in any of our large cities and learn all the points of the game right away. There's as much inscrutable mystery among politics-controlled policemen in any city—in your town or mine—as there is among the natives of China or India.

Butler asked the old-time policeman how the politicians had collected money from policemen in other days. The grizzled old "copper" told us cheerfully enough. Here's a story you can smell (maybe there's a similar scent in your town):

"When I went on the force I got $1.75 a day. I bought second-hand pants, a second-hand coat and a second-hand hat; that's how I got my first uniform. I couldn't afford an overcoat so I wore double underwear. I went on in January. Before the end of February I went into the station house one day and the captain said, 'You'd better go into the side room and see Weinbeck.' I went into a little room and there sat Moe Weinbeck, a politician. He looked for my name in his book and said, 'There's fifteen dollars due from you.' Of course I had to pay it!"

Incidentally, this same Weinbeck is still in politics in Philadelphia. And incidentally, it is only the policemen and the firemen, of the thousands of city employees, who have been saved from the collectors of the politicians.

"Every policeman had to come across right in the station house in those days," continued the officer. "Toward the end of my first year I was soaked another $15. That made thirty dollars for the year and I was getting less than $600 a year.

"Later, when I got more money, I had to pay $48 a year. They told me that $30 of this went to the city committee and $18 to the ward committee. It finally got so that the politicians were collecting about one day's pay per month from each policeman and fireman. Finally we got a mayor in 1905 who ordered that the politicians must not go to the station houses to collect money. So after that the collector used to come to my home and my family would be forced to see me hand out bread-and-shoe and Christmas-tree money to the collector. The collector would always give you a memorandum showing that you had made your payment. You could show this to the next collector who came along. I've got some of the old memorandums left."

That was *old* times in the *police* and *fire* departments. But it isn't *old* times in other city and county departments. And it isn't old times in your town or mine.

Memorandums are *still* issued by political collectors in Philadelphia; there are other officeholders and city employees, outside of Butler's department of Public Safety, who are not protected against collectors at election time.

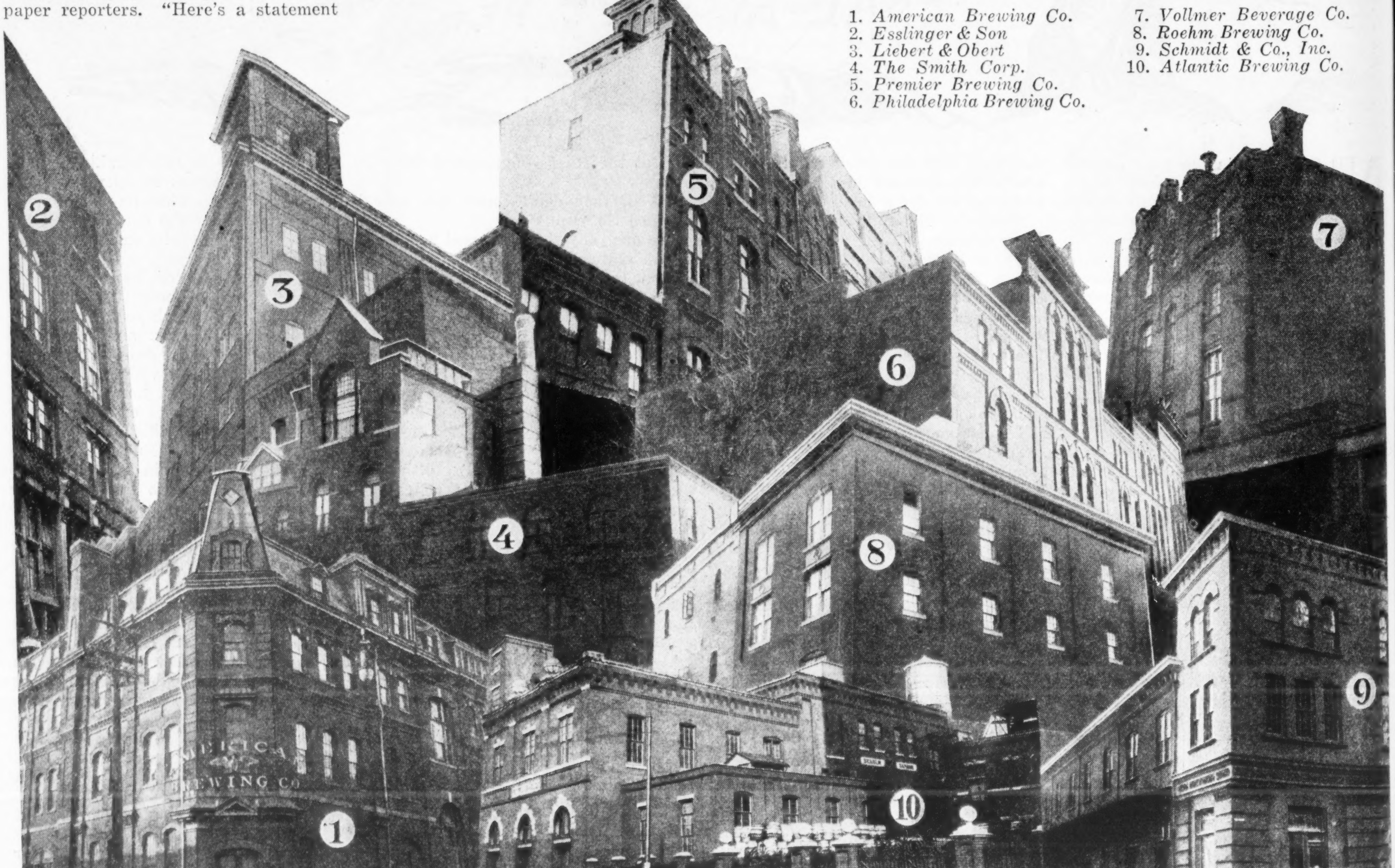
"We figured one time," the old policeman continued, "that the politicians took over a third of a million dollars a year from the 7,000 men in the police and fire departments."

A Congressman Signed It

BUT I haven't told this story just to be entertaining. It contains a fact that hits you and me.

There's one name attached to that political dun that tells a bigger story. It is "George A. Welsh." It isn't a small name; it belongs to one of the nation's lawmakers—Congressman George A. Welsh, of the sixth Congressional District of Pennsylvania. As a congressman he helps to make laws for you and me. William S. Vare, head of the political gang in Philadelphia—who is also a congressman—helped to put Mr. Welsh on the ticket and the gang elected him.

I've told in other articles about Smedley Butler's fight against crime in Philadelphia; how his enemies grew, as his battle increased (*Continued on page 34*)



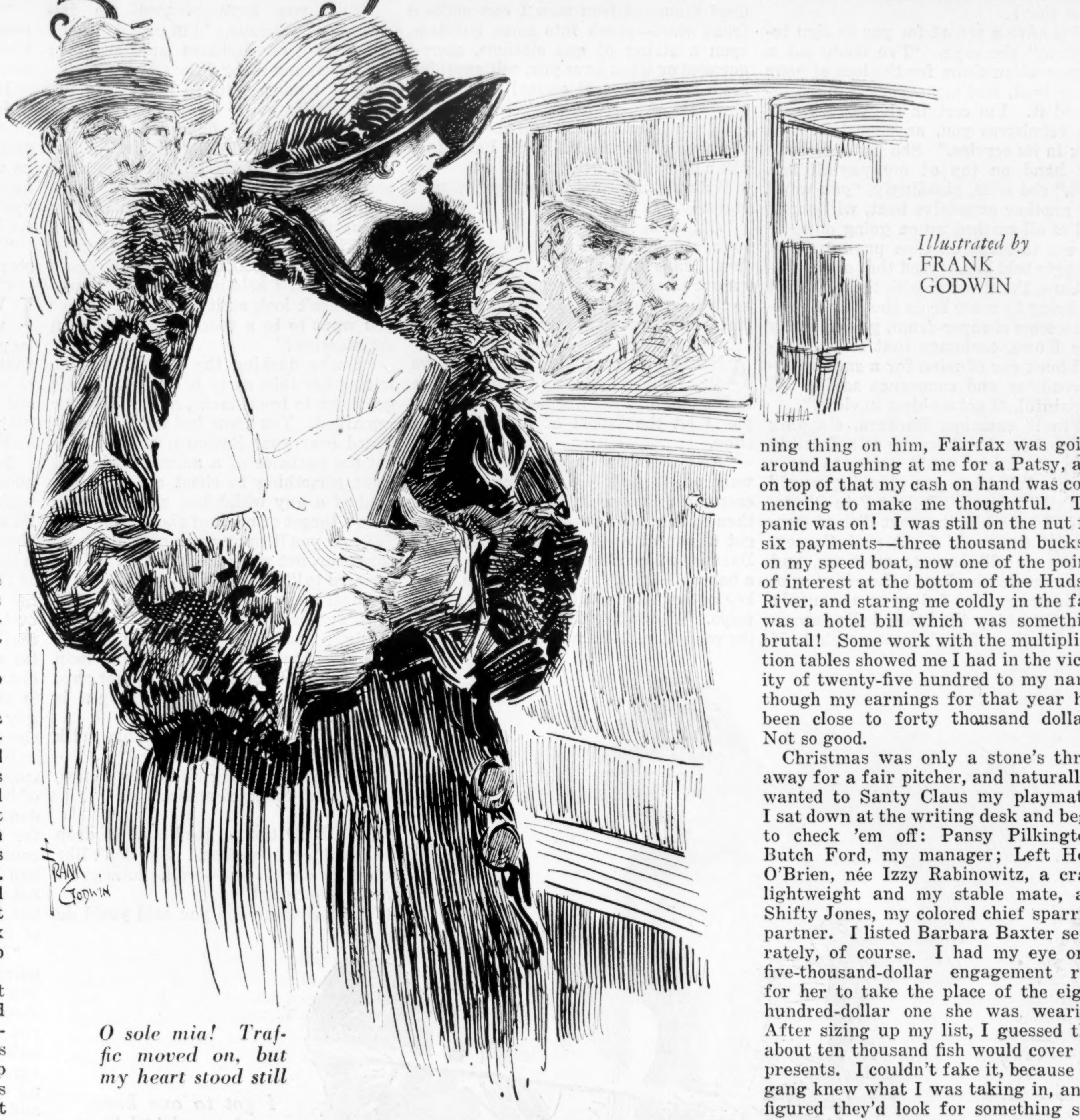
"... Every one of these breweries was in operation when raided by the Philadelphia police."—Smedley Butler, Director of Public Safety

1. *American Brewing Co.*
2. *Esslinger & Son*
3. *Liebert & Obert*
4. *The Smith Corp.*
5. *Premier Brewing Co.*
6. *Philadelphia Brewing Co.*
7. *Vollmer Beverage Co.*
8. *Roehm Brewing Co.*
9. *Schmidt & Co., Inc.*
10. *Atlantic Brewing Co.*

The Knight before Christmas

By
H. C.
WITWER

"The best stories I have ever done are these about Bill Grimm and Barbara Baxter" — so says H. C. Witwer. But Collier's readers have been saying that for the last six months



Illustrated by
FRANK
GODWIN

O sole mia! Traffic moved on, but my heart stood still

ONCE upon a time, gentle reader, Mr. Titus Maccius Plautus hauled off and remarked laughingly to, probably, his bride:

"It is a great plague to be too handsome a man!"

The chances is that by way of a witty retort Mrs. Plautus immediately crowned this master brain and not with no wreath either, but as Tite did his stuff eighteen hundred years ago the details escapes me at the minute. However, I agree with him that being a handsome dog is bound to cause you a clock of grief. I wouldn't fool you, being beautiful is strictly a woman's business. It certainly ain't the business of a box fighter, as for no reason what so ever I hope to show you.

In case you don't place me at first glance, I'm William Reginald Grimm, better known as "Bust-'Em-Bill" and a contender for the world's heavyweight boxing championship when the following pungent events come to pass. I was practically what is known as a tot when both my parents was lost in a shipwreck, and as I craved my daily cakes I had to get out and hustle forthwith. So I copped a sneak from the grammar school at Fairfax Falls, New York, where grammar was all I didn't learn, and sold papers, run errands, worked as printers' devil and other arts in season, growing up big and tough and the truant cops' nemesis. There was something about a state home for orphans or any of these official traps for kids of my type which failed to appeal to me!

Finally I graduated into piloting a taxicab in New York City, and that's what I'd been doing to-day if I hadn't got wind of the heavy money which even tenth-rate boxers is plied with. I was young and healthy, weighed close to two hundred and stood six foot in my nude feet. Why should I be content with thirty-five a week for running guys over with my cab, when I could get a hundred times that for *knocking* 'em over with my jab?

So I hopped nimbly off the seat of a taxi into the ring and almost from the start I clicked, soon reaching the point where I could demand and get five thousand smackers a scuffle with even ordinary palookas. The sport writers nicknamed me "Bust-'Em-Bill" because most of my fights began and ended in the other boy's corner. I was no master boxer, but a crowd pleaser. I could hit and I could take it, and while I was shy on science, I had the knack of being able to get up and win after being smacked down myself—quite a gift!

ABOUT a year after I first darkened Manhattan's busy threshold I was a big drawing card and knocking at the heavyweight champ's door.

Well, to make a long story justified, this quick prosperity and notoriety went to my head and made a fearful clown out of me. I broadcasted money like I owned my own mint, no fooling! I bought a two-million-candle-power diamond, a wardrobe which would make King George's globe-trotting son look clothes-poor, a seven-thousand-dollar horseless vehicle, a nifty speed boat, and I moved to the Fitz-Charlton. Not content with the above dementedness, I went to a costly beauty doctor and let him work his will on my nose, which had been socked out of true in one of my first battles. This pan-retreader knew his oil, and he sent me out of his deadfall with a smeller as classic and pleasant to the eye as one on a statue in the park.

And, believe me, I'll state I took that grand nose around the highways and buyways where people could see it! Starved for luxuries after my long years of famine, I went the whole hog, blowing my dough as fast as it come in and frequently faster.

This reckless extravagance and my neglect to use my bank roll to leave the prize ring burnt up Barbara Baxter, the lovely disturbance with which I was wildly in love. Barbara was a sleuth for the Revenue Department and had flatly refused to wed me while I remained a leather pusher and a two-handed spender. She'd tried to get me to patronize a good night school and read books which would educate me, but I couldn't be annoyed. Like all saps, I thought I was perfect the way I stood.

Barbara and the customs boys used my fast and expensive motor boat to run down a gang of dope smugglers, and in the gun fight which followed my craft was sunk. But at the time that didn't bother me as much as the fact that the ringleader, Jack Fairfax, escaped. Me and this egg had waged a private war ever since the days when we was both kids in Fairfax Falls. I'd positive knowledge that he was the head of the smuggler gang, but his pals wouldn't squeal, and I couldn't get together enough proof to put him in the hoosegow.

Well, boys and girls, sitting in my elegant suite at the Fitz-Charlton one cold and snowy day, I gazed gloomily out the window up to my ears in brooding. Knowing I couldn't pin that drug-running thing on him, Fairfax was going around laughing at me for a Patsy, and on top of that my cash on hand was commencing to make me thoughtful. The panic was on! I was still on the nut for six payments—three thousand bucks—on my speed boat, now one of the points of interest at the bottom of the Hudson River, and staring me coldly in the face was a hotel bill which was something brutal! Some work with the multiplication tables showed me I had in the vicinity of twenty-five hundred to my name, though my earnings for that year had been close to forty thousand dollars. Not so good.

Christmas was only a stone's throw away for a fair pitcher, and naturally I wanted to Santy Claus my playmates. I sat down at the writing desk and begin to check 'em off: Pansy Pilkington; Butch Ford, my manager; Left Hook O'Brien, née Izzy Rabinowitz, a crack lightweight and my stable mate, and Shifty Jones, my colored chief sparring partner. I listed Barbara Baxter separately, of course. I had my eye on a five-thousand-dollar engagement ring for her to take the place of the eight-hundred-dollar one she was wearing. After sizing up my list, I guessed that about ten thousand fish would cover my presents. I couldn't fake it, because the gang knew what I was taking in, and I figured they'd look for something substantial in the gift line and not no gewgaws which smacked of the five and ten.

MY NEXT problem was where would I get the sugar to take care of the jolly Yuletide?

My kayo record had filled the heavyweight champ with a great respect for my punch, and he didn't wish no part of me, preferring to box for the movies and get Sunkist in dear old Hollywood. But the sport editors, which makes or breaks the tin-ear industry, rode him in their columns night and day till he had to make *some* move to keep his next picture from being a box-office flop. So he come out with the statement one day that he'd give me a shot at his crown—*if* I polished off Pete Oliver and One-Round Carney, the other two outstanding challengers. As both these babies was murderers, the champ thought *that* would stop my squawking, and he laughingly went back to his cameras. Within twenty-four hours of the title holder's announcement, Butch Ford had signed me to meet Pete Oliver at Indianapolis. I bet that caused Mr. Champion to bite his nails!

While the ink on the articles was drying, I went up to tell Barbara Baxter about that—and some other things. She looked like a billion and greeted me warmly at her apartment where she lived with her aunt, a regular fellow. I joined 'em in wishing me the best of luck against Oliver, and then Barbara's aunt did a fade-out. Barbara motioned for me to come over and sit down beside her on the lounge. I give her no argument about that!

"I'll have a report for you to sign to-morrow," she says. "I've made out a compensation claim for the loss of your motor boat, and my superiors have indorsed it. I'm certain the government will reimburse you, as your boat was sunk in its service." She lays her little soft hand on top of my pay-off fist. "Bill," she adds, pleadingly, "you won't buy another expensive boat, will you?"

"I'm all washed up on going down to the sea in ships on time payments!" I feelingly told her. "And that ain't all—Barbara, I'm through with the high life! I'm going to move from the Fitz-Charlton to some cheaper drum, pay off every dime I owe, exchange that seven-thousand-buck car of mine for a snappy little roadster and commence saving till it's painful. I got a object in view!"

"Fine!" exclaims Barbara, clapping her hands and staking me to a dazzling smile, "I knew you'd come to your senses! What are you planning now?"

"Well," I says, "I'll fight Pete Oliver, and if I take him my next dish is One-Round Carney. If I get past Carney, the champ will *have* to meet me, and after that fracas I quit the ring: win, lose or draw. I'm fed up on the manly art of breaking the other lad's jaw or versa vice, and I don't mean maybe! If I wasn't cleaned, I'd turn in my gloves and call it a day right now. But I'm broke, Barbara, and these three bouts will net me close to a hundred grand, after I give Butch his cut. With a hundred thousand iron men I can make a fresh start—crash into some business, open a string of gas stations, stores, garages or what have you, sell anything from radios to real estate! I'll figure *that* part of it out later. The thing *now* is to win this bank roll and check out of the box-fighting racket while I still look like a human being!"

With that I patted my nobby new nose tenderly.

"Oh, Bill, I do hope nothing will swerve you from that splendid resolution!" says Barbara. "I'll help you to keep it in every way I can. If you only knew how disgusting that sport of animals called prize fighting is to me!"

AND she give a little shiver to prove it. As it would only put me on the losing end of a hot argument, good people, I let the "sport of animals" part slide.

"As if wonders would never cease," I went on, "I took your advice, and I'm catching a lecture at Columbia now and then on this and that. The other night I got a load of a chat on a bozo entitled Darwin, which claims the first man was a baboon. It's a cinch Eve made a monkey out of Adam with that apple, anyways. Well, after the lecture I buzzed the professor, and now I'm reading some books he slipped me. The first thing you know I'll break out with a education and wallop Butch for saying ain't!"

Barbara bust out laughing and then patted my arm.

"Bill, you have pleased me immensely!" she says. "I'm proud of you! Stick to your lectures and reading; you're coming along famously."

"But I don't seem to be getting nowheres with *you!*" I remarked quietly, taking hold of her hand and plunging ahead with nerve I didn't know I had in me. "Suppose I *do* quit the ring for some game you think more tasty? What about me and you? When are you going to marry me, if at all?"

"Why, Bill—I—I—" she stammers, while that schoolgirl complexion goes crimson and I held my breath. "You—you mustn't look at it *that* way. Don't you want to be a success for your own satisfaction?"

"You're ducking the point!" I says, letting her take away her hand. "Let's get down to brass tacks, as the hammer remarked. You know full well I'm overboard over you, Barbara, and while I got the patience of a animal trainer, I want something to shoot at! I'm the kind of a guy which has simply got to have a target or my best shots is wasted. Tell me you'll marry me next week or next year, but give me something to look forward to!"

"Matrimony *now* would triple the odds against you, Bill," she answers gently. "You haven't found yourself. I—I think more of you than any man I've ever known, but I'm—I'm not sure yet that the feeling I have for you is love!"

"Take a chance—I'll gamble with you!" I busts out.

"Ask me something else," she smiles, all cool and collected again.

I FIGURED that a good time to drop the subject of wedlock. She don't like being pestered and—well, to-morrow was another day!

"A little while ago you said you'd do anything you could to help me keep my good resolutions," I says. "Was that level or banana oil?"

"I meant what I said," she tells me, toying with a cushion.

"Good!" I says. "Now—eh—I suppose if I—I guess if— Hey, listen: if I kissed you, would you leap out the window?"

If her face had got red before, it was a four-alarm fire *now*. Good night, I thinks, I've gummed up matters forever and a day! I kicked myself in the shins as she jumped up quickly and stared at me, and I was just concocting a humble apology when she murmurs with a odd smile:

"You forget this window is seven stories high, Bill!"

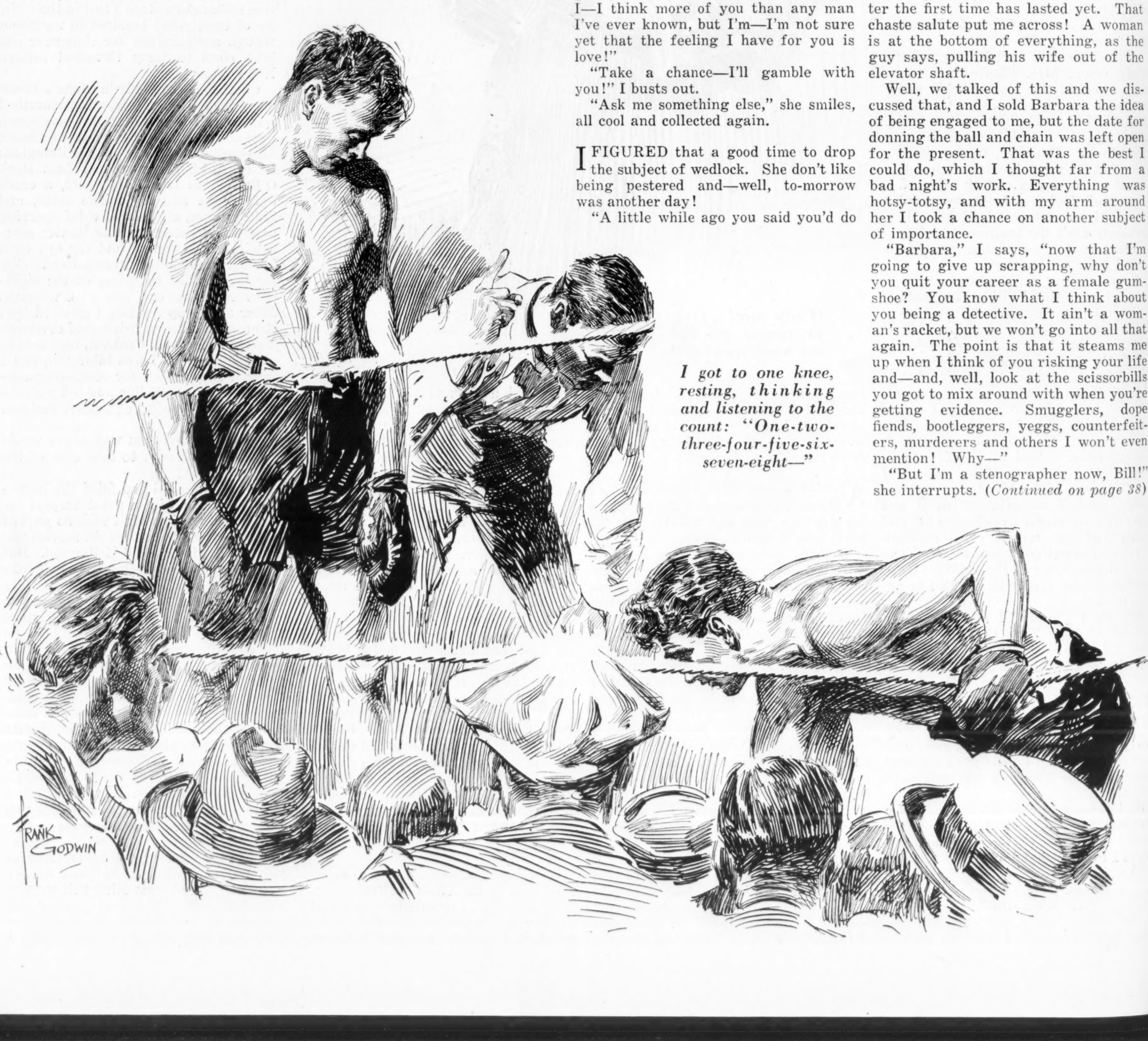
I WASTED a whole second getting what she meant and then I fairly leaped over and—say, it just struck me that I'm a proper umpchay to tell *everything* in this true confession, so I'll leave out this type of details. Still, there's nothing to prevent you filling in here and there with guesses, get me?

But I want to say to you this afternoon that my upward climb really begun with that clinch! It was the first time I'd ever touched Barbara, and I felt like Napoleon must have felt the first day he tried on his crown. I'd crashed the gate of Heaven! I got a kick when I knocked my first adversus for a Japanese mustache cup, but, honest to Buddha, the thrill I got when I kissed Barbara Baxter the first time has lasted yet. That chaste salute put me across! A woman is at the bottom of everything, as the guy says, pulling his wife out of the elevator shaft.

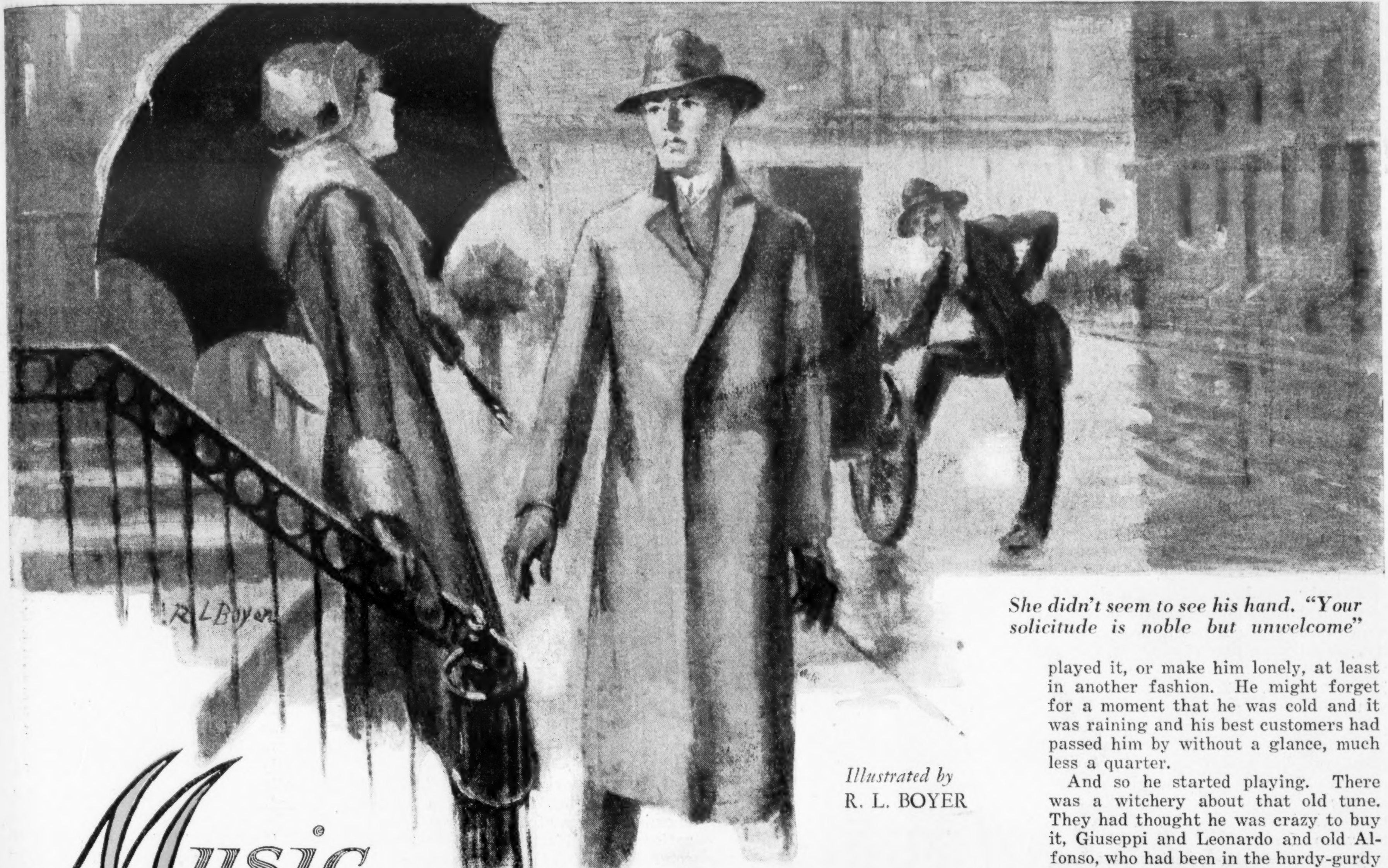
Well, we talked of this and we discussed that, and I sold Barbara the idea of being engaged to me, but the date for donning the ball and chain was left open for the present. That was the best I could do, which I thought far from a bad night's work. Everything was hotsy-totsy, and with my arm around her I took a chance on another subject of importance.

"Barbara," I says, "now that I'm going to give up scrapping, why don't you quit your career as a female gumshoe? You know what I think about you being a detective. It ain't a woman's racket, but we won't go into all that again. The point is that it steams me up when I think of you risking your life and—and, well, look at the scissorbills you got to mix around with when you're getting evidence. Smugglers, dope fiends, bootleggers, yeggs, counterfeiters, murderers and others I won't even mention! Why—"

"But I'm a stenographer now, Bill!" she interrupts. (*Continued on page 38*)



I got to one knee, resting, thinking and listening to the count: "One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight—"



She didn't seem to see his hand. "Your solicitude is noble but unwelcome"

Illustrated by
R. L. BOYER

Music hath charms

By BERNICE BROWN

TRADE was bad in the hurdy-gurdy business. Tony had been out since eight o'clock that morning, and it was now six-thirty and the whole day's profits had been less than one dollar—seventy-nine cents, to be exact—and that was poor indeed. Spring was the season in which the hurdy-gurdy business was at its height.

Of course to-day had been rainy.

He stood now under the L at Ninth Street, playing the "Marseillaise." No use wasting the "Caro Mio" here or the "Santa Lucia." Not for one moment would he consider the Andante Triste, that most lovely of love songs, that song that made you think of high nights and oleander blossoms and the moon above dewy meadows.

Tony knocked the wet from his hat. Then he looked up sharply. There they were, the two of them, coming toward him. He liked them. Not only were they two of his best patrons, but they were so young and happy and so very recklessly in love.

But they didn't see him. They kept walking on, just as though he were not there, just as though he were no more than one of the steel pillars that held up that ugly, crashing torment above him. "All right," she was saying, "if you want to go on behaving like the extinct dodo. Don't think I care. You can wear out your shoe leather on somebody else's staircase."

"There's no extinct dodo about my behavior," he snapped. "I don't like that Darty fellow, and you know I don't. I can't bear to see you give him a civilized glance, and as for giving him the come-on— You make me—"

"Shut up," said the lady. She was very white now. The young man was white too, and his jaw was set most unpleasantly. How young they looked and how scandalously tired! Of course she was rehearsing for the new revue, rehearsing all day and sometimes all night too. And he'd been reporting the Dartworth case, working as hard as any of the lawyers. It was a big job, and he'd been doing it rather extraordinarily well too.

"All right," said the young man. "You can choose then, either that motheaten last run of whitebait—or me."

"Thank you. Your magnanimity is simply overwhelming." How most awfully played out she looked, with the great blue circles underneath her blue eyes! "It occurs to me I've had just about as much of it this afternoon as I care for. This afternoon—or any."

He looked at her. Why couldn't they realize it was only nerves talking, nerves all frayed and jangled, and here they were about to blunder into a tragedy? Tony ground out the "Caro Mio." "You realize, I suppose, what you're saying?" said the young man.

"Perfectly."

"Then this is final."

She laughed a little. "You bet it's final. Lots of folks in this world have got sons besides you."

"There's a whole wealth of daughters too," snapped the young man.

This was ridiculous. They had reached her doorstep by now.

He held out his hand. He was going to be dignified. "Good-by," he said. "I shall watch your career with interest."

"Good-by," she snapped. She didn't seem, someway, to see his hand. "Your solicitude is noble but unwelcome. I can get on very well with my career without your interest."

He lifted his hat; the rain pelted down on him.

"Here, take my umbrella," she smiled cruelly, "for your gallantries."

"Damn," said the young man and flung himself across the street and started running.

Tony went on with his business. There might be a few pennies to be had before dusk yet. Who could tell? The trouble with spring was the weather, and people's nerves. He sometimes felt a little tired himself, and crotchety.

He played the "Marseillaise" over again and the "Caro Mio." Slowly he worked down the block. He was in front of her house now, poor young lady! He was thoroughly wet himself by this time and chilly, but he could still feel a little sorry for her too. It was too bad they had quarreled; they had always been so gay, so happy together before. Who could tell what might come of a quarrel like that? She might take up with that disagreeable Darty fellow of whom the young man had spoken in such an uncomplimentary fashion. Girls did do things like that. And then it would be too late even for repentance. A girl in a chorus had lots of chances, he knew, for repentance.

He worked further down the street. He played the "Santa Lucia." He liked it, but not as well, of course, as the Andante Triste. But this was no night for the Andante. There was no one now to appreciate it. And still, it might cheer him just a little himself if he played it, or make him lonely, at least in another fashion. He might forget for a moment that he was cold and it was raining and his best customers had passed him by without a glance, much less a quarter.

And so he started playing. There was a witchery about that old tune. They had thought he was crazy to buy it, Giuseppi and Leonardo and old Alfonso, who had been in the hurdy-gurdy business for going on forty years now.

"The 'Marseillaise' yes, and the 'Caro Mio,'" old Alfonso had said, "but not that tune. The folks don't like the simple ones. They like big tunes, see, tunes that stir up the blood, not tunes that stir up the memories, not tunes that make you lonesome."

"But it is beautiful," Tony had protested.

"Beautiful, faugh!" said his friend, "You are not in business for your health."

And indeed he was not on that wet night, but he forgot the wet night. His mind went back to a little village in the hills above Firenze. He could see the uneven blocks of stone over which the donkeys picked their way and the cart wheels bumped and jostled. There were bells on the donkeys' harness and sometimes a red bow of ribbon.

He could see the people in front of the little café on the days when there was a feast. How they laughed and sang and how the dominoes clicked together on the little stone-topped tables! Sometimes there was dancing in the square before the church, and finally the sun would go and the shadows would creep up the road and steal the road and steal the village and the hills.

Then the night would come out with one star above the hilltop. Somewhere a night bird would break into a little ruffle of song and the cypresses would stand like fingers of midnight against even the midnight itself. Oh, it made you sad. It made you remember the things you had decided not to remember.

IN HIS room on the third floor front the young man sat, his elbows propped on a table, his hands dug into his hair. Lord, he had no idea he was so tired! And something had happened too. The curtain hung limp at the open window, and outside he could hear the rain and a tune that came from somewhere out of the darkness.

He wasn't (*Continued on page 28*)

The man who wouldn't shut up

By
ELEANOR
MERCEIN
KELLY

A close-up of Mitchell of the Air Force by one who has known him ever since he was a baby

YOU may be for Colonel Mitchell; you may be against him; then, again, you may be more or less neutral—neither for him nor against him. But of one thing you may be sure: what he has done—and I speak as one who has known him since infancy—has been neither a grand gesture nor a mere grand-stand play. His rather startling defiance of precedent and the powers that be is merely the outgrowth of a twig strongly bent by heredity and circumstance.

The boy was born chief of a clan of lesser Mitchells; and he had leadership, which is largely a sense of responsibility, thrust upon him young. It was a wonderful place to grow up in, the Mitchell farm, with ponies to ride, if you could, cows to milk, if you could, a private race course, a private lake, which looks to older eyes merely a pond nowadays, but which was quite large enough and dangerous enough to play corsair upon, in a flat-bottomed rowboat which leaked—with Willy, of course, as Pirate Chief.

One remembers, on a certain occasion, when the boat leaked faster than three little girls could bail it out, asking in rather tremulous tones, "Willy, what will happen when this ship goes down?"—for the three little girls had not learned to swim. "In that case, minions," replied the chieftain grandly, "I myself shall carry you ashore, two at a time." And such was our faith in him that we felt no further alarm.

One recalls another occasion when the boy came in, disheveled and exhausted, from a tussle with his first real pony. "Mother," he reported briefly, "I can't handle that nasty beast!"

"Son," was the reply, "go on riding him till you can."

It was part of his training for leadership. He dared not be afraid of things. One wasn't, in that family.

They are individualists, all of them, curiously frank of speech and very direct and simple. Their mother was a woman of such force and dignity that she rarely needed to suppress her young: a glance or a quiet word, and they suppressed themselves automatically. Yet she was not one of those who appear to regard their children as inferiors. She found them interesting company and saw to it that others did so.

I happened to be visiting at their house in Washington during one of Mr. Mitchell's terms in the Senate, when it was announced that a certain personage had invited himself to luncheon. Mrs. Mitchell's secretary, rather flustered by the impending honor, suggested that an occasion should be made of it, important people invited, special dishes prepared, etc. "We must, indeed, make an occasion of it," said Mrs. Mitchell serenely. "All the children shall come to the table, even the baby."

They did so, seven strong; and they spoke their quaint little Mitchell minds, after the family habit; and the accomplished ones produced accomplishments, and the governess topped off the event with a more or less musical performance upon the zither.

International

Perhaps when this was taken someone had mentioned precedent

It was an entertainment unique in the personage's experience, I dare say; and he seemed to enjoy it, judging from his constant chuckle. Incidentally, the young Mitchells expressed themselves in their own language, which was not ours. Will Mitchell, thanks to his mother, is as fluent in French, Spanish, Italian and German as in English—which, some people seem to think, has been altogether too fluent in recent months. All part of a definite training for leadership.

It is necessary to go back further than childhood to understand the curious compound of simplicity, hauteur, dare-deviltry and extreme democracy that makes Mitchell to-day heartily disliked in some quarters and regarded as a hero in others. Theodore Roosevelt had some of the same qualities and for the same reason. Theirs is a democracy possible only to innate aristocrats—meaning aristocracy not at all in the snobbish sense, but in the sense of noblesse oblige.

Mitchell belongs to the outlawed clan of the Macgregors, who became too powerful in early Scottish history for the royal taste, and were banished, hunted, their very name proscribed, so that they had to borrow names from their neighbors. One of these borrowed names was Mitchell; and William's grandfather, Sandy Mitchell, came adventuring out to the new country in his braw youth to mend his fortune; not to make it. There is a difference. He was the son of a shipbuilder in Aberdeen, whose brother went round the world with the scientist Darwin on his epoch-making voyage in the good ship Beagle. They were that sort of people—investigators, educators, travelers—adventurers, if you like: empire-building stuff.

Sandy Mitchell threw in his lot with the father of Silent Smith, who owned half of Chicago at the time and had established an even more promising trading post farther north, which is now Milwaukee. Mitchell took over Smith's interests there after two years.

The story of the making of the Alexander Mitchell fortune is one of the unwritten romances of the Middle West. Indian trader, land speculator, financier, he was loved and hated in about equal parts, but trusted even by his enemies. Some of the greatest organizations in the Northwest were his projects. He started the Northwestern Fire Insurance Company, the only one able to pay its obligations in full after the Chicago fire. Out of ruined or tottering smaller roads he built up the great Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, which is known as the school for railroad presidents. The Northwestern Mutual Life was one of his ventures; he financed Armour's first packing company; at the close of the Civil War he paid the largest income tax but one in that part of the country.

During the fifties he had become so great a financial power that his enemies determined to break him—the hunted Macgregor again! They got an act passed by the legislature making it obligatory for a bank to show in specie the full amount of its declared holdings on demand of the state bank inspector, who immediately descended upon Mitchell.

But the old clansman knew where to turn in danger, as his grandfather knew before him, as his grandson knows to-day. He called upon his people, his neighbors, the small tradesman he had befriended, the backwoods farmer who kept his savings in the broken teapot or the stocking foot. They rallied to him as the Macgregor clan would have rallied in other times, so that when the inspector arrived there was more specie in Mitchell's bank than he had room for.

Another Strong Mitchell

HIS son John, William's father, ran true to type in that he lavished a fortune on the state and city his father had helped to build. He bought Milwaukee its first steam drawbridge; donated land for its beautiful Soldiers' Home and for Mitchell Park; supplied for years free schoolbooks to any children whose parents could not afford them. He maintained thirty-six free scholarships at the University of Wisconsin, and, as president of the Northwestern Breeders' Association, was one of the founders of the great agricultural college connected with the university.

In 1893, when the crash came which knocked flat many a great financial structure besides that of old Alexander Mitchell, John Mitchell paid the creditors of his father's bank 100 cents on the dollar—which meant the sacrifice of his entire fortune.

He faced life in late middle age a poor man, but, thanks to the ability of his wife, he was able to continue his public career, while Mrs. Mitchell educated her seven children in four languages; raised and sold blooded stock; farmed Meadowmere (all that was left of the great Mitchell property) and kept it going, race course and all, ready for her son John, who was to be the agriculturist of the family. But young John was killed during the first year of the war in a faulty airplane.

"Partly his own mistake," explained his mother quietly. "Johnny made a bad landing."

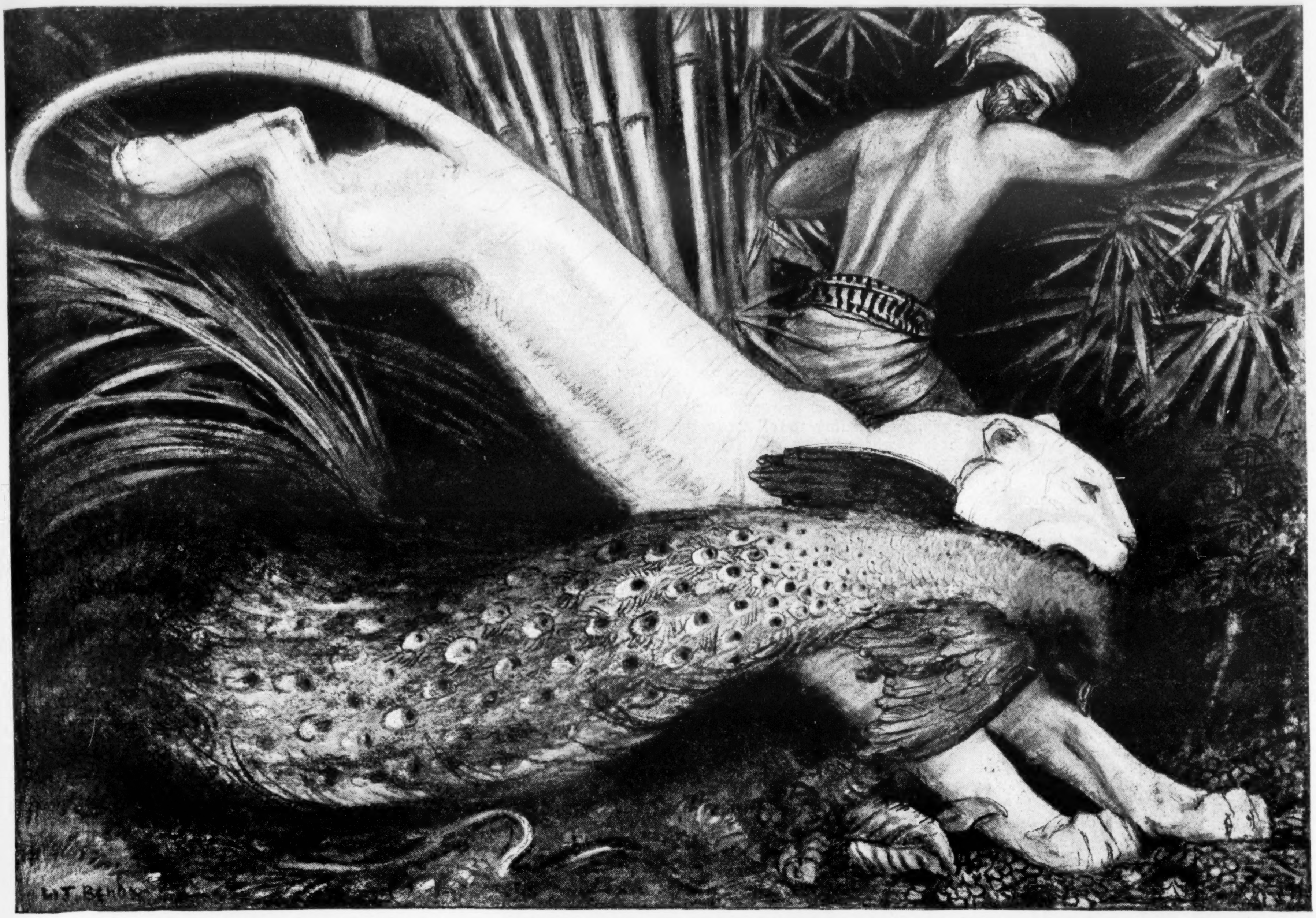
They're All Fighters

A TYPICAL Mitchell comment. For Mrs. Mitchell came of fighting blood herself, the Danforth family of New Jersey, who gave five brothers at once to the Revolution, and still own their pioneer lands in Otsego County, N. Y.

It is out of such stock as this that Americans such as Mitchell come: yet people of other traditions ask, "What is he doing this for? What does he expect to get out of all his trouble making, anyhow?"

For himself, (*Continued on page 32*)

In the good old days when they called him Willy



The White Tiger

One sound, and the tiger with its brilliant burden faded into the thicket

By SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Illustrated by W. T. BENDA

NOT since the days when Solomon's navy sailed from Tarshish on the Red Sea for a three years' voyage, and brought back gold and silver and ivory and apes and peacocks, has the Malay Peninsula changed. Still the swift, silent little men of the deep forest snare great jeweled peacocks and trap the langurs, the leaping monkeys of the high tree tops, with hollow gourds; still the tiger, the rhinoceros and the python contend for the mastery of the jungle and still the Semarang, the Little People, rule them all by virtue of that spark of the eternal flame which makes man the lord of the beast.

There in the jungle one night, when the white moonlight filtered through the tree tops like melting snow, Teloa was born. Mala, her mother, was a woman of the Semarang and she named her daughter after that rose-and-gold orchid, Teloa, Star of the Forest.

Fourteen wonderful years the girl lived in the jungle with her tribe, wild and free as the sambar, the deer whose belling aroused her at dawn. The days were full of little, happy adventures. Sometimes it was the finding of a crimson hibiscus flower which she thrust into the great coil of blue-black hair that came down low over her forehead or wore in the sarong of plaited bark which covered a skin like pale gold satin. Other days she hunted the jungle for the lanseh, that berry of the deep woods, and juicy mangosteens and custard apples or caught para, sluggish, fruit-eating fish, out of still pools and snared mouse deer for pets.

Always too there was Nion, the son of the chief of her little band. It was he who taught her to walk up the tallest trees, leaning against a twist of liana about her waist and to imitate the call of the rain birds, whose notes fall from the tree tops like drops of molten silver. Together they caught bird-wing butterflies with velvet-black and emerald-green wings and those cuckoo-shrikes, the minivets, and resplendent trogons with blue backs and crimson breasts.

Then came the raid of the Pahang Malays, who had their village at the edge of the jungle. They owed allegiance to the Sultan of Perak and every year had to deliver to him as tribute either two slaves or two elephant tusks. As it was safer to hunt Semarang than elephants, every now and then slavers invaded the jungle. . . .

Teloa found herself in the house of old Ahmad, one of the elders of the Malay village, where she was to be kept until the Sultan sent for tribute. There, although not ill used, she was watched every moment, day and night, and spent most of her time on a tiny platform of bamboos hung from the ceiling in a corner, like a swallow's nest.

SOON after her arrival came the were-tiger. Old Ahmad himself first glimpsed the dreadful visitor. He was following a twisting trail through the jungle when suddenly a peacock stepped out into a clearing ahead of him, its breast a blaze of emerald and sapphire.

Between himself and the unconscious bird was suddenly thrust from the underbrush the sinister head of a great tiger.

Old Ahmad had seen tigers before, and in his youth had even helped to hunt them, but never a tiger like that one. Once or twice in a century there is born in the jungles of the Malay Peninsula a white tiger, one of those rare albinos which occur among all mammals. Such a one crept out, foot by foot, before the old man's startled eyes. Instead of being orange-yellow with black stripes, the great beast was cream-white from the tip of his muzzle to the end of his tail, and the stripes on his great body showed like the watered pattern of moire silk.

Crouching double, the old hunter crept back along the trail just as the tiger sprang upon the gleaming bird. Although the beast was a good ten feet long and weighed half a thousand pounds, it rose in the air light as thistledown. There was one terrified squawk from the peacock, and the next moment, with its brilliant body in his jaws, the tiger disappeared in a near-by thicket.

That night the elders of the village met at Ahmad's house. It was the priest who spoke first.

"What is thy counsel, my father?" he said deferentially to Ahmad.

The old man looked at him sardonically. He answered at last:

"My house is the nearest to the jungle. It is my counsel that we meet here every night and kill the White One when at last it comes lest it destroy us and our women and our children separately." . . .

One by one the others left, each with some evasive farewell, until of them all only Igi, the hunter, remained.

From that night Igi lived at the house

of Ahmad. With him he brought his arms, a smooth-bore musket, which would go off three times out of five, a spear with a yard-long, razor-edged head of gray steel, the inevitable barong, shaped like a butcher's cleaver, and his creese, a long, narrow dagger with a heavy blade.

Three days passed, and there was no sign of the white tiger. Then came the dark of the moon. That evening Ahmad and Igi sat long at table, served by the old man's three wives, while Teloa, as always, was above them hidden in her tiny loft.

SUDDENLY, not fifty yards from the cabin, came the long-drawn-out moan which a tiger gives when it is sure of its kill. In the sound was the very essence of cold-blooded cruelty and withal a certain quality of triumph which made it doubly horrible. There was a moment of stillness, and then from the edge of the jungle came a deep, grunting cough.

"Stand fast, my brother," whispered old Ahmad, "now it charges."

Igi nodded and, loosening the barong in his belt, drew back the clumsy hammer of his old musket. As he did so, from without came the pad, pad, pad of hurrying feet, and in a moment the light bamboo house shook and creaked under the weight of the great beast. Misjudging its distance, the tiger had sprung short and for an instant clung to the edge of the sloping thatch with bent forepaws as it tried in vain to pull itself up on the roof.

With a thunderous roar the maddened brute sprang again, landing this time on the very peak of the roof, and began to rip off great masses of the loose thatch.

Suddenly the opening in the roof was darkened by such a head of horror as few men indeed have had to face. The eyes of the tiger glared down upon them like incandescent emeralds; its terrible mouth snarled open, showing the glittering white teeth and the hot red gullet beyond, while its grim face was wrinkled with a scowl of utter fury. While Igi was frantically trying to load his musket in the dark, Ahmad took careful aim and fired at the tiger's head, shouting the sorak war cry as he did so. The handful of stones which the old man used for bullets failed to pierce the thick bones, and the great cat, maddened by the pain, thrust its head and burly shoulders clear through the roof.

Grasping his spear, Igi jabbed up at it desperately, but the weapon was suddenly caught out of his hands by the clutch of a great paw and hurled up against the ceiling, to fall across the little loft where Teloa lay. Instinctively she gripped it with her slim, strong hands. Against the wall Igi moved feebly, while Ahmad lay stunned near the door. The great head of the tiger seemed to mask its ten-foot body, while its long tail switched back and forth and the giant muscles rippled up and down the sleek sides as it moved toward the men.

For a moment the tiger crouched before it sprang, choosing its victim. On that moment, that tiny tick of time, hung the lives of everyone there. As it was passing the girl from the jungle gripped the great spear mightily and, leaning far out over the side of her little platform on which she lay, drove it with a sure eye and a steady hand clear through the great body crouched below her. The yard-long, double-edged point, razor-sharp and keen as a rapier, slipped through the white skin and tough muscles just back of the beast's left forepaw and, as the girl threw all of her weight and strength upon the thrust, split the tiger's very heart.

"THOU art a slave no longer," Ahmad announced. "I will send the Sultan the skin of the white tiger, which he would rather have than a thousand slave girls, and thou shalt go free and become my fourth wife and the ruler of my household."

"Not so, my father," returned the girl hurriedly, "thou hast three such wives as might gladden the heart of any man. Who am I to make a fourth?"

"I have but one wife," spoke up Igi hopefully.

"That is one too many for me," returned the girl, and again her laugh rang out like a silver bell.

"If in truth thou wouldst make thy Teloa happy," she went on, turning to Ahmad, "let her go back to the jungle and her own people."

"So be it," said the old man at last, somewhat disappointedly. "Do thou go and rouse the village," he directed Igi. "Bring back those cowards who were here. Let theirs be the task of flaying the tiger which they dared not face."

Igi went about his errand with much enthusiasm. Every house he came to was locked and barred, for all who lived in the village had heard the jackal's howl, the reports of the guns, and the roars and growls and screams of the fight which came after and had decided one and all that Ahmad and all of his household were dead and devoured.

Igi corrected this mistake by pounding on the door of each house and heaping abuse on those within.

"Come out, cowards, three-toed sloths," he bellowed mightily. "The were-tiger is dead. Come to the house of Ahmad and help strip off its hide for the Sultan."

Heartened by the good news and much impressed by the magic of Igi's oratory, in a short time all the men of the village were gathered together at the house of the old hunter and, under his direction, removed the magnificent pelt of the white tiger. When it was finally stretched out to be dried and tanned it measured a good eleven feet from muzzle to tail tip, a mass of golden-white with the stripes making a pattern of dull silver across the shimmering, silken skin.

With Igi, Ahmad shared the whiskers of the dead beast, solid bristles, each one as large around as a slate pencil and guaranteed to bring long life and good luck to him who owned it.

For his own perquisite the old man kept the two lucky bones, curved, detached bits of floating clavicle peculiar to the tiger and found imbedded in the great muscles at the point of either shoulder. The lucky bone of any tiger is worth a small fortune to him who possesses it, while those of a white tiger are beyond price.

As for Teloa, the other elders of the village all acquiesced in Ahmad's decision, and the skin was sent to the Sultan with a special deputation, who were instructed to tell the great ruler of her bravery and to offer him the white pelt in her place.

A week later they returned triumphantly with the news that the Sultan, in consideration of receiving the magic skin, had forever remitted the tribute of the village.

"As for Teloa," announced Orgoba, the priest, "the Great One hath commanded that not only is she to go free, but that never again so long as winds blow and waters flow shall any of her people be harmed or harried in this, his kingdom. Forget not old Ahmad when thou art back again in thy jungle."

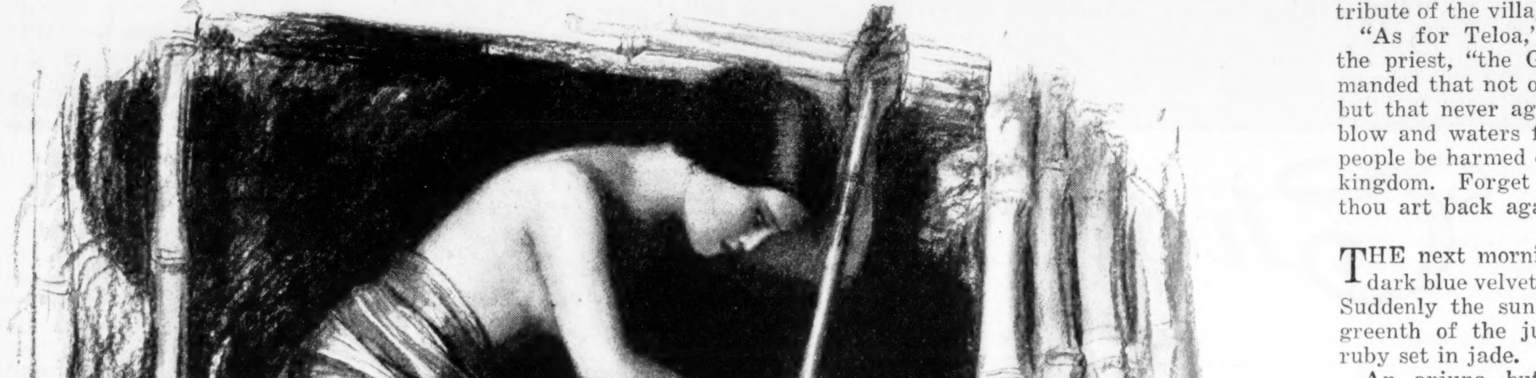
THE next morning the sky was like dark blue velvet just before the dawn. Suddenly the sun showed through the greenth of the jungle like some vast ruby set in jade.

An arjuna butterfly, all gold and crimson, floated over the tree tops and the scented air was full of bird calls as Teloa moved among the trees, free once more to claim her birthright of beauty and joy.

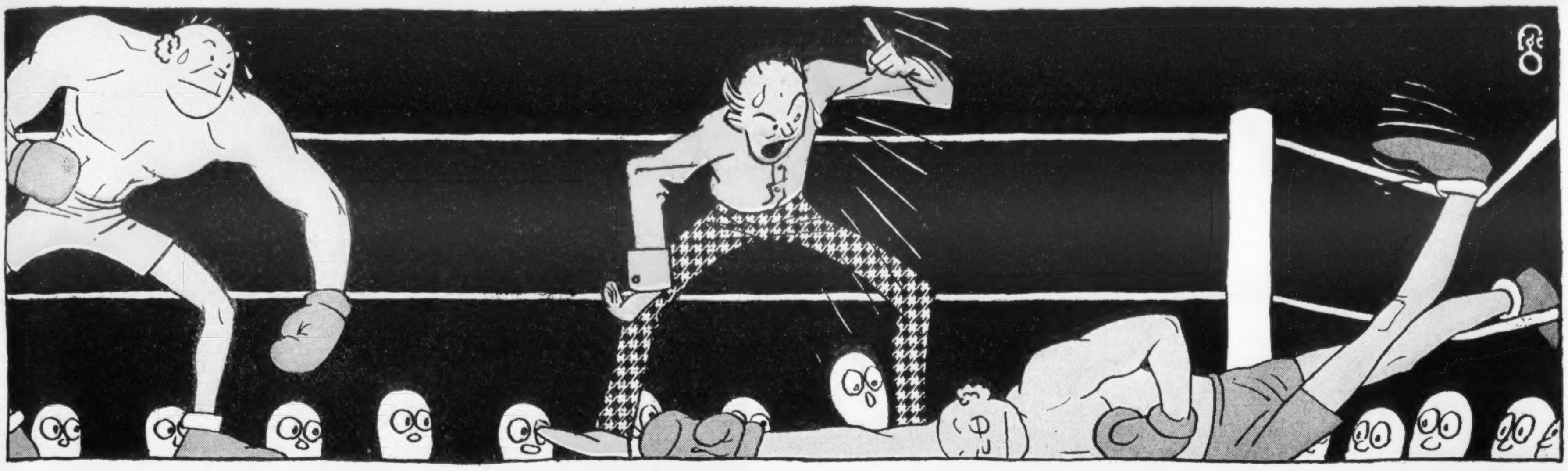
Once again she wore a crimson hibiscus flower in her blue-black hair and a bark sarong. Following a hidden trail, she moved through the tangle of trees and vines until in the distance the flash of a cataract showed against the green slope of a far-away hill.

As she caught the gleam the girl stopped and from her parted lips came the sweet rippling call of the rain bird. Suddenly it was answered and, flitting through the tree tops, came one of the birds itself. Black and claret with a cobalt-blue bill and emerald eyes, it flew around her head and finally disappeared in a near-by thicket.

At the foot of the waterfall Teloa gave the call again, and once more it was answered, this time from the ground instead of the tree tops. For the last time she whistled the lovely, laughing notes. There was a rustle in the bushes ahead, and suddenly into the trail burst the figure of Nion. Teloa saw nothing but the look in his eyes; felt nothing but the clasp of his arms about her; knew nothing but the urge of his lips against hers.



With sure eye and steady hand the girl from the jungle drove the spear through the great body crouched below her



Too Smart to Win

By
GRANTLAND
RICE

If the average star depended on heavy thinking, you would seldom see his name in the newspapers

THE human brain, it must be admitted, is an important factor in sport. Yet it is quite possible that, were they alive and in competition, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, Shakespeare and Dante would be known as the classic dumb-bells of the combative ages. They might be flurried under fire, upset in action, bewildered and dazed. It is highly probable that they would make addle-brained quarterbacks, slow-thinking boxers or ivory-domed ball players.

There is a big difference between the brain needed for competition and the brain required for the arts or the sciences. Only once in a while do they go together. In competition it is often a matter of instinct, or sudden reactions, where it so happens that mind, nerve and muscle work together with hair-trigger effect.

No one would have accused Rube Waddell of being an intellectual giant. But when the Rube walked into the box he was smart as long as he was pitching.

I recall the case of another famous major leaguer with no vast brain capacity. Yet he rarely made any mental error in a ball game. "Do you think out every play in advance?" I asked him one day. "No," he said, "I don't have to think at all. When the ball comes to me I know instinctively where to throw it. There is usually only one right place, and common sense tells you what that place is the second the play comes up. If I had to stop and think, I'd be lost."

One of the oldest stories in sport concerns the case of a smart amateur boxer who turned professional and met some old-timer whose brain capacity was about one third of one per cent. The ex-amateur had more speed, more skill, greater strength and a harder punch. Yet he was knocked out in the first round.

"What was the trouble?" someone asked later. "I had too much imagination," was the correct statement of the case.

Too much imagination has brought defeat to more than one star in more than one type of game. There are times when an extremely stolid athlete may get the reputation of being a cool, clear-headed thinking man when he merely lacks imagination and high-strung nerves. And a smart man on one occasion may lose all his smartness at the next start.

Take Dempsey against Willard and Firpo. The young, almost inexperienced Dempsey fought Willard in just the right way. He proceeded to circle his man with craft and cunning, waiting for the first opening. When he met Firpo, who was on the Willard type, the older and more experienced Dempsey rushed headlong into a right smash and came near losing his title in the first twenty seconds.

There are some who are born to the knack of sport, both in a mental and a physical way. Their reactions are immediate. Their mental and physical coördination is high-class. Yet off the competitive field they may be below the average in human intelligence.

Some time ago a certain group was discussing a famous football star of some seasons back. It was generally agreed that on the field he was among the quick thinkers, but that after graduation he was close to the hopeless stage at the job of making an ordinary living. He happened to have instinct and coördination; and he knew what to do without calling upon the brain.

Team Play of Brain and Muscle

THE star athlete in sport is usually the one who is mentally alert and physically relaxed. For the average man this is nearly an impossible combination. At least few have it.

The average citizen who is mentally keyed up is far from being relaxed physically. He is also physically taut and tense, and therefore inclined to be nervous and jumpy.

"My 1924 backfield had this quality to a fine degree," says Knute Rockne. "Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden were all mentally keen and alert, but they were physically relaxed, and consequently they were never keyed up to any very great nervous pitch."

"The same was true of Bill Mallory," added Tad Jones. "Mallory's brain was always at work. He missed nothing. His concentration on the job at hand was perfect. Yet even just before the beginning of a big game he had a sort of lazy-looking slouch as if there wasn't a jumpy nerve or a tense muscle in his body. He could control the keenness or eagerness in his mind until the time came to apply it in action. Mallory had mental keenness and imagination to a high degree, but he never let it get away with his nerves or his muscular system."

Many of those who have the smartest brains in the world need time to think through a proposition. They think slowly but surely, and when they have finished their judgment stands the test. But in sport the thinking must usually be immediate, which means for the most part instinctive, and the ability to do that must be born in one and then developed through experience.

I recall the case of one of the smartest men playing baseball. He was a reader of higher-class literature, one favorite study being Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." He was the one to whom most arguments were left because his thought processes were clear and orderly. But on the ball field he made more than his share of mental errors, because he lacked coördinate flash, the instinct which indicates immediately the right play to make. He tried to use his brain in the same orderly fashion, and there wasn't time with the play under way where one man was on his way to second and the other on his way to third and no half second was left in which to figure out the right play. For a half second in sport usually means about four yards—a lot of ground in baseball, football or tennis.

"So-and-so ought to make a star," you will hear now and then. "He has weight, speed and everything else. But he doesn't get anywhere." And "So-and-so" is dubbed yellow.

But the trouble is quite likely to be due to an absence of team play between brain and muscle, or a thin quality of instinct. This may help him forget to duck at the right moment when a right hook starts. Yet quick ducking isn't a matter of vast brain power. Some day, in a careless mood, you might attempt to hit a wolf in the face. It can't be done, no matter how quick the hand.

As three of the quickest thinkers in baseball—each possessing the most advanced instinctive qualities—may be named King Kelly, Johnny Evers and Ty Cobb, thought and action being simultaneous with them. Among others, their counterparts in modern football would include Buell and Mahan of Harvard, Mallory of Yale, Trimble of Princeton and McMillin of Centre. Pease of Columbia is another.

There is one factor in this connection that can be improved by study and habit. This is concentration in the right way. The habit of concentration is a great thing which few practice. It means listening and learning. It means the elimination of all outside details while the main proposition is under consideration—keeping the mind on it.

Drill the Roving Mind

THERE was one good ball-handling quarterback who was given full instructions before he started a certain game. When the play began he had forgotten everything the coach had told him. At the moment of his instruction he probably thought he was listening to every word, but there was a blanket of intervening thought which kept him from concentrating properly.

The average human is quite sure on many occasions that he is concentrating on something when he is merely attempting to concentrate on *several* things. The result is that none of these things will stick when the flurry comes.

One of the best aids to concentration in sport is a mastery of the fundamentals. There is then nothing left but the play to think about with no worry as to how the play should be made. The golfer who steps up to the ball and isn't quite sure about his grip or his stance or his back swing isn't going to concentrate to any extent on the main idea—viz., hitting the ball. The mind must be on that. Therefore long drill in fundamentals often helps to make seemingly smarter players or teams—they are able to concentrate on the next move in direct, unobstructed fashion.

Collier's All-America Football Team, chosen by Grantland Rice, will appear next week

When I grow up—

Have you forgotten the thrilling years you saw ahead through the eyes of youth? Under the grind of sober, sedate pursuits, don't you now and then wish . . . ? Tell the truth—we dare you!

U. & U.

Kadel & Herbert

The clown's life is not the happiest one in the world—but you couldn't make a goggle-eyed, laughing youngster believe that—even if you were cruel enough to try. Every boy is a clown at heart; time has a lot to answer for

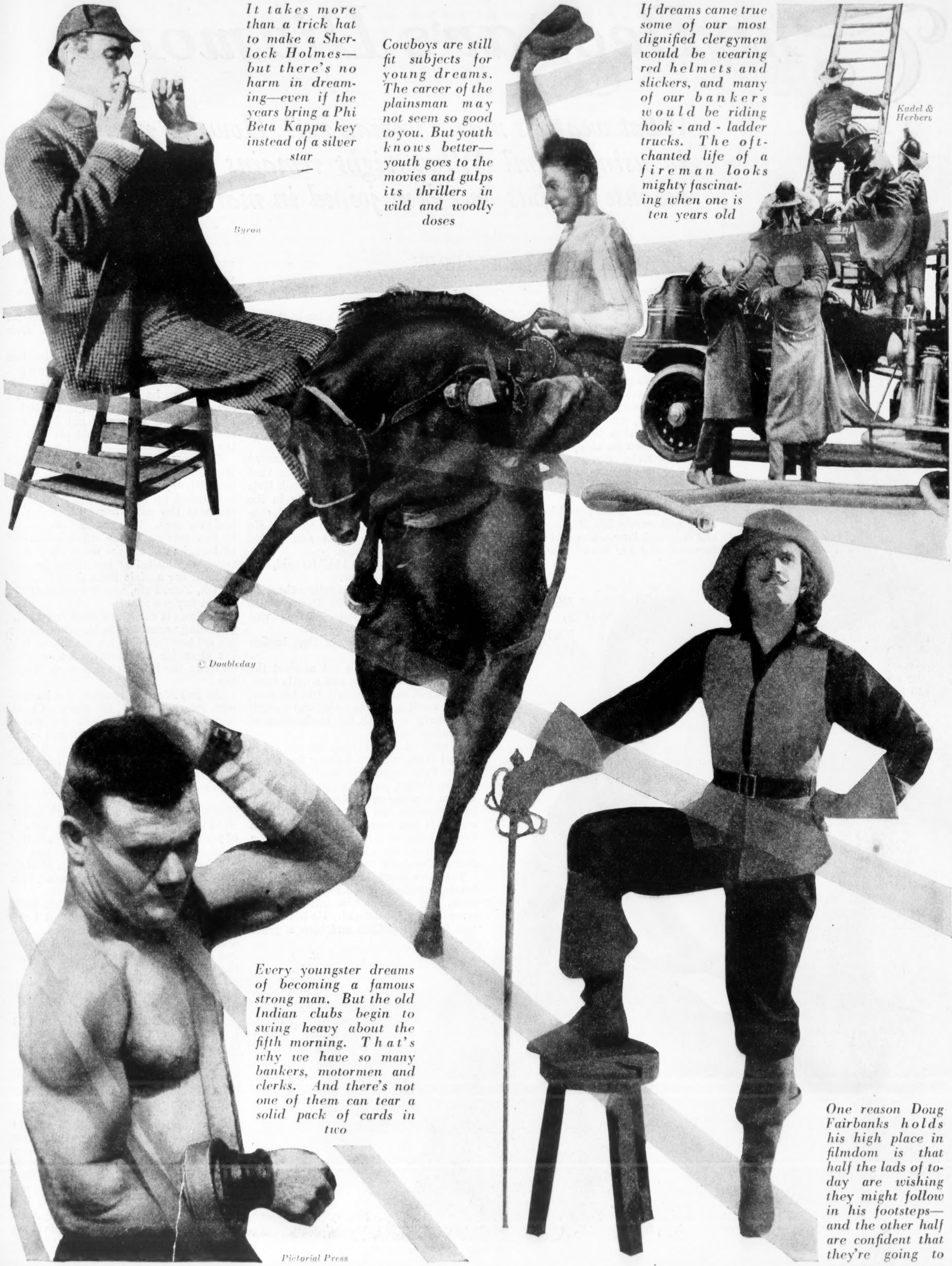
© Kadel & Herbert

Half the thrill of playing sandlot baseball lies in picturing yourself as the most famous professional player of the future. Babe Ruth starts more than a home run every time he whangs the ball—he sets all his young worshipers a-dreaming

Long, long ago when the skull and crossbones flew from pirate ships boys dreamed of becoming mighty, merciless corsairs. Nowadays the black flag is gone but dreams will live as long as books and films weave fearsome tales of the sea

The beasts that roam the jungles would be one with mah jong, peg-top trousers and free lunch if every youth who dreamed of growing up into a big-game hunter had had his way. They'd have been exterminated long ago

Kadel & Herbert



It takes more than a trick hat to make a Sherlock Holmes—but there's no harm in dreaming—even if the years bring a Phi Beta Kappa key instead of a silver star

Byron

Cowboys are still fit subjects for young dreams. The career of the plainsman may not seem so good to you. But youth knows better—youth goes to the movies and gulps its thrillers in wild and woolly doses

© Doubleday

If dreams came true some of our most dignified clergymen would be wearing red helmets and slickers, and many of our bankers would be riding hook-and-ladder trucks. The oft-chanted life of a fireman looks mighty fascinating when one is ten years old

Kadel & Herbert

Every youngster dreams of becoming a famous strong man. But the old Indian clubs begin to swing heavy about the fifth morning. That's why we have so many bankers, motormen and clerks. And there's not one of them can tear a solid pack of cards in two

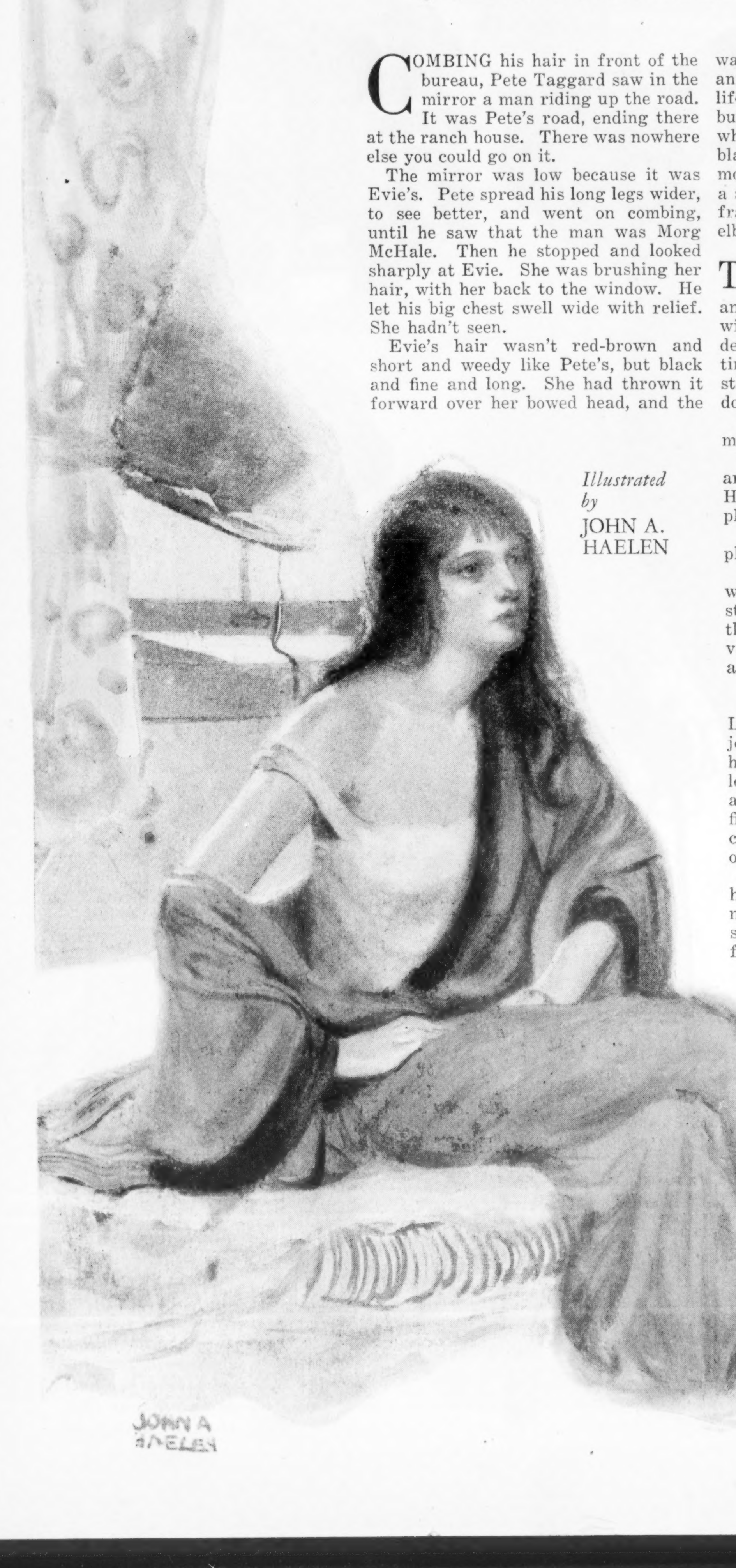
Pictorial Press

One reason Doug Fairbanks holds his high place in filmdom is that half the lads of today are wishing they might follow in his footsteps—and the other half are confident that they're going to

The Beggar's Diamond

What weapons may a woman use? How far may she go in using them? What right remains with a woman because she has once been joined in marriage to a man?

By ALMA *and* PAUL ELLERBE



Illustrated by
JOHN A. HAELEN

COMBING his hair in front of the bureau, Pete Taggard saw in the mirror a man riding up the road. It was Pete's road, ending there at the ranch house. There was nowhere else you could go on it.

The mirror was low because it was Evie's. Pete spread his long legs wider, to see better, and went on combing, until he saw that the man was Morg McHale. Then he stopped and looked sharply at Evie. She was brushing her hair, with her back to the window. He let his big chest swell wide with relief. She hadn't seen.

Evie's hair wasn't red-brown and short and weedy like Pete's, but black and fine and long. She had thrown it forward over her bowed head, and the warm air from the stove made it flare and wave gently as if with a delicate life of its own. It covered everything but the hem of her chemise, a bit of her white cotton stockings, her low-heeled black slippers and her bare arms that moved up and down the surge of it in a serene, slow rhythm. Her arms were frail and childlike, with rather sharp elbows.

THE sight of them always moved big Pete. It seemed to him that anyone who wanted to could break Evie with a touch. There was pain in the desire to protect her that welled continuously in his heart like a spring. He stepped across the room and pulled down the window shade.

"Sun'll wake up the kid," he said, and moved toward the door.

McHale would have to follow the road around the corner of the Baker place. He was riding slowly. There was plenty of time.

"I'm going down to fix that broken place in the fence."

But the covers of a cot against the wall erupted violently, and a little head, stiff-haired and amazingly like his own, thrust itself up in the midst and a shrill voice sang out with the exuberance of a meadow lark:

"*I* ain't 'sleep! Lemme go wif you!"

And then, without waiting for reply, Little Pete began his morning game: jounce, jounce, jounce on the springs of his cot, a piercing "*Wheee-oop!*" and a leap through the air to his father's arms. It was a good strong jump for a five-year-old, and he came down like a comet, with his nightgown streaming over his head for the tail of it.

Taggard caught him with practiced hands, twitched off the hampering garment, and touseled him into a naked, squealing ball of delight. He buried his face in the soft flesh and blew a great snorting, popping breath that produced delicious tickles and louder squeals.

"Get some clothes on you! You're a disgrace to a respectable family!"

He tossed the child back into the cot and went on out into the kitchen. Evie followed him.

"I just wanted a kiss." She had swept her hair up and was wrapping it in smooth bands about her head. "I'm as happy as he is, and why shouldn't I show it? We've really bought the Baker place, and we've really got *him*, and each other! I want to talk about it all the time!"

Who can say what beauty is? Pete thought his wife was beautiful. When she slipped her arms about his neck and looked up into his eyes he thought she was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Who can say the beauty he saw was not there—that, sensitized by love, he did not see more truly than those who looked at her otherwise and thought her a plain little thing?

"Oh, Pete, Pete, aren't we *lucky!*"

"I'll say we are!"

He flung it out like a challenge to the gathering uneasiness in his mind, swung her off her feet into his arms, and held her close for a moment. As he went on down the hill his veins were full of her.

He and McHale reached the barbed-wire gate together. He made no move to open it, and there was no pretense of greeting. Morg McHale lounged in the saddle with immense and loutish ease, wearing his sixty years as a dried leaf that had fallen on his coat.

"Sade's back."

THE red crept up out of Pete's collar. "I don't want Evie to see you nor any of your family. Pull your horse in behind those aspen trees and I'll talk to you."

Without any show of feeling McHale pulled in behind the aspen trees. Pete opened the gate and followed him.

"It's nothing to me that Sade's back. She's your daughter for life, but I got rid of her when I got the divorce. You couldn't find anybody on earth it makes less difference to about her being back than *me*."

"You *might* be too sure about that. Anyway, here's all I got to say: She wants to see you."

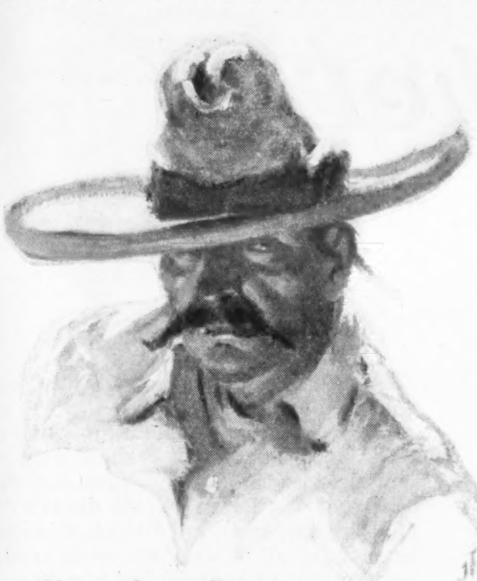
"Let's get this straight—for keeps: I won't see her. I've got nothing to say to her. Now nor any time."

A faint smile accentuated the runnels on McHale's heavy face. "Sade'll do the talking."

"Not to me, she won't."

"Yep, to you. Up to my place, before sunset. Sade's sick and ain't able to travel. She said to tell you" (the yellow eyes flickered like sheet lightning. Sade's eyes, Pete thought, and something went sick inside of him. Nothing burned, he thought, like that cold fire) —"she said to tell you it's about the kid. The only way you can head off trouble from Little Pete's by going to see her."

Taggard could not control



"She said to tell you it's about the kid"

the blind panic that rolled itself into a ball behind his breastbone, but he suppressed all evidences of it.

"If you was to touch one of his shoe strings, I'd put you where you'd be some good for the first time since I've known you: I'd plant you over there in that field and raise a crop out of you. And with your reputation it's not likely anybody in this county'd ever dig you up to see what ailed you."

McHale looked at him meditatively for half a minute. "I don't bluff good, Taggard. And as for dying, it don't work in with my plans. But it ain't me that's got something on you; it's Sade. I'm free to tell you I don't even know what it is. It ain't likely, of course, that you can say as much."

"I can, and I do. There's nothing she could have."

McHale gathered the reins. "Sade ever lie to you?" he said, and wheeled his horse casually and loped away. Sade never lied to anyone.

THE McHale house squatted at the top of a little rise like an old brown toad that had hopped to the edge of the Engelmann spruces and lay plethoric and spent, watching the level miles of Long Grass Park flow like a yellow-brown lake into the distant snow-touched mountains. Beyond those mountains was another mountain-locked "park" and Pete Taggard's ranch, and now and then during the six years he had lived there he had felt the house looking through them. He hated that house and the place where it stood.

The spruce trees, undisturbed for centuries, flanked it and backed it. Their branches interlocked against the sun. Nothing grew beneath them in the semi-dark; only their own débris piled up and rotted there. Their spiked tops seemed to prod the storms out of the sky. The wind was always howling over them, but they stood black and stiff and still, protected by the cliffs behind. The cliffs went up so straight and far that from the dooryard you laid your head on your backbone for a sight of the tops of them and the spurting waterfall, like a broken artery of the earth, that flung down long gray smears of ice. Pete supposed there was a time of year when that ice melted, but he had never been there without seeing it.

It gleamed dully, like a rubbed place on the lowering sky, as he rode over the high empty plain three hours after his talk with McHale—at ten o'clock on that November morning.

He had gone from the gate to the breakfast table and chewed Morg's message with his bacon. Then he had said to Evie: "Kelso's scaling timber to-day over to Offutt's Mill." Kelso was the forest ranger. "Guess I'll jog around there and buy some dead stuff for firewood;" had saddled his horse and jogged, first to the mill and now to McHale's.

He threw the reins over his horse's head and walked up the steps. The bell fleered shrilly through the house and Sade's voice bade him enter. He lifted the latch and stepped into the house Sade had married him to get away from and closed the door, soft-pedaling the moaning of the wind.

The room seemed full of Sade's eyes. They lit its gloom, licking eagerly over his face—to see what Evie had done to him. Suddenly the sense of Sade was beating about him like the flapping of wings. They were dead wings, but they set his nerves tingling like bells. The musty, acrid odor of the house was drowned in the heavy fragrance of the crab-apple blossom perfume she always used. About the husk of the flaming beauty that had once fanned through his pulses like a drug were the old paraphernalia of colors; a batik scarf of burnt orange jagged across with figures of yellow and black and russet red, pinned up to hide the ragged window shade behind her; a kimono of yellow silk flung about her; and floating out of an open suit case on a chair, an orange veil, and on the floor black satin pumps with gold buckles and runover purple boudoir slippers with shabby purple pompons. There was purple too beneath the great yellow eyes, but Sade hadn't put it there, and her cheeks were redder than rouge.

"You've changed as much as I have," she said bitterly, and laughed with a sound like the drawing of a sword.

"I've got what I want. I'm happy. I'm sorry you're sick, Sade."

His voice sounded queerly in his ears, speaking to Sade! He had meant never to use it for that purpose again.

"You're not. You're glad. You hate me just like I hate you. But you're scared of me."

His vitals seemed to freeze and harden. Only it didn't hurt as it used to.

"What do you want?" he said in a tone that startled him. He had forgotten he could speak like that. It was as unhuman as the slamming of a door. But he didn't know any other way to dodge her blows.

She raised herself with the old energetic impatience and her hand tightened. "Is that all you've got to say to me after nine years, when I come home sick?"

"It would be better if I didn't say anything to you. I don't want to hurt you. Words never did mean the same to you that they did to me."

"Not even at first?" she said softly, with one of her swift incalculable changes. "Not even that summer night you drove me to Crystal Plume? Not even the time we went fishing on Roaring River and I fell in and you brought me out in your arms and held me up tight and kissed me? Not even when I loved you, Pete?"

THE tones of her voice walked with feet on the flesh of his back. It seemed to him that he had never been away from them. "I won't talk about that. Not to you nor anybody."

"Why not? Because it don't fit in with Little Pete and Evie's kitten face and cute little Methodist eyes?"

"No, it's not that. I'd be glad to tell you about Evie and Little Pete if you wanted to understand, but you don't. All you want is to stick something into me and make me wriggle. That's the reason you want to talk about—about that. You want to find out how you could hurt me the most."

"Come here," she said suddenly, and he came over and stood close beside her, looking down into her restless eyes. "Will you tell me the truth about just one thing?"

"I'll tell you the truth or nothing."

The cold fire leaped high in her eyes. "Do you love me now? Even—a little bit?"

"No. Not even a little, Sade. So help me God."

She lay breathing fast and looking at him with that pillaging look which had once betokened an ability to get out of him anything she wanted to know. He returned it steadily, while the wind filled the old dark house with its distant moaning.

"You're not more'n half as dumb as you used to be," she said at length in an almost chatty tone. "I don't love you either. I feel just the way you do—only I'm not so mealy-mouthed about it: I hate you. And I want to pay you a little of what I owe you. Now listen, and don't waste time cussing and kicking and you can be back in Evie's scrawny little arms by lunch time. This is strictly business. I'm going to die—"

Pete started.

"Oh, not before you can get away. No chance of it's being your funeral; you needn't worry about that. Not even this month, maybe. But inside a year—or fifteen months, or sixteen. One doctor said eighteen, but he was in love with me. And—"

"Isn't there—any—chance—?"

She shook her head. "I'm as sure to be dead at the end of two years as you are at the end of a hundred."

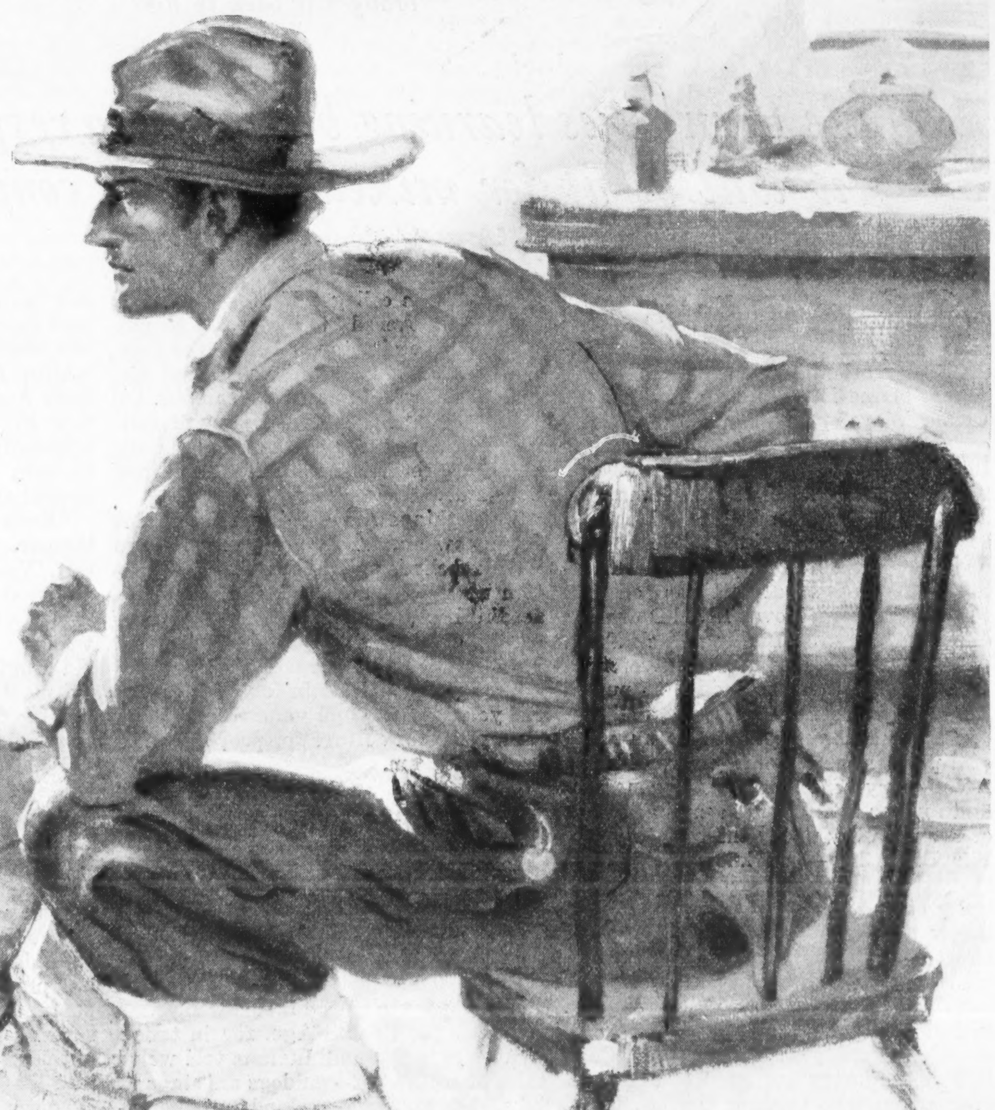
"Whyn't you tell me that at first? I—I wouldn't 've hurt you for *anything*, Sade, if I'd known. I'm—"

"Would you have told me you loved me?" she said curiously.

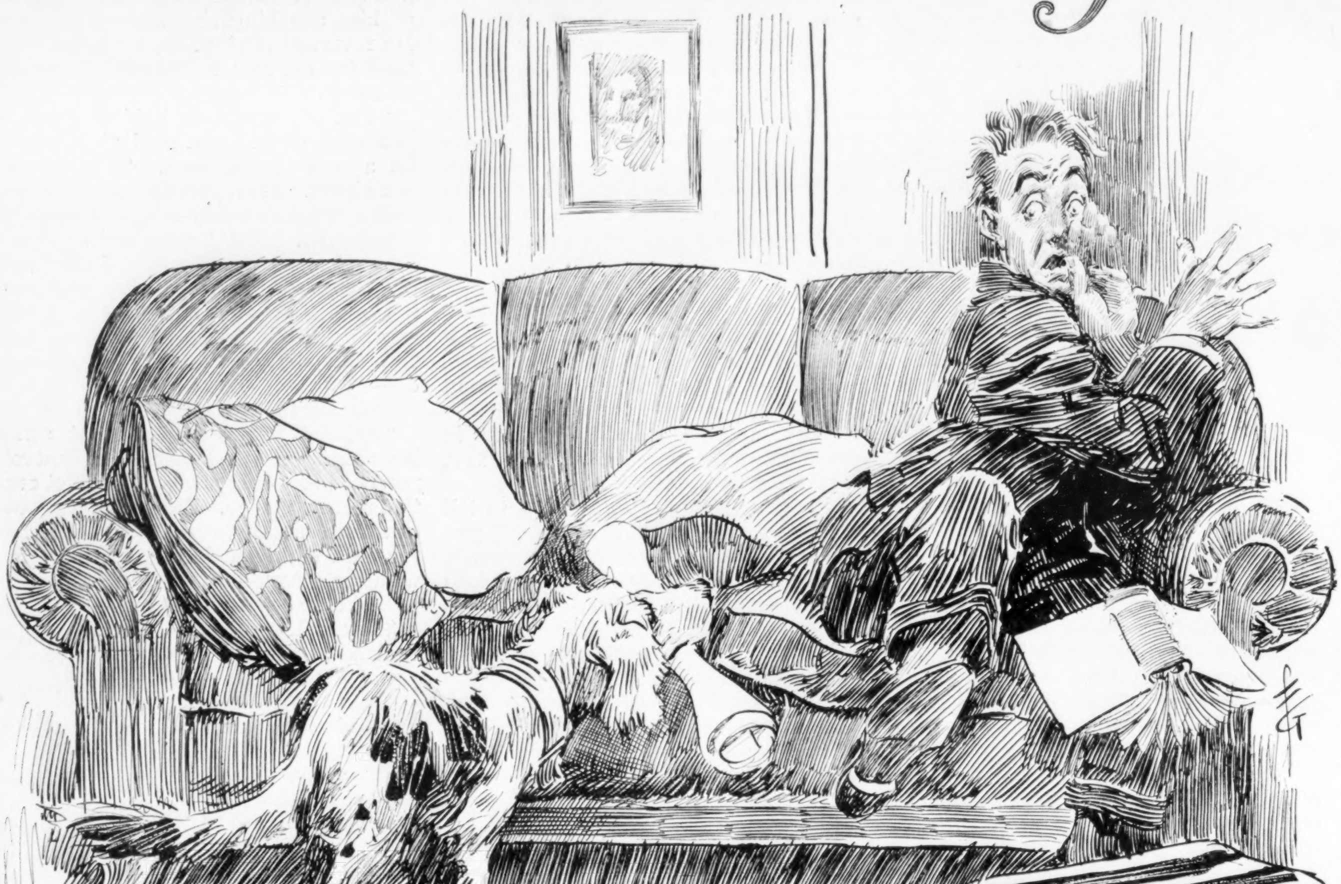
"Maybe—maybe I would. I'd have been so sorry—"

"You'll be sorry for yourself in a minute, and I'd (*Continued on page 43*)

"All you want is to stick something into me and make me wriggle. That's the reason you want to talk"



Culture on the half-shell



"Every time young Diggs threw the wretched diploma away his setter pup brought it back to him"

Uncle Henry sees learning becoming so respectable that it will be fit for mixed company conversations

"OUR school system has certainly been gettin' some hard knocks these last few years," remarked Uncle Henry. "Many people blame it entirely for the recent Crime Wave, pointin' out that if the course of study had been more vital an' interestin', at least 90 per cent of our novelists would still be in the seventh or eighth grade, doin' nobody any harm.

"Why, it's almost impossible to pick up a magazine nowadays without readin' autobiographical articles on Up From Education, How I Lived Down My College Degree or Beating Back From Culture. Many of the big universities have actually been compelled to put in Family Entrances so people can slip in.

"Diplomas have come to be as much of a problem as old safety-razor blades. After every commencement I generally find four or five buried in my back yard or tucked away under the tomato vines. The Diggs boy—you know those folks that live next door to me—nearly went crazy on account of his. Four times he threw the wretched thing away in an effort to hide his guilt, an' every time his setter pup brought it back to him.

"Y'see, 'Lonzo, a feelin' has gradually grown up that education was too far removed from practical affairs. Captains of industry got tired of takin' on young men who thought that F. O. B. was some new kind of Greek-letter society, or else sent packages out marked Q. E. D.

"Lord knows what would have happened to the colleges if Madame Curie hadn't discovered stadium. Go to any of the university towns before the football season starts, an' you'll find the president tryin' to pawn the campus, an' the local butcher never dreams of callin' up any member of the faculty until after the returns are in from the first big game.

"But things are goin' to be different from now on. A lot of young fellows have rebelled, an' they're fittin' education up with a brand-new set of teeth, feedin' her gunpowder an' don't intend to stop until she's hittin' on every gland. I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see fillin' stations put in learnin' as a side line, an' you may yet find yourself wrappin' up a pound of culture for people to take home with 'em.

The Bronze Age in Ohio

"NO MORE will employers wave the report from a private detective agency in the face of some cowerin' clerk, an' reproach him for havin' concealed the fact that he was once a bachelor of arts. The rebel professors intend to equip the youth of the land for *Life*.

"Take the Bronze Age, for instance. Travelers in Ohio an' Indiana told weird tales of seein' cast-iron dogs an' stags at bay on lawns in Cleveland an' Indianapolis, but where they came from, or how, nobody knew. But now will all be clear.

"You know yourself how difficult it has been to get any accurate information about the Prehistoric Age. Plumbers, eager to improve their minds while waitin' for a helper to bring the tools, have had nothin' to fall back on but a few French an' German manuals, undoubtedly an irritation that caused many to turn a willin' ear to the insidious appeal of labor agitators.

"Even I have had my moments of ill-temper. Ofter at night I've said to myself, '*Now* for the Prehistoric Age. Let's see what went on in those dark days before Calvin Coolidge came into the world.' An' there I was with only an old English treatise by Lord Avebury. To meet this deplorable situation, the rebel group has jes' turned out a whole flock of volumes on the Eolithic, Paleolithic, Neolithic an' Buffalolithic Ages, made in pocket size an' also for vacuum bottles.

"By way of givin' even larger help to the young man, a new science—Papyrology—has been invented, openin' up an enormous mass of new material with respect to the Nile land.

"Aside from Florida, I don't know of any place that offers better business opportunities than Egypt. Of course the shrewd manufacturers of Bridgeport an' Hartford have long since entered into long-term contracts for the supply of mummies an' scarabs, but I'll bet there's still a good chance to land on the ground floor in papyrus. It's much simpler than antique furniture, for you don't have to train worms.

"Another professor is presentin' us with two volumes on the history of magic durin' the Middle Ages. It's a bold, modern step, an' I know what it will mean to the Rotary Clubs, but I'm afraid of it, 'Lonzo. Hate doesn't do anybody any good, an' I think it would be best for all of us if we went to our graves without knowin' jes' who it was that first invented card tricks.

"There can be no question, however, as to the desirability of this three-volume work on ancient Assyria. How was it that the Assyrians, livin' before the discovery of iron, managed to keep the curl in their whiskers? Now the secrets of Asia are to be revealed to us, for the Hittite cuneiform has been mastered at last."

"There ain't no such animal," interrupted Mr. Stubbs. "It's jes' one of them myths."

"You're thinkin' of the unicorn," Uncle Henry corrected gently. "A common mistake, 'Lonzo, an' one that need not bring the blush of shame. The New Education will make such blunders impossible. Why do most business letters carry the stamp, 'Dictated but not read'? Because the boss lacked knowledge of the Hittite cuneiform an' passed the buck to the stenographer. Listen to this: 'The more important facts concerning the obscure Celtic basis of early medieval culture have at last been rendered accessible in readable and popular form, and the intelligent reader and alert teacher can now approach the study of the Middle Ages with a sane orientation and factual equipment.'

"There, 'Lonzo, is the cause of most of our trouble in the past. Why is there universal agreement that the Middle Age is the dangerous age? What was it that made Abraham Lincoln so melancholy an' kept him away from parties? Why was Thomas Edison a failure at school? Why didn't Henry Ford go through college? They were forced to approach the Medieval Period without a sane orientation an' an adequate factual equipment.

Culture in Overalls

"AS NEAR as I can make out, these rebel professors aren't goin' to be held back by any regard for tradition. Hewin' to the line, an' puttin' sentimental an' sectarian considerations entirely to one side, they are showin' that both the Italian Renaissance an' the Protestant Reformation were not progressive in any sense, but *backward-lookin'*—the former to the literary canons of the classical writers, an' the latter to Pauline Christianity.

"That's a smasher! Of course it's goin' to be hard on the Culture Clubs of Iowa an' Kansas, for they've been built around the Italian Renaissance an' were jes' gettin' in agreement on how to pronounce it. But you can't make an omelet without breakin' eggs, 'Lonzo, an' education has jes' got to be vitalized, modernized an' put in overalls for the doin' of the day's work."

"Bunk!" snorted Mr. Stubbs in huge disgust. "Who's goin' to read stuff like that?"

"Well," said Uncle Henry, "nobody may read it, but football players will take the course."

The Deep Seam

By JACK BETHEA

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

The Story Thus Far:

CHRISTINE BENNETT, the daughter of a miner in Ivanhoe, W. Va., and the wife of Clem Bennett, a miner who had been blacklisted from mines throughout the South because of crooked practices, goes to Marengo, Ala., ostensibly as the wife of a miner but really with the idea of bringing back to the life to which he belongs Girard Selden, who is working as an obscure contractor at Marengo. Christine is under the protection of Mallory Kent of the company owning both mines.

Selden had been the successful though much hated young superintendent at Ivanhoe until an unavoidable but disastrous accident in the mine broke his conceit and self-confidence. He resigned and disappeared.

Christine had married to get away from a tyrannical father. After three unhappy years, Clem had deserted her and she had returned to Ivanhoe, purposing to break Selden, who had been instrumental in having her husband blacklisted. Selden had been in love with Christine though he had not declared himself and upon her return took the attitude that he had rescued her from a disagreeable fate.

To be near him in order to further her plans Christine became Selden's secretary. Her plans were frustrated, however, by the accident, after which her feelings changed and she wanted nothing more than to help Selden. There seemed no way and it was not until two years later that she discovered him at Marengo.

Disguised as a boy she gets a job as powder boy with Selden. One day there is an accident and Christine is hurt. Selden takes her to his cottage, having discovered who she is.

Clem Bennett, who comes also to Marengo to work a gambling game with two other crooks, Kriel and Riley, discovers that Selden and Christine are there and sets about trying to "get" Selden. Under the protection of Ensley, the company's special policeman, he spies on them. When Christine is convalescing he goes to see her and tries to make her conspire with him. For her own ends she promises to use her influence in having Selden made superintendent of the mine.

Several days later Christine and Mallory Kent are returning from Birmingham when the payroll car is held up, one of the guards killed and the murderer and those implicated, Bennett's gang, escape down the mine. In the general confusion the superintendent proves incompetent and Kent appoints Selden. Some of Selden's old spirit returns and he sets about getting the men out of the mine with formaldehyde.

Christine had been thinking of him but she did not explain

AT THE fan house Selden raised his voice in sharp orders. He wanted no delays.

"Snap into it, boys! Newell, stop the fan. Take a carpenter and close the outlet doors. Then cut open intake doors. Saunders, get your electricians busy on the motor. I want it reversed. You'll have to transpose your main leads. Quick now!"

Selden himself did nothing, but stood a little apart where he could watch and where he could see the mouth of the slope. He was conscious of the eyes of the miners grouped about the tipple waiting in silent expectation.

When Newell and his men were busy inside the fan house and Saunders and the electricians labored over the huge motor that turned the 20-foot blades of the fan Selden prepared his next move. He did not trouble to lower his voice when he called to Pinetop Thompson:

"Send up to the commissary and get me a half dozen bottles of the formalin they brought here for disinfectant. Bring also three or four cans of permanganate. Have them opened. Then rig one of the bottles with a siphon and hoist it above the intake in the fan house."

Selden was as patient as the crowd. When the men returned with the disinfectant he signed them to put it down and wait. Presently Newell came out of the fan house.

"She's ready, sir," he reported.

Selden went to the motor. "Better try it first," he said and threw the switch that set the fan revolving. At the intake doors, Selden lit a match and watched the flame and trailing smoke. There was a steady rush of air into the mine.

"Bring the permanganate," he ordered. They did. He placed one of the open cans directly under the siphon from the formalin, adjusting the pinch cock directly under the intake door so water dripped into it in a thin stream.

Cloudy fumes presently began to arise that were sucked up by the intake draft. Some escaped, and Newell choked and rubbed his eyes.

Selden watched for a moment. "Keep plenty of that mixture under the water," he directed. "They'll come out when that gets to them."

SELDEN explained briefly to Christine on one of his trips to the office.

"The formic acid fumes will kill the air in the mine. They burn just like acid. The men won't be able to breathe, and they'll have to come out or die." Selden's face was strained. "They might face guns and be glad of the chance to die fighting, but this will break their nerve. It will force them to the surface, and they won't damage the mine either. When they find what is happening it will be too late for that."

"Suppose there had been others in the mine?"

Selden answered absently. "That's where they slipped. Everybody was called out for pay day. If it had not been for that, I could not have used the gas. I'd have tried some other way."

"Won't they make trouble when they come up?" she asked.

Selden shook his head. "I don't think so. They will wait too long before they start for the surface. The gas will get them. They will have but one thought when they come up, and that will be air." Selden looked at her curiously. "Have you ever wanted air?" Christine shook her head. "I have. In the dark down in a mine. It breaks a man's courage. When you feel your head beginning to turn and everything going black, your tongue thickening and your throat closing, all you think of is air—just to breathe. Everything else goes. No. They won't come out fighting."

The hours dragged and still the fan poured its poisonous cloud into the mine. Christine saw Selden and Thompson in conversation at the slope.

"It ought to be getting pretty foggy in there now," said Thompson.

Selden sniffed the air. It was still fresh and clean. "Not yet," he said. "They won't come out until the fumes have gone all through the mine." Selden turned away with a word of warning. "You know what to do when the slope air becomes foul. I'll be there. No shooting unless absolutely necessary."

The sun began to slip down in the west. Shadows lengthened, and still the men did not come. Had they been caught before they realized what was happening? Christine was still among the watchers. She felt the strain, but apparently Selden did not. He moved about among the guards. They held their rifles in closer grip and their eyes never left the manway.

A stumbling figure suddenly appeared in the murk of the manway, groping forward with tight-closed eyes and gaping mouth. Sensing the pure air, the man ran forward into the sunlight and fell gasping, with livid face, eyes closed, and fingers that tore at his throat. It was Pusher Riley.

Selden stirred to instant action. "Now, men," he shouted, "here they are! In after the other two. They are not far behind."

Pinetop Thompson directed the rescue work, for it became rescue with the others.

DONNING an oxygen helmet, he went into the manway. It was only a few steps until he came to a recumbent figure. It was Kriel. A little behind him was Ensley. They were gasping with but one thought—air—breath that was not torture.

Selden marshaled the three before him after they had recovered sufficiently to stand. It did not require long in the outer air. They were not badly burned. Selden spoke to Kriel.

"Where is the money?"

Kriel was stubbornly silent. Selden smiled and turned to Thompson. "You are ready," he said. He picked up two oxygen helmets, kept one for himself, and gave the other to Newell. Then he spoke, and the camp did not miss a word.

"You won't tell, eh? All right. We'll take you back in there and look for it until we find it."

A gasp of horror swept the watchers. With their helmets, Kriel's guards would be immune from the fumes, but it was a death sentence for the man whose face was still seared.

Kriel could not stomach it. He broke, his head lolling on his shoulders and his chest still laboring. He spoke thickly:

"It's hid in the foreman's office at the chainyard, under the fourth timber from the door."

Selden took off his helmet and turned to Thompson. "Go get it," he ordered. "We'll hold them here until you are back."

It was a long wait, but Thompson finally returned, and in his hand was the satchel containing the money. Selden waved his hand at the prisoners. "Take them away," he commanded, and the men, handcuffed and disarmed, were led up the hill to be confined in the commissary until the officers already summoned from Birmingham should arrive.

Selden again mounted the scales track. It was late in the afternoon now, and the crowd had been around the tipple virtually all day. Selden did not wish to face it in that mood. It would not be so pliant.

"We will have our meeting here at seven o'clock. This show is over." He paused a moment, and then saw Bennett watching from the outskirts of the crowd. "Bennett will be here, and so will I. To-night should be better than this."

The men dispersed, and Selden himself went back to his cabin on Cat Mountain. He did not again see Christine, whom he had ordered to keep to her own cottage on the knoll.

"Let me arrange this, and I'll work it out," Selden had told her. "I'm going to see that you lose nothing."

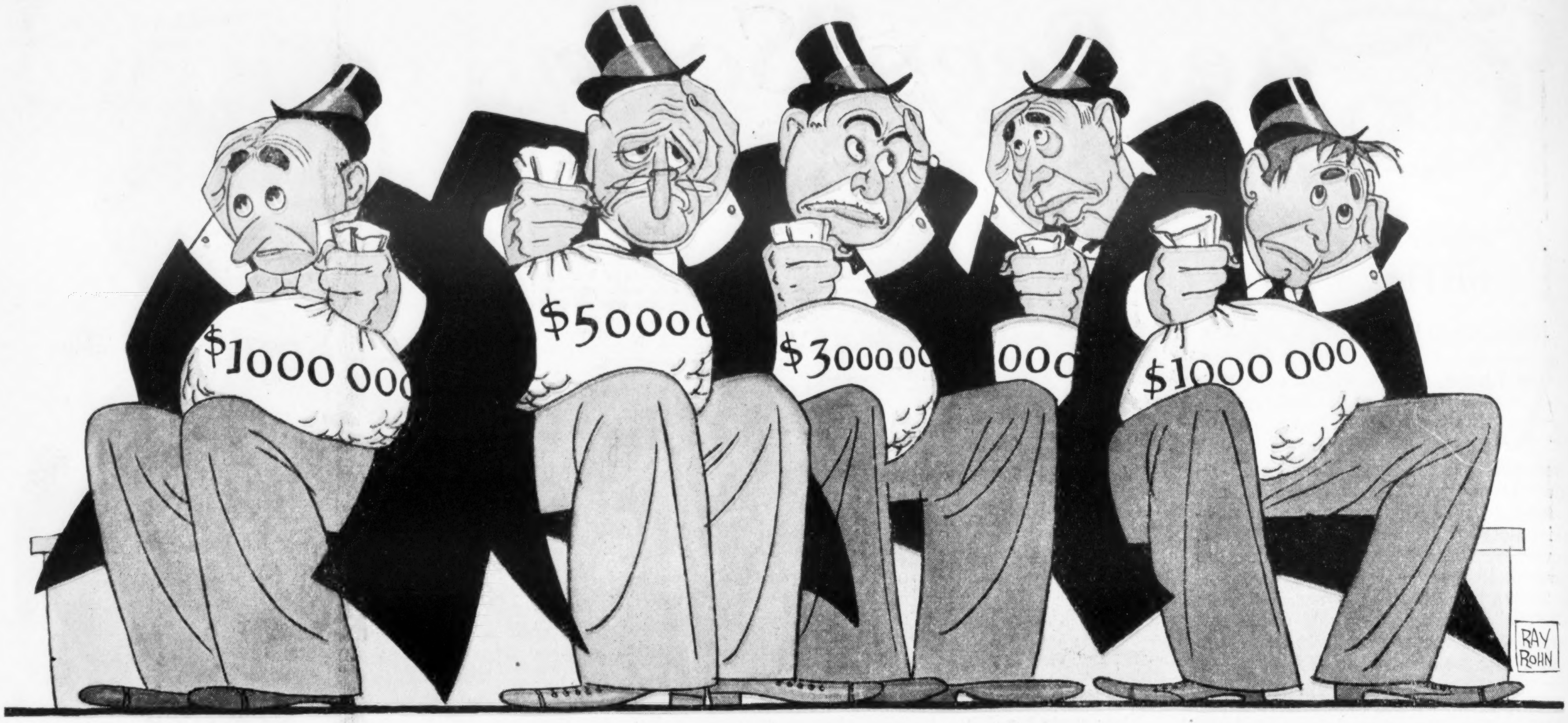
Christine laid a hand on his arm. "But, Jerry, that isn't all that is necessary."

Selden patted her fingers. "I know. I must win the camp, but I think I can."

SELDEN looked about him as he mounted the steps to the scales track and moved into the circle of light cast by an oil flare in a fire bucket on one side of the little platform.

The camp was gathered about the tipple—every man, woman and child. Selden saw the faces shifting. Bennett had been circulating among the men, making charges, purposely vague, against him. Thompson looked at him inquiringly.

(*Continued on page 28*)



Miserably they watch their hoard—and the other fellow

If I were a rich man

MONEY makes the road to happiness too slippery, Bill Johnston thinks. He believes that our men of wealth are skidding badly. He says: "The happiest Americans are those in moderate circumstances, the next happiest the poor, and the least happy the rich." And he comes right out with this salvo: "Of fifty-odd millionaires with whom I happen to be acquainted there is not one I would trade places with."

Who is right—Bill or the rich man whose answer you will find on the opposite page? How about yourself? Do you think that a fortune would keep *you* from getting the most out of life? Write to us frankly. For the three best letters we'll pay $50, $30 and $20. Limit your contributions to 300 words, send them before January 9th, addressed to Letter Editor, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

AMERICA'S richest citizens are far from being her happiest. The care of their wealth, the constant watchfulness necessary to keep people from taking it away from them, the foolish extravagances of their families, gray the hair of men who have acquired riches and make them miserable, and yet I suspect that every young man in the country, if he expressed the real desire in his heart, would say that he hoped to make money—and a lot of money.

There is no denying that great wealth brings power, the ability to have all the luxuries, the means to travel; yet, according to my observations, the richest Americans are the most foolish. Long after they have accumulated enough for every possible need or whim they continue their efforts to pile up more, meanwhile existing under conditions that give them anything but pleasure.

If you happen to know any rich man ask yourself if this picture does not describe his life:

He works longer and harder than most of his employees and has greater worries.

He burdens himself with one or more magnificent mansions—which he seldom occupies.

He surrounds himself with a horde of servants whose incompetencies and frequent flittings annoy him.

He eats rich food prepared by a French chef and served by a butler when he would rather have corned-beef hash.

He gives big dinners for a lot of people he cares nothing about.

He goes in for collecting paintings that he does not appreciate or first editions which he never reads.

He goes to tedious public banquets and other functions and, uncomfortable in stiff evening clothes, sits through them, living up to what he feels is expected of him.

He grows distrustful of all those he meets, because so many of them have schemes for getting his money away from him.

He regretfully discovers that the good friends he had in his youth are gradually alienated from him by his wealth.

In his family life he finds little comfort. His wife and daughters, playing the social game, drag him to tiresome functions and annoy him with their extravagances. His sons become spendthrifts with no business ability.

Even if, trying to be of public service, he begins to give away his money he finds it harder to dispose of intelligently than it was to accumulate.

As a matter of fact, poverty does not bring half the unhappiness that wealth does. In the poorest tenement districts of New York, where thousands literally live from one day to the next, where the illness or death of the wage earner may result in the whole flock being thrown into the street, there is more happiness, more freedom from care than in the Fifth Avenue mansions. The happiest Americans are those in moderate circumstances, the next happiest the poor, and the least happy the rich. Of fifty-odd millionaires with whom I happen to be acquainted there is not one I would trade places with.

Not long since I made a ten weeks' cruise of the Mediterranean ports on the great steamship Homeric. Among the five hundred passengers were many rich men. I doubt if one of them got half the enjoyment out of the trip that I did. Most of them had worn their money-making shackles so long that when they tried to shake them off and take a holiday they felt uncomfortable. They kept worrying all the time about what might be happening to their business while they were away. Several of them—millionaires in the sixties—were taking their first real vacation: ordered away, I suspect, by their physicians.

Consider John Bull, Esq.

THEY all had been so busy grubbing for money, and more money, that they never had learned to appreciate the beautiful things that life has to offer. They never had done any reading outside of their own business. Scenes of historic interest, picturesque ruins of other civilizations, wonderful old cathedrals built and decorated by medieval masters, bazaars where curios from Bagdad and Samarkand were displayed, gave them no thrill.

The acquirement of riches seems somehow to take away the capacity for enjoying life. A rich man I know some years ago bought an interest in a company with five hundred thousand dollars. He could have had a share three times as big, but it would have involved his borrowing large sums, and he did not wish to take the risk. His investment has already netted him eight millions, but he is constantly lamenting his lost opportunity. He might have been worth twenty-five millions.

"But if you had it," I said to him, "what good would it do you? You already have every comfort and luxury that money can buy. Your two children have more money than is good for them. What good would those additional millions do you? They would be just that much more to pay income tax on."

"Just the same, I wish I had them," he said, utterly unconvinced by my argument.

I know another man who, starting life in a humble way, at forty has succeeded in amassing something over ten million dollars. He occupies a comfortable house and lives simply, but the desires of his wife and family to spend more money are a constant source of annoyance to him. Discussing his career not long since with a man who had known him from boyhood, this friend commented:

"All his life he has been saving, saving, saving, to get an interest in this and an interest in that. Now that he has his millions, his money-making habit has become so strong with him that he cannot think of any ways of spending money that will give him pleasure."

Now, if I were a rich man, it seems to me I would stop when I had enough. When I had accumulated sufficient money to provide for all possible wants for my family and myself I would quit business. While I still had health and strength I would retire. In this respect Englishmen generally show greater wisdom than Americans. When an Englishman acquires wealth he withdraws from business, settles down to a healthful life in the country, gives some time to sport, travel and social affairs and devotes himself to public affairs and to the betterment of the community in which he lives. If American business men would follow this example they undoubtedly would live longer and get more enjoyment out of life.

If I were a rich man I would quit burdening myself with useless things. I know one man who, when he acquired wealth, bought himself a house of sixty rooms and filled them with wonderful furnishings and curios. After that he never had any leisure on Sundays. It took him the whole day to make an inspection of the house and look after the things that had to be done. After three years of it he auctioned off most of his furnishings and sensibly moved to a much smaller house.

Many rich men make fools of themselves by acquiring the collecting fad. Dealers foist on them at ridiculous prices fake old masters and manufactured "antiques." When they die their families invariably hasten to auction the treasures off. How much more sensible it would be if men of wealth would supply funds for public museums!

If I were a rich man I would try my utmost to keep my wealth from ruining my family. A boy brought up in luxury, educated by tutors and in private schools, goes out into life ill-equipped for a successful career. The young man who, in the public schools, has learned democracy, who has had to fight his own battles, who has had to find his own first job, develops a strength of character and a capability for meeting emergencies that it is almost impossible for a rich man's son to have.

Try as he will, it is almost impossible for a rich man to combat successfully the corroding effects of wealth on his children's character. A man I know—a man whose income is considerably more than a hundred thousand dollars a year—I heard the other day strenuously opposing his wife's demand that the chauffeurs be put in uniform.

"There's got to be something around this house," he said, "to remind my boys that they live in a democracy."

Daughters of men of wealth are generally disappointments to their fathers. All too frequently they become the prey of polished fortune hunters. "See that group playing bridge over there," an old gentleman said to me the other day at one of the yacht clubs. "They're all rich men's sons-in-law. Not one of them ever did an honest day's work in his life."

Strenuous measures are necessary in homes of wealth to keep the sons and daughters from acquiring false ideas—measures like those adopted by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who puts his children on a meager allowance and expects them to save part of that and to pay their own petty expenses out of the rest.

And if I were a rich man I would recognize that the greatest joy in life, the greatest satisfaction a man can possibly attain, comes from being of service to others, from trying to do some good in the world. Yet I would try to be as intelligent in the use of my money as I was in the amassing of it. Misguided philanthropy is one of the world's greatest evils. All too frequently departing millionaires leave great funds to charities which fall into the hands of professional philanthropic workers who use the money to create sinecures for themselves. Ill-advised gifts of money, too, frequently result merely in pauperizing the recipients.

So many persons of wealth have discovered the joys of public service that it is getting harder and harder for a rich man to find means for giving away his money where it will really do good.

But, if I were a rich man, here are some of the things I would consider doing, in the belief that there is a real community need for them:

The Rich Man's Big Four

ESTABLISH hospitals where self-respecting people of small income could obtain the best of medical and surgical care at reasonable prices.

Give financial and other support to the national movement to abolish orphan asylums and uphold the slogan, "A home for every child."

Start and support trade schools to give boys and girls an opportunity to learn a useful trade by which they might support themselves.

Endow courses of lectures on the latest discoveries of science, with the idea that the dissemination of knowledge might help uproot intolerance and preserve the principles of liberty of thought and religion on which this great Republic was founded.

And it seems to me that to this last proposal, if I were a rich man, I would give most serious thought, for, judging by the recent happenings in Tennessee, many Americans need enlightenment and knowledge if American ideals are to be preserved.

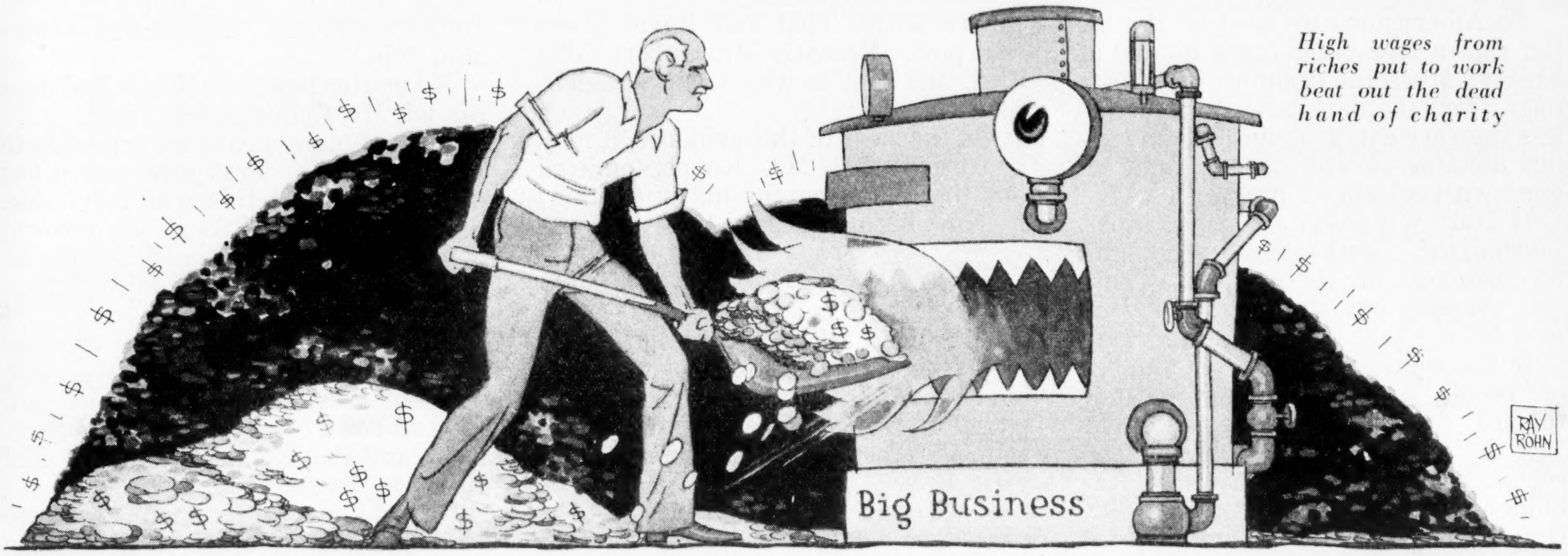
The responsibilities to the community of those who acquire wealth are great, much greater than most rich men realize. The power their money gives them can be used either for good or evil. But greater even than the possibilities of the power of money is the force of example.

The doings of the wealthy are constantly being imitated by the rest of the community. If the rich lead licentious lives, if they flagrantly violate the laws of the land, they can be sure that their actions will have a strong tendency to lower the morale of the community in which they live.

A rich man may publicly proclaim his belief in prohibition, influenced by the fact that soberness among workmen creates greater efficiency in his factory, but if he himself drinks and continues to serve liquor to guests in his home he cannot escape his share of responsibility for the failure of the people to obey the Volstead Act.

So, if I were a rich man, realizing the influence of my example, I would endeavor to be circumspect in my conduct. If I were arrested for speeding I would consider it only right that I should pay the penalty. If I publicly advocated prohibition I would personally practice it.

It's hard for a rich man to be happy, but he can at least try to be good and to do good.



High wages from riches put to work beat out the dead hand of charity

A Rich Man—War-time Head of the Shipping Board—Answers Mr. Johnston

My dear Mr. Johnston:

Edward N. Hurley

My parents were poor, and I was poor, and I must say that I do not grasp the idealism of being poor. A certain number of people in this world seem born to make fools of themselves. If they happen to have money they make bigger fools of themselves than if they do not happen to have money, and that is about all there is to that.

But on three big points you are very wrong indeed. First, you believe that everyone works for money. I find—and I know large numbers of rich men—that, after a man has brought together a competence for himself and his family, money becomes the score of the game; and in these days, barring a few speculators (they lose more often than they win), only the man who tries to serve becomes rich.

Second, you assume that it is better to be able to play than to work, and therefore I imagine you must be one of the few surviving admirers of the nobility of Europe, for they fit your ideal perfectly.

Third, the economic import of the rich man has entirely escaped you. We have high wages and a high standard of living in this country only because the men of ability who found great enterprises stay on and put the money they make back into them.

And finally, I cannot imagine any greater calamity than a general movement of rich men in the direction of taking their capital out of industry and putting it into the dead hand of charitable endowment. Their money is more useful in preventing poverty than in assuaging it.

I do not know the world that you think you have found, and I do not believe it exists.

Yours very truly,

Edward N. Hurley

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Forbidden Fruit

THEY are "bootlegging" newspapers in Italy.

Mussolini forbids the publication of criticism of his dictatorship and thereby gives rise to the clandestine distribution of the journals he would suppress.

"Bootlegged" newspapers in a country deprived of liberty are doubtless as intoxicating and as dangerous as alcohol in a land committed to prohibition. The forbidden object is sought and not all the power of a strong government can suppress human desire. Prohibition, whether of books or beverages, breeds bootleggery.

To Americans nurtured on the belief that a free press is the citadel of liberty, Mussolini's suppression is a page from the dark ages. Nevertheless the very extravagance of the Italian dictator throws helpful light on our own problem of prohibition.

If Italy were unanimously fascist, journalistic "bootleggers" would find no customers for their wares. Those who secretly buy the illegal newspapers believe that they do no wrong.

In this country a very large number of people have a similar attitude toward American bootleggers. The fact that newspapers in Italy and alcoholic beverages in America are forbidden does not make them desirable. Opium is also forbidden, and while it too is secretly vended no public opinion supports it. The important thing is that good Italians are hostile to Mussolini and good Americans see good as well as harm in alcohol.

Mussolini has a strong hold on Italy and he may last a long time. Prohibition is firmly entrenched in the American Constitution and change is not easy. But more powerful than the armed force of the dictator's black shirts or the words of the American Constitution are the facts of human nature. Ultimately they must be recognized.

In this country the principle of majority rule is sacred but it is not always expedient for the majority to ignore the beliefs of strong minorities.

If bootlegging is to be stopped the consent of the minority must be won. This means either a change of opinion on the part of those who patronize bootleggers or else some compromise under the law.

The present situation is impossible. It bears in itself the seeds of its own destruction.

An Honest Man!

HAIL to Adolph Koppel, new president of a great New York bank! Amidst all the preachment of the go-getters, his voice rings clear and true. Asked to what he attributed his success, he responded:

"To letting the other fellows die. . . . The cashier died. . . . They pushed me into the cage. . . . In 1910 the treasurer died and I was given that post. Recently Mr. Hubert Cillis died, and that is why I am president now."

On the basis of this evidence, it may be urged that Mr. Koppel omitted one prime reason for his promotion; namely, his intellectual honesty.

Merry Christmas!

WE ARE all so busy at Christmas time thinking about the roly-poly old chap, Santa Claus, that we are inclined to overlook the real personification of Yuletide—the worn-out shop girl.

If we can't get our Christmas shopping done early, then we should do it thoughtfully and courteously. A good way to go about it is to have some idea of what we want before we go into the shops.

Merry Christmas for the shop girls too!

He Had Nothing Left

OUT in Ohio the other day there died a man who at one time was worth a million dollars. He made it by "smartness" with a deck of cards. His "business name" was Johnny Behind the Deuce. Easy money. No work at all. Fun to catch suckers and honest boob poker players.

And yet Johnny Behind the Deuce is going to be buried in the potter's field. Nobody knows of any friends that he had. It doesn't seem that his business paid, after all.

We Must Stand Alone

"IT IS incredible that, within the space of one year, you will not be able to find an efficient head of police, able to save your city from crime. You may have Butler for a year—or less."

This is the gist of what President Coolidge is said to have told a delegation of Philadelphia officials who called at the White House, in 1924, to ask for the loan of Brigadier General Smedley D. Butler, of the marines, for his second year.

During 1925, Butler's second year, Philadelphia did not find a new head of police. Instead it asked not only for a third but for a fourth year of Butler's services. President Coolidge said "No."

No matter how well Butler had done his job Mr. Coolidge was right.

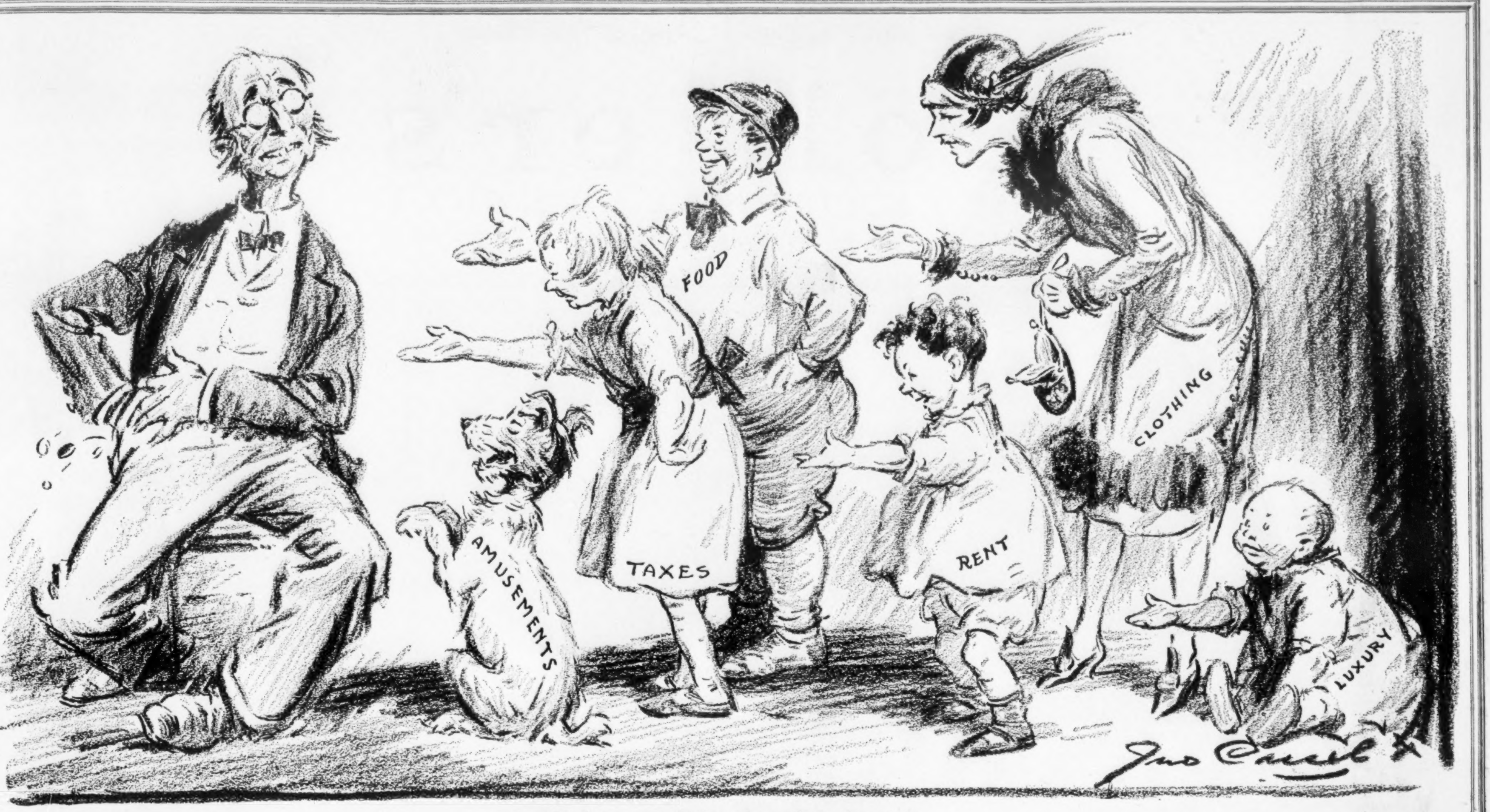
For too many years the tendency to rely upon the federal government has grown. In part this was inevitable. State's rights and local self-government have been weakened because of an actual change in the physical conditions of life.

But for this very reason it becomes the more necessary to distinguish between those obligations which can be performed only by national government and those which the states and cities can do for themselves.

General Butler has made a brave and spectacular effort to drive vice and crime out of Philadelphia. He had the training of long experience and if Philadelphia had been one of our colonial dependencies and not a free American city the forthright marine would have had nothing but praise for his zeal.

As it was, even though he is a native Pennsylvanian, he came in as an outsider, an official not responsible to the people whose lives and property he had been designated to defend. It was the wrong way to accomplish a good purpose.

In war and in other great emergencies it is essential to ask for the protection of federal troops but in normal times we must govern ourselves. It is futile to ask the federal government to lend soldiers to enforce laws which ought to be administered by local police authority.

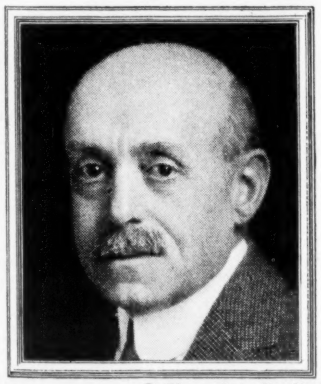


Might as well be cheerful about it

Make Yourself a Budget

By WILLIAM E. KNOX

President of the Bowery Savings Bank, New York



© Champlain Studios

YOUNG man, make a budget! Without a budget you may score some sort of success in life; the odds are you never will.

But you don't know enough about figures, you say! You don't have to know much about figures; a budget isn't a problem in higher mathematics; it's a plan of life.

The biggest successes in life today are the result of definite plans more often than of great minds. Great minds are and ever will be necessary for the planning and direction of large and successful enterprises, but they alone are not enough. For one big money-making idea that makes him famous and establishes his worth to an organization, the big man in any business may have a dozen poor ideas that would wreck the business if it were not for the modern auditor and statistician who determine with mathematical accuracy the possibilities of any idea before it is given a trial.

A captain of industry conceives a mighty suspension bridge to span a mountain gorge or mile-wide river. But he doesn't build a bridge and try it out to determine how much of a load it will carry. No; a staff of obscure men about whom few ever hear take pencil and paper and figure out what sort of a load the bridge should and must carry before an order is placed for a single beam or strand of it. There is no guesswork about building bridges.

And there is no guesswork about building success or fortunes any more.

Make yourself a budget, a plan of life; set for yourself a standard of living commensurate with your income; secure enough insurance to protect your family and your investments should unexpected illness or death overtake you, and you stand to make any goal you set for yourself.

Young people too often make the mistake of trying to keep up with the Joneses or the Thompsons, or somebody else in their neighborhood or social set.

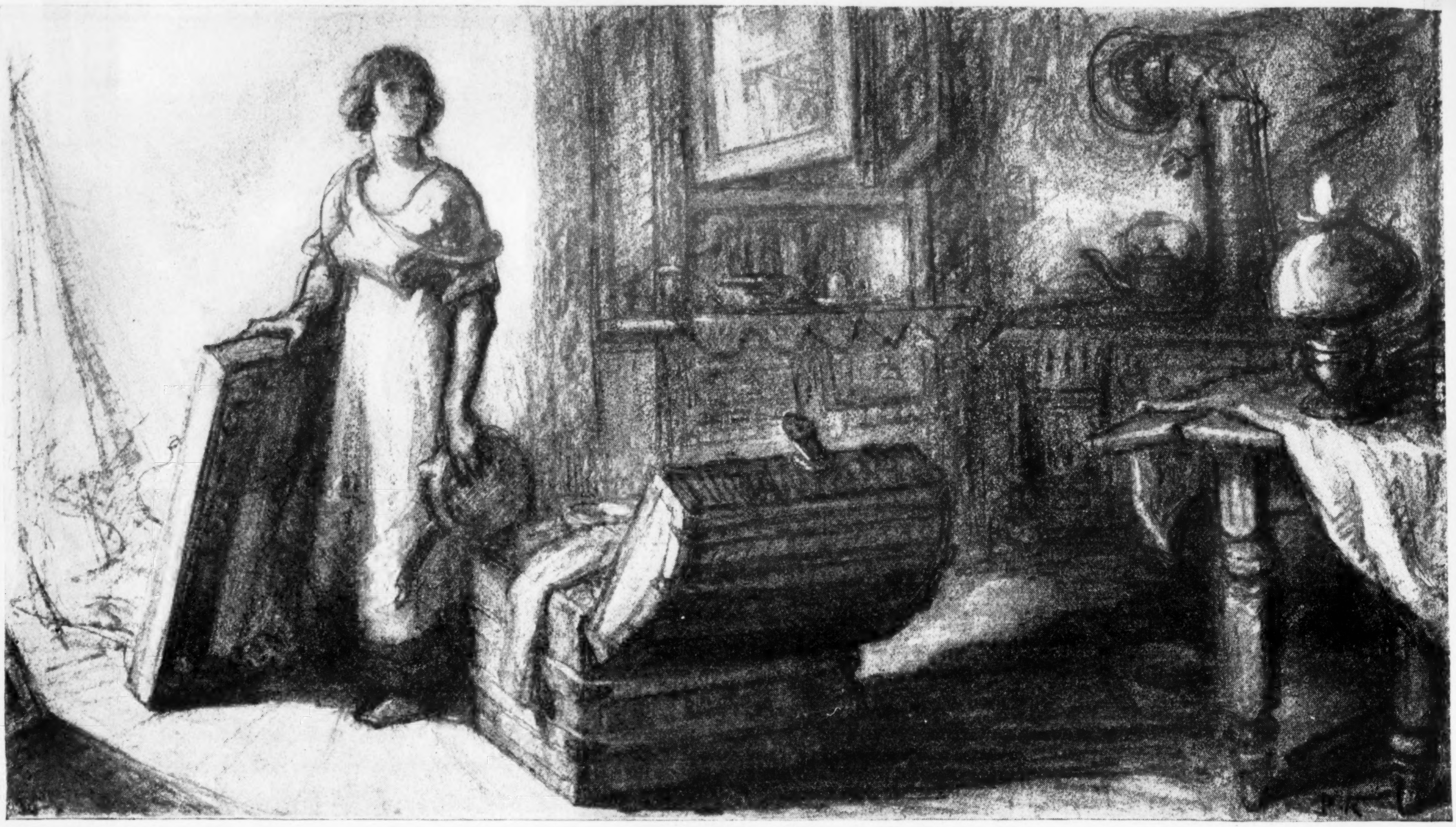
You know what *your* income is; upon that income you must determine *your* standard of living. Leave the Joneses and the Thompsons out of it and don't bother about how much their income is or how they do it. On one side of a little book put down your own $25, $50 or $100 or whatever your weekly income is and promise yourself that you will live within it. Then check up every Saturday night to see whether your performance tallies with your promise. If you are spending more than you are making you have an account of what you have spent and you know just where to trim to make your budget come out right another week. You will begin to learn what a budget is and how to make it work for you; then you can go in debt and stay in debt with a clear conscience and your head up for the rest of your life if you want to, and the chances are you will want to.

It isn't enough just to live within your income. Many have done that and saved much money. They saved money but missed pretty much everything else in life, because they didn't have a plan. A budget works both ways: it shows you how much you may spend as well as how much you should not spend.

The realtor, the home furnisher, the banker, the automobile distributor and everybody else in a position to provide you with the permanent joys and satisfactions of life are looking for young folk who order their lives on a budget. As they learn more and more about business and human nature they are giving less and less consideration—less encouragement, less credit—to those who have no plan of living.

The couples who make budgets are putting the practice of big business to work for them. And when you have done this you have qualified for a place in the world of big business. You won't have to hunt jobs any more; the jobs will be hunting for you.

Make a budget!



Only Liza kept certain things and packed them in her trunk

The Spider

By ZONA GALE

Illustrated by PHILIP REISMAN

This week's Short Short Story is a page out of two lives—for the thing about Liza and Matthew was their perfect fitness for another's schemes. Next week: Rupert Hughes

THE little town is called Sunland, and it lies in the mountains of the western United States. The circulars which came to the Iowa town said that Sunland was located on the richest soil of the warm areas of the Sierra foothills; that all fruits and vegetables would grow at a touch; that the climate was made by God and behaved as if it knew it, and that the land was cheap beyond dream—and within thirty days would be advanced in price to more than double the present cost. It was, the circulars concluded, an opportunity such as all America had never before afforded, and only a few localities were permitted to share in the prize. Would the reader of the circular apply at once?

Matthew Pendleton read every word to his wife Liza. For years they had dreamed of California. Now they were sixty-four and sixty, and if they were to make a change it must be made soon.

Bill Miller had gone out alone and had grown rich on his lands. They themselves were childless, they had only themselves to risk, but the eighty acres in the Iowa corn had been their home for forty years. They had made grow with their own hands the shed, the bay window, the porch. In the garden were strawberries and asparagus and zinnias; there were an orchard and a grapevine which yielded them their preserves and jelly. Liza thought of these things and said:

"We might go for only a little while and see how we liked it."

"We must have the farm money to put in the land, if we buy," said Matthew.

"We might go without buying first," said Liza.

"The offer is for thirty days!"

She was silent. She looked at his hard hands. "Do as you think best, Matthew," she said at last.

It was early spring, and the crop was not yet planted. There was no difficulty in selling the eighty acres, though Bart Mellon had tried this long time to sell his farm and could not do so. Their furniture was old, and they sold that too. Only Liza kept certain things and packed them in her trunk—her meat chopper, her cherry pitter, her aluminum kettle, and her two glass pie tins. And just before the men came for the auction she suddenly wheeled to the side porch the plush couch and the plush chair and put with them the large colored Beatrice Cenci, whose name she did not know. Then she ran down the road to Bart Mellon's and asked their boy to come with his cart and set these things in his father's barn.

"We were fixed nice, Matthew," she said as the last of the belongings were taken away by their new owners.

"Yes," said Matthew, "but think of how nice we're going to have it."

"Maybe," said Liza.

The tourist train was to them luxury. The long journey was even better than motion pictures, Matthew thought. They ate from their basket, listened to everyone, hardly spoke all the way across the desert, and looked everywhere with shining eyes.

"See, Liza, how nice we have it," Matthew sometimes said.

"Maybe," said Liza.

They reached Sunland at noon in the blazing blue and yellow of the western spring. They went down the street slowly, for they could not breathe easily any more when they walked. Under the ferny acacias they made their way to the land office. There a spidery man with curved legs and a stiff neck called to a lounging boy to take them to their land. The lounging boy, with a manner of indifference amounting almost to unconsciousness, took them in a neat car.

Under the acacias and the pepper trees, by the live oaks and the eucalyptus, they drove at such speed that they were terrified and saw nothing.

"Here's the land," said the boy, when he stopped the car.

He waved his hand to ten acres lying up, up the steep green foothills. It was perpendicular land.

"I don't understand," said Matthew. "They said rich land. . . ."

"None richer," said the boy, and tried to yawn, but missed it.

The man with the curved legs and the stiff neck later pointed out to them that all the statements of the circular were true. And they were true, literally true.

All night Matthew and Liza talked. "We can put up a cabin on the strip by the road," Matthew said, "and spend the summer. We got our pride."

"We can go back and buy Bart Mellon's farm," said Liza, very softly.

In the sudden Sierra dawn he looked at her, lips parted, and said nothing.

As they drove from the station to Bart Mellon's farm a fortnight later, Matthew said:

"Now we begin all over, where we were, forty years ago."

"No, Matthew," said Liza. "We got a plush couch, a plush chair, a picture, my meat chopper, my cherry pitter . . ."

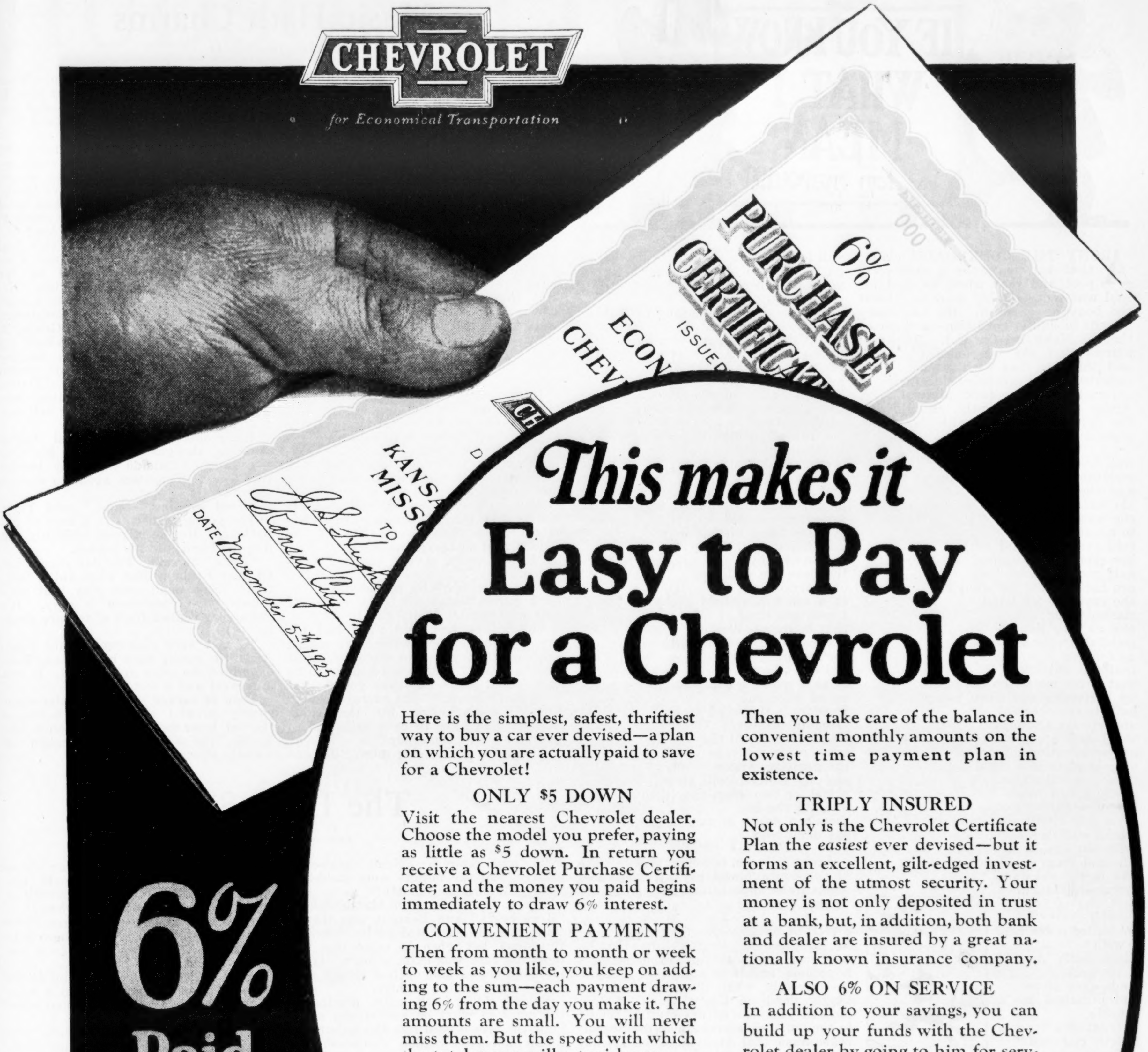
"We'll have it quite nice again," said Matthew.

"Yes!" cried Liza.

The man with the curved legs and the stiff neck now has an office in another town, and there does a brisk business.

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation



This makes it Easy to Pay for a Chevrolet

Here is the simplest, safest, thriftiest way to buy a car ever devised—a plan on which you are actually paid to save for a Chevrolet!

ONLY $5 DOWN

Visit the nearest Chevrolet dealer. Choose the model you prefer, paying as little as $5 down. In return you receive a Chevrolet Purchase Certificate; and the money you paid begins immediately to draw 6% interest.

CONVENIENT PAYMENTS

Then from month to month or week to week as you like, you keep on adding to the sum—each payment drawing 6% from the day you make it. The amounts are small. You will never miss them. But the speed with which the total grows will astonish you.

DRIVE THE CAR AWAY

When your savings, plus the interest they have earned, equal the amount necessary for the delivery of your car, you drive it away. Then you take care of the balance in convenient monthly amounts on the lowest time payment plan in existence.

TRIPLY INSURED

Not only is the Chevrolet Certificate Plan the *easiest* ever devised—but it forms an excellent, gilt-edged investment of the utmost security. Your money is not only deposited in trust at a bank, but, in addition, both bank and dealer are insured by a great nationally known insurance company.

ALSO 6% ON SERVICE

In addition to your savings, you can build up your funds with the Chevrolet dealer by going to him for service, repairs and accessories if you now own a car. 6% interest on the amounts thus spent with him will be credited on your Certificate, over and above the interest on your savings.

MANY QUALITY FEATURES

Thousands of people have bought Chevrolets on the Certificate Plan. Thousands more want the quality features which Chevrolet offers—its modern chassis, roomy streamline bodies in colorful lasting Duco finish, its ample power, its certainty and economy of operation.

See a Chevrolet dealer today. He will show you, too, how simple and easy it is to buy a Chevrolet—the Certificate way.

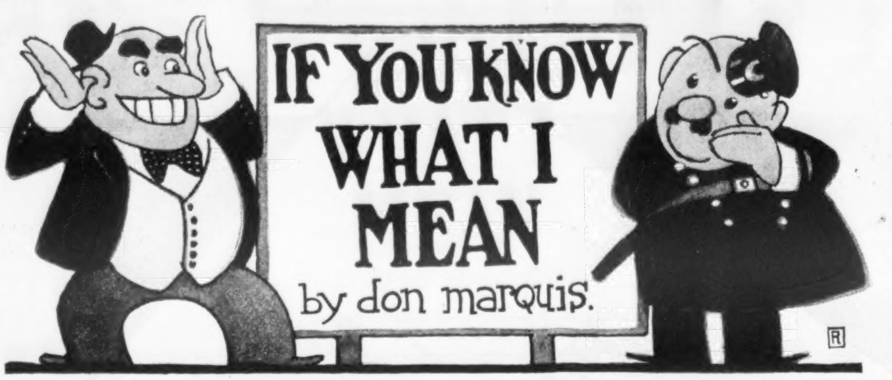
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

6% Paid on your Savings

Touring	$525	Sedan	$775
Roadster	525	Commercial Chassis	425
Coupe	675	Express Truck Chassis	550
Coach	695		

ALL PRICES F. O. B. FLINT, MICHIGAN

QUALITY AT LOW COST

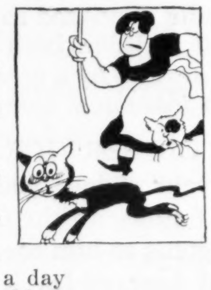


IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

by don marquis

ARCHY THE COCKROACH claims that he was once a free-verse poet and that when he died his soul was sent (for his sins) to inhabit the body of a roach. He has many friends in similar condition—and one of them is Mehitabel the Cat. Mehitabel affirms that she was once Cleopatra and that she has been variously incarnated in the centuries since first she queened it by the dark, alluvial Nile. Archy saw her recently, and, hitting the typewritter keys with his head, reports as follows:

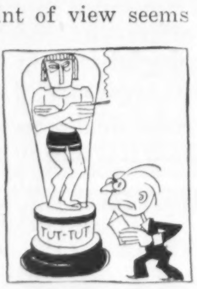
well boss i saw
mehitabel the other evening
and she was her same
old self again
she was capering
in an alley in the
cold moonlight and with
her capered two gaunt
half grown kittens they
are her son and her daughter
she says the icy wind
slashed them
and as they danced
mehitabel chanted to me
as follows
toujours gai archy
that is my motto toujours gai
up yesterday and down today
but always cheerful
and always the lady
wotthehell archy wotthehell
one incarnation dining off
of gold plate in a royal
palace and the next
rustling fish heads
out of a garbage can
some day i will be found
frozen stiff in a snow
drift but i ve lived my own
life and there s a dance or
two in the old dame yet
it was only last week
that one of these
swell
bob tailed manx cats
with
silver bells around
his neck
made eyes at me
and promised me a
home
in front of a fire on a
hearth rug and
cream and
oysters three times a day
lead me to it i told him
he looked such a gentleman
archy that any lady would have
trusted him on sight
i followed him into his house
and the two of us were just
prying open the door of the
ice box to get at the cream
when the cook came in with a mop
archy that cheap crook
pretended he was no friend of mine
and joined the cook
in an assault upon me
with one sweep of my claw
i lifted his left eye out
as easily as if it were a
pickled onion
and then i sliced his nose
and turned my attention
to the cook i climbed her
and i will bet you
the doctors are still laboring
over my footmarks this week
she dropped her mop and
fainted now then i said
to that manx tom
i invite you to a party
you one eyed disaster you
when i get done with you you
will look like an accident
on its way to happen somewheres
you call yourself
a gentleman do you
after practically abducting me
the way you did to allow
such things to happen to a lady
under your protection come out
ferdy come out in the alley
and i will make your other eye
look like a homeless oyster
that s the way with me archy
once my trust is betrayed
but it s all in the day s
work archy in spite of all
my ups and downs i am
always the lady
and always cheerful
us aristocrats of the old regime
are always game
you see these kittens here
i am bringing them up
the same way
they are the children
of a persian cat
in a swell household archy
i soon got tired of all
that bourgeois comfort
it s romance and adventure
for me archy
if i can t have
it as a queen i will have it
as an alley cat
freedom is the word archy
freedom forever
i will dance until they
come after my bones with
the garbage wagon
and my skeleton will give
a kick or two when they throw
me into the bay
there s a dance or two in the
old dame yet archy



Archy tells me, however, that in spite of her courage and gay air Mehitabel seems to be approaching the end of her tether.

ONE of Archy's insect comrades is an Egyptian scarab who claims that he was once an inmate of Tutankhamen's household, and is in a position to know just exactly what the spirits of the kingly dead of Egypt think of this modern business of desecrating tombs in the name of science. Scab the Scarab is the name that Archy gives his friend, possibly in the way of affectionate abbreviation. The old kings, says Scab the Scarab, are inclined to make some allowances because they consider the modern peoples almost complete barbarians, not to be held responsible for what they do not know. Any people not barbarian would refuse to desecrate a tomb merely out of considerations of common politeness, if for no weightier reasons—that's the argument.

But the current point of view seems to be that a mummy was laid down originally for the purpose of ripening into a curio for a museum. Whereas the mummy, before he became a mummy, thought of himself as a human being and thought of his remains as the remains of a human being rather than as an object of curiosity. The fact that it is scientific curiosity would probably make but little difference to the original owner of what has become a mummy.



Music Hath Charms

Continued from page 11

listening to anything. He wasn't thinking of anything. He was too tired to think, too tired to analyze. But the tune kept on coming. It was a simple tune, but it had a way of getting at you. Perhaps he'd better shut the window. But he was too tired to move.

He remembered suddenly the first time he had heard it. She had been with him, and they had sat under a beech tree in the square. They were pretending they weren't in love with each other. They were pretendng they were just sitting there like two very dignified, grown-up people. They hadn't even intended to hold hands. But they were, very sedately, under cover of an evening journal.

The tune had gone on, such a sad little tune. Life had seemed suddenly so very big and they so young and so alone in it. Their hands had gripped tight.

It was as though they had to cling together against the bigness of life, against the loneliness. Her face was only a small white blotch in the twilight under the cheap little hat.

"You won't ever go," she had said, "will you? Promise me you won't ever go."

And he had promised, and in their hearts they knew it was a promise life might make them break, life was so hidden and so inexplicable.

"Never, never, never," she had whispered.

"Never, never," he repeated.

"I couldn't stand it," she said. "I just couldn't stand it."

"Idiot," he had said. He had his arm around her then. They had ceased pretending they were a dignified, adult couple. "What could ever happen to us that would make me leave you?"

"I don't know." She clung close to him, "I don't know. But that tune. Why do you have to be a little sad to know you love somebody?"

The tune was closer now. It was coming down the street to him. What business did it have to torment him, to pick at his heart with a thousand tender memories? He couldn't stand it.

"Damn," he said.

Then he hurdled across the room and picked up the receiver of the telephone. It was an infernal time before he got his number. Suppose she wasn't there? Suppose she hadn't waited, had gone off? How long had it been, anyway, since he had said good-by to her?

"Operator. Say, suppose this had been a fire? Hello, hello there. Constance." Her voice seemed so far away. "Constance, this is Dick. No, I'm not crazy. Not now, but I was, though. I can't hear you. Constance, I'm an idiot, the world's Grade A specimen example idiot. What? I can't hear you. Constance, forgive me." Tony had by this time moved directly beneath his window. "Damn. I can't hear a word. I'm coming over. There's a hurdy-gurdy raising hell outside here."

He grabbed up his cap and started running, the gas jet blazing, his door wide open. Outside he fairly bowled into Tony. Tony was about to start a new tune.

"Good evening, signor," said Tony.

The young man was in a fury of impatience. But he stopped suddenly and dug his hand into his pocket.

"Here," he said. Pay day wasn't until next Friday. But what did it matter? "Say, don't ever play that tune unless your conscience is easy. It's got a very refined form of torture about it."

"It is a very nice tune," said Tony. After the young man had bolted, Tony examined the coins in his hand. It was a harvest and a wet day too.

Then he tucked the green baize cover snugly around the wooden box and started homeward. "Old Alfonso was wrong," he said as he trundled off stolidly into the darkness.

The Deep Seam

Continued from page 21

"I am ready," Selden answered clearly, and the miners were suddenly still. "Where is Bennett?"

There was a cry from the darkness, "Here he is," and Bennett was thrust forward. He stumbled as he mounted the steps, but when he came into the light his face was calm enough. Only his eyes closed and opened slowly and his hands trembled slightly.

Selden stood forth, calm, dominant, the mark of what he was strong upon him; the crowd paid him the tribute of intent silence. Selden motioned for Bennett with one hand and raised his voice slightly:

"This man thinks he has something to tell you about me. You know him and you know me. Now listen!"

He looked at Bennett with eyes that began to burn. "Now tell them," he challenged. "Tell them, if you're willing to stand the consequences."

Bennett licked his lips nervously. A little of the old awe of Selden came back—the man had behind him the might of the Continental. Then he shook off his fear; anger gave him courage.

"I've been invited to speak, and I'm going to talk plain," he cried. "You know what the law of the mine is—no woman underground. You know what it does to a mine. It puts the curse of God on it for all time. He did that—put the curse on this mine right under us." Bennett paused, then whirled to the superintendent and leveled a forefinger: "He had a woman in the mine with him for more than a month. Didn't you, Selden?"

Breathless, the crowd waited for Selden's answer and gasped when the superintendent replied instantly, "I did."

"And not only that, but he kept her up at his place on Cat Mountain. Didn't you, Selden?"

Again the superintendent answered with a curt affirmative. Bennett, who had worked himself into a crescendo of feeling, whirled back on the men.

"That ain't all," he cried again. "This woman was livin' right down here with you folks part of the time. In a cottage over the knoll. She—"

Abruptly he fell silent, gaping at the steps. The crowd stirred, and a murmur swept it as Christine Bennett came slowly into the light.

Christine's head was held high. She was dressed in white, and her short hair contrasted oddly with her feminine daintiness. She spoke to Pinetop Thompson, ignoring Bennett and the crowd that pressed closer so as not to miss a word.

"Mr. Selden is here. Mr. Bennett is here. But I have a part in this too. Will you hear me?"

Pinetop Thompson closed his mouth and swallowed audibly. His manner was respectful.

"Speakin' f'r th' camp, ma'am, we'll be glad to hear anything you have to say."

Christine still spoke directly to him. "Mr. Bennett has not told you quite all. I want to tell you what he has omitted and then ask you a question. After that you may decide between Mr. Bennett and me. Mr. Bennett says that Mr. Selden took a woman—me—into the mine. That's not true."

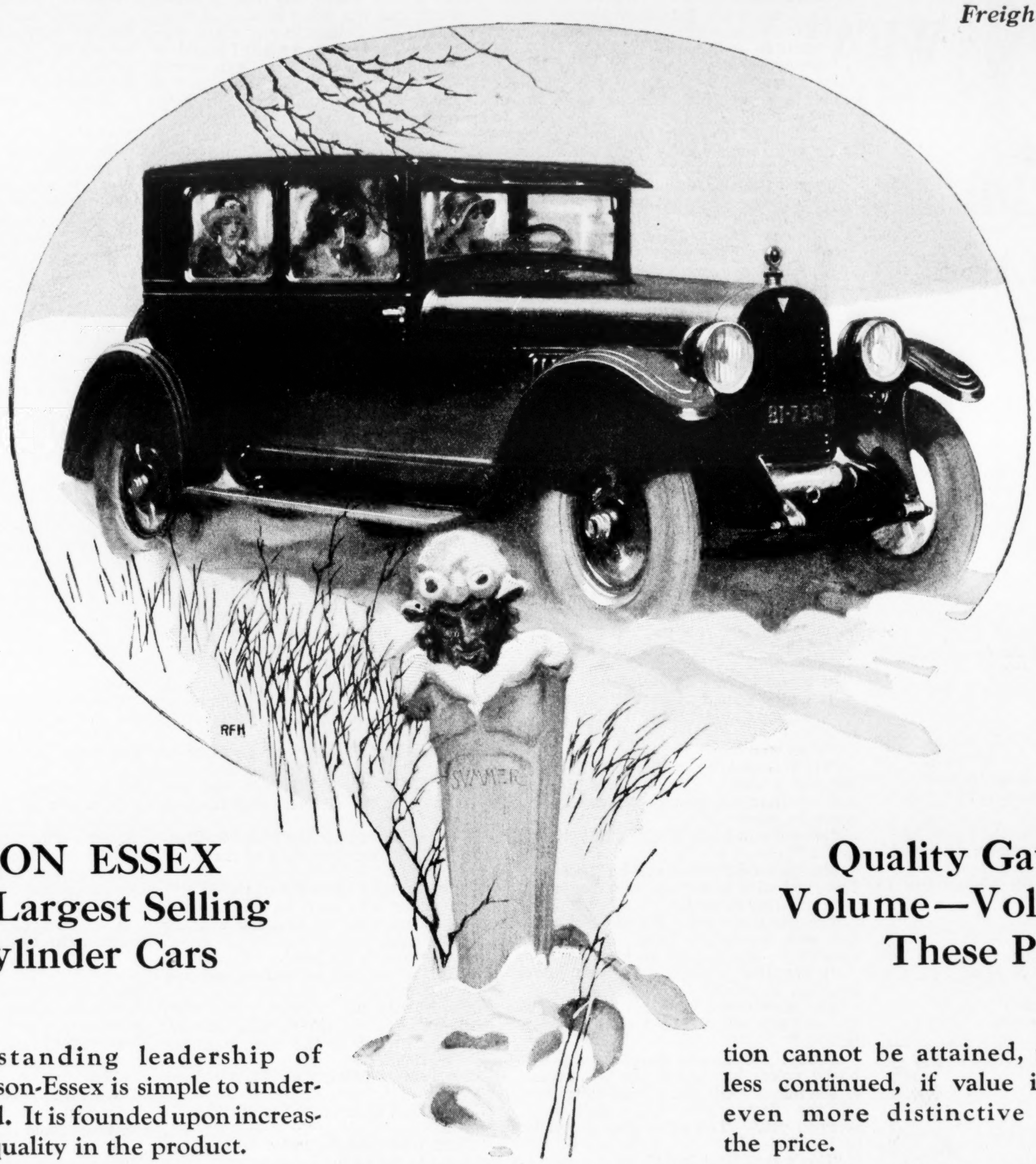
Bennett interrupted. "You can't lie out of it," he shouted. "I kin prove—"

Pinetop Thompson moved toward him. "Shut up!" he ordered sharply. "We're goin' to do things in order here. You've had your turn to speak, and that ain't no way to talk to a lady. Don't you interrupt no more." Bennett subsided, and Pinetop turned back to Christine. "Now, ma'am, go on."

(Continued on page 30)

HUDSON COACH $1165

Freight and Tax Extra



HUDSON ESSEX World's Largest Selling Six-Cylinder Cars

Quality Gave This Volume—Volume Gave These Prices

Outstanding leadership of Hudson-Essex is simple to understand. It is founded upon increasing quality in the product.

This has resulted in ever larger sales and the growing volume has permitted manufacturing economies that are passed on to the purchaser in lower costs.

Without such volume, such prices would be impossible. And without increasing quality, such volume would never be reached.

For years Hudson-Essex have been the World's Largest Selling Six-Cylinder Cars. Such position cannot be attained, much less continued, if value is not even more distinctive than the price.

Hudson-Essex value is outstanding long after the price paid is forgotten.

Owners are ever conscious of great power, smooth, enduring performance, of low operating costs, qualities that alone prove value. The Super-Six principle, exclusive to Hudson-Essex, gives added distinction.

This is the simple explanation for Hudson-Essex leadership and for their being the "World's Greatest Values."

Hudson Brougham $1450 Hudson 7-Pass. Sedan $1650

ESSEX COACH $765

All Prices Freight and Tax Extra

World's Greatest Values

Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It

JAMES
HOUSE
JR. '25

TOM MASSON SAYS —

SOCIETY men have taken to wearing corsets to keep their shape, but that doesn't prevent our gunmen from bragging about their perfect .45.

* * *

"It's the same old story," said Adam, as he parted from his rib: "everything going out and nothing coming in."

* * *

In celebrating its centenary, Sing Sing prison remarks that it never felt so full of lifers.

* * *

In Los Angeles, on the average, 1,000 divorces are recorded every month. The rule is: "Young man, go west and settle up."

* * *

Life is never completely harmonious. Even a successful prize fighter is haunted by the annoying thought that some day he may be drawn into a fight.

* * *

In view of our purchases of big collections abroad, hereafter if you want to enjoy European art the slogan will be "See America first."

* * *

Several jazz orchestra leaders are making $1,500 a week each. This is sound finance.

* * *

If we don't have another war pretty soon there won't be anything left of our navy.

* * *

Henry Ford says that when the flying machine makes it possible all over the world for everybody to know everybody else we shall have universal peace. And yet Henry has lived in a small home town.

* * *

"I care not," said the flying machine, "how many political battles naval officials fight among themselves, so long as they don't pull any of my wires."

* * *

The number of crazy people is said to be increasing. But consider the provocation!

* * *

If the girls are going to let their hair come back, the next thing will be to see what can be done about their clothes.

* * *

The railroads will soon be confronted with the question, "Where can we park our engines?"

* * *

"Ten years of prosperity ahead in the United States," remarks a prominent financier. Pessimist!

* * *

To be inferior is to admit it.

* * *

Many are called, but few have courage enough to stay in bed.

The Deep Seam

Continued from page 28

Christine's voice was high and clear. "Mr. Selden did not know there was a woman in the mine. That is where Mr. Bennett is—mistaken."

Bennett spoke from his place by Pinetop Thompson. "You say you worked for him a month and he never knowed who you were?"

"I will answer his question," Christine said clearly. "I have nothing to hide. But he must answer mine. Will you see that he does?" There was a roar of assent, and Christine, raising her voice slightly, spoke to Bennett. "Come out into the light where they can see us both," she ordered. She turned again to the camp. "Watch us," she appealed. "I will leave it to you to judge who is telling the truth and who is not. Now, Mr. Bennett, what do you want to know?"

Bennett turned to the crowd.

"She worked in the mine a month. She says Selden didn't know her. Are you folks goin' to swallow that?"

THE miners moved uneasily, but Christine put up a calming hand. She walked to the edge of the platform and scanned the crowd for the face she sought. At last she found it and beckoned.

"Mr. Merkle, won't you come up on the platform?" she called. The miner goggled back at her, but moved out and presently came blinking into the light. The camp knew him.

"Mr. Merkle, you work for Mr. Selden, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered.

"Do you know Jim Driscoll?"

The man gaped at her. "Not to say knowed, ma'am, not more'n when I seen him."

"Who was he?"

"He was powder monkey for Mr. Selden for a while. Right smart kid too, I allus thought, though he never had much to say."

"Would you know him if you saw him again?"

Merkle nodded wonderingly. " 'Course. I worked with him f'r more'n a month."

"I am Jim Driscoll!"

The camp gulped. Merkle looked at her and shook his head in slow incredulity. She turned to him.

"I am Jim Driscoll. Do you know me, Mr. Merkle?"

The man gazed at her. "No'm. 'S far as I kin tell, I ain't never seen you before."

Abruptly Christine spoke in a queer, husky voice; her words the vernacular of the mine. "Git them dam' ca'tridges off the floor. This hole ain't been scraped yet." The voice was the voice of Jim Driscoll.

"Don't that beat hell!"

The crowd heard his bewildered exclamation and laughed again. Christine spoke rapidly, pointing to Merkle.

"Now, do you think Mr. Selden knew me? You heard what Mr. Merkle said. He would know Jim Driscoll if he saw him again, but he stood two feet from Jim Driscoll and did not know. Is it reasonable that Mr. Selden would know if the others did not?"

Merkle scrambled down at a nod from Christine. Pinetop Thompson spoke gravely. "A'gin talkin' f'r th' camp, I'd say it wa'n't reasonable, ma'am."

Christine faced the men. "If Mr. Selden did not know that I was in the mine—if he did not take me there—you cannot blame him. The responsibility is upon me. Mr. Selden was not at fault, was he?"

Thompson again spoke for the camp. "No'm, don't look like he was."

"Then Mr. Selden is no longer concerned. It is now a matter between the camp and me. Am I right?"

Thompson nodded slowly. "Yes'm. I guess you be."

Christine stood waiting. "What—" she began at last and broke off with a gesture.

Thompson spoke cautiously. "What're we goin' to do? 'Fore I answer that I want to know how come you went into the mine."

Christine answered instantly, her words rising above the voices below. "I went into the mine because I could not reach Mr. Selden in any other way. Once he helped me, and when I found—"

Bennett interrupted with a sneer. "How 'bout livin' with Selden on Cat Mountain? Guess you'd call that helpin' him, would you?"

Christine's head lifted and her nostrils contracted. Bennett's words gave her the opportunity for which she had waited.

"How do you know I was on Cat Mountain?" she demanded.

"Because you was there."

Christine turned to the miners. "Did anyone see me there?" There was no response from the men. Christine still spoke to the camp. "It is his word against mine. Make him prove what he says."

Bennett strode forward. "I can do it, all right. I was there myself. I saw you."

Christine took the offensive. "You came to Selden's cabin while I was there?"

Bennett snorted. "You know I did. I talked to you."

Christine drew him deeper. "You knew me, didn't you?"

"Sure, I know you."

"How?" flashed Christine.

Bennett did not perceive her drift. "Because I knew you before you ever come to Marengo."

"Didn't you go to Selden's to see me?"

"Yes."

In the background Selden waited. He had not known of Bennett's visit. It explained many things. Christine turned to the miners with an appealing gesture.

"Make him tell you why he came to see me," she cried, a little break in her voice. There was relief too, but she suppressed that. Bennett had trapped himself.

Pinetop Thompson motioned to Bennett. "How come you went to see her?" he demanded.

Bennett's eyes opened and closed. "I had business with her," he said shortly. For the first time he realized whither he was bound.

Pinetop shook his head. "That ain't enough. What kind of bisness did you have with her?"

Bennett did not answer. Christine stood forward to watch him closely. Then she turned to the men, a finger lifted at Bennett.

"That man thinks he is my husband!"

She waited a moment for the stir to subside.

"That was why he came to see me. He came to me as husband to wife. He came to demand that I continue to live at Mr. Selden's because he hoped to profit by it afterward. As husband to wife he ordered me to stay there so that afterwards he could—" She broke off with a passionate gesture.

Pinetop Thompson broke the tension with a demand on Bennett. "You heard. What you got to say?"

Bennett's eyes opened and closed. He remained stubbornly silent. Christine appealed to the men.

"He promised to answer me. I am waiting."

INCOHERENT shouts came up from the throng. "Speak up, Bennett!" "Let's hear what you got to say!"

Bennett judged it best to obey. "I knowed there wasn't nothin' wrong up there," he said sullenly. "And I wanted—"

Christine broke in clearly. "He knew there was nothing wrong, but he threatened to make it appear that something was wrong if I did not do as he said. He wanted to use me as a club against Mr. Selden. When I was hurt and Mr. Selden found who I was, he carried me to his home. He wanted to protect me because he did not think you men would understand what I had done." Her voice grew scornful. "This man, who thinks he is my husband, found that I was there and why. He came to me and threatened to do just what he did to-night unless I continued to live at Mr. Selden's house. He expected to profit from it. What sort of man is it who will demand that his wife do that? I want you to answer."

Bennett had fallen back under Christine's fiery denunciation. Pinetop beckoned him. His eyes were not friendly. "Is this woman your wife?" he asked.

Bennett's eyes shifted. "Yes, but she—"

Christine interrupted. "I am not his wife. He only thinks I am. This man deserted me years ago, and I divorced him. But when he came to me here he did not know of this divorce, and he spoke to me as husband to wife. I leave you to judge between us."

The camp's judgment was voiced in a thunderous cry to Bennett: "Come down!" It had forgotten the mine in the human issue before it. The mine it could leave to Selden. He would know what to do.

Bennett blanched, but he fronted the outcry and attempted to be heard. Pointing to Christine, he shouted, but his words were lost in the uproar. There was a movement toward the steps with cries: "Get a rope!" "Where is the tar?" Then it was that Selden intervened. Suddenly his tall figure loomed between Thompson and Bennett.

"One thing more," he said, and pointed toward Bennett, standing beside Thompson in sullen impotence. "You have seen what sort of man he is. You know what he has done in Marengo. We don't need his kind here. He has two hours to leave camp. You will let him go because I wish it, but after two hours you may do what you please."

The camp grumbled in an undertone, but stilled when Selden smiled at it.

"You will do this for me," he said. The camp would have refused him nothing. He turned to Bennett. "You heard. Start. You have two hours. Before you go send me the commissary checks you bought and I will cash them." Then he spoke to the camp. "When you men want money come to the office and I'll arrange to have your checks cashed at 2 per cent. No more scalping!"

The men cheered at that, and it marked the beginning of their idolatry of Selden.

THE storm crept up out of the south. The moist wind foretold the rain, and at the head of the valley thunder muttered and lightning silhouetted the mountains. Outside the cottage locusts shrilled, but all other sound was hushed in waiting. Presently the distant thunder would grow to a roar overhead and the flood come sluicing down.

Christine sensed the gathering storm as she moved about the little house. She fitted a shade to a lamp and her lips compressed. Even in the subdued light her face appeared weary, and about her mouth were lines that the mellow glow could not hide.

She was sunk in reflection, but her ear caught Selden's step long before he turned in at the tiny gate and came up the brick walk to the low step. There was no elation in his manner. He was graver than she had ever known him, but his eyes were steady and kindly.

"I came as soon as I could," he said.

"I understand," she answered simply.

She made room for him, and Selden sat beside her. They listened. All sound was drowned under the flail of the rain that had settled to a steady downpour. It soothed Christine and seemed to curtain them from the world outside. Selden shared her thought, for he gestured toward the dark and said: "It is good to be here, Christine."

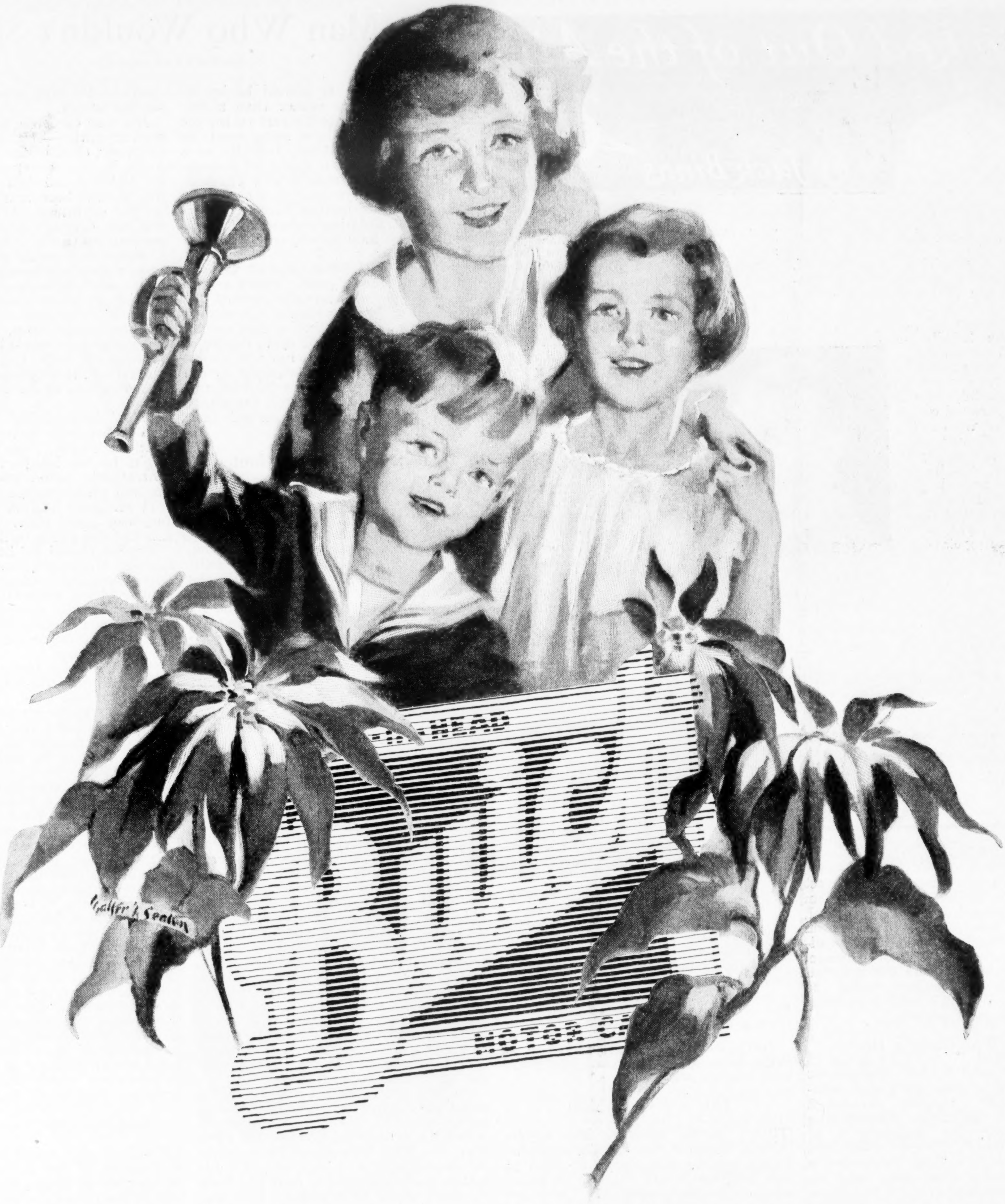
Outside only an occasional drop splashed down. The locusts resumed their shrilling. The wind came up out of the south with the fresh, clean scent of the newly washed woods. Over Cat Mountain showed a line of silver.

Selden looked out over Christine's head, and she nestled closer.

"Our place is here," said Selden softly.

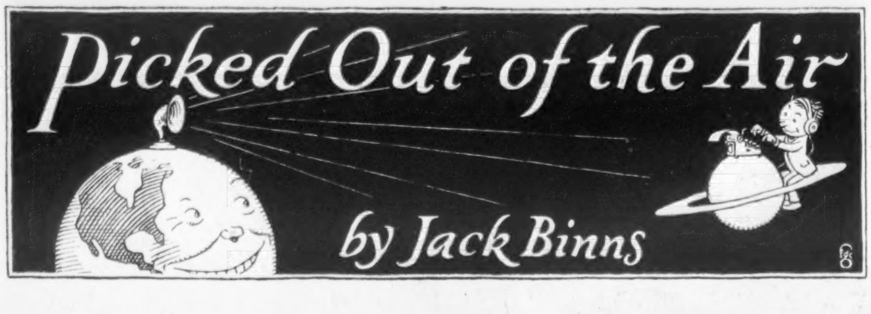
"Together," answered Christine.

THE END



To the joy of Christmas in more than one million American families is added the year round happiness of Buick ownership.

The Better Buick



Picked Out of the Air

by Jack Binns

There Goes the Profit

I HAVE a suspicion that Roy H. Fricken, who used to live in Detroit, is the victim of this story he sends in from Tampa, Fla. He writes: "A hotel manager of the Middle West was 1,800 miles away from his establishment. 'It's perfectly wonderful,' he said, as he listened to the strains of the orchestra which was playing in his main dining-room, 'to be able to sit here by this radio and know that everything is going along all right.'

"A resounding clatter provided some unpleasant overtones and the crash of breaking dishes was plainly discernible. 'Some clumsy waiter dropped a tray of dishes,' he exclaimed mournfully. 'Enough is enough. Shut it off before I hear some guest complaining about cold soup.'"

"soprano, spare that mike!"

Bravo! Charley, My Boy

THIS week's prize goes to the bravest man in the United States. It is an escheatable plush-lined escutcheon dial, tuned to a low pitch, and has been awarded to Charles Garland, studio director of station WBBM of Chicago. His claim to fame lies in the reported statement that sopranos would be omitted from WBBM's radio programs. Charley's got some nerve!

Where Was Canada Dry?

HEBER MACDONALD, the genius who presides over the public relations of WAHG, recently released a letter written by three alleged rum runners under the pseudonyms of "Canada Redtop," "Toronto Slim" and "Brunswick Bill." They applauded a certain orchestra which they said relieved the monotony of their humdrum task, and promptly dubbed it "The Bootleggers' Own."

Make Some Christmas Money

NOW that the winter months are vital with us again my readers ought to be having all sorts of unusual experiences with their sets and should be culling from them many suggestions which might prove helpful to other radio fans.

We pay $10.00 for all radio stories written by our readers which we print. Make them brief and send them to me in care of Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

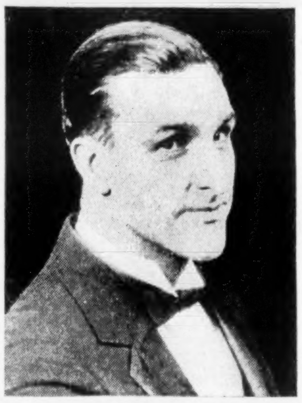
Keep This in Mind

DURING the past summer we greatly increased the enjoyment of our radio by installing it on the roof of our home. The transfer from the living-room below was made with little difficulty. A small pine table was used to hold the set and the batteries. A switch to the outside antenna was a simple matter and for a ground we clamped the lead wire to an escape pipe near by.

We used a large piece of rubber sheeting to protect the set from the elements, and an electric light wire was run up through the skylight to provide light as well as power for the storage battery.

With the addition of half a dozen flower boxes and the necessary chairs we developed a little roof garden with a novelty and charm all its own and one which became a regular rendezvous for the entire family.

The experiment was a complete success, and we expect to repeat it next summer. There's nothing like open-air concerts in the comfort of your own home.



JERRY SULLIVAN
WQJ Announcer

Cheerio

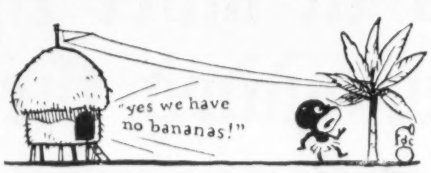
WHENEVER you hear a lilting air opening your program try and picture Jerry Sullivan seated at the piano. Here is his daily "let's go" slogan:

"*WQJ, Chi-cago—U. S. A.*
Out in the air, to everywhere,
We're on our merry way—
Wherever you may be—just listen in with glee.
You can't go wrong—you'll hear a song;
A band will play—and I must say
You won't forget—you'll not regret
The time—the place—the fun—
Join in our call—and hear it all
Until the rising sun—
So—don't go away—this much I have to say
Just set your dial—and stay a while—
With WQJ—Chi-cago.

Jerry, who is the chief announcer at WQJ, is a versatile pianist and plays both classics and jazz.

This is a Good Shift

THE "huddle system" has apparently invaded the broadcast studio. Every day the announcers of WJZ go into conference and familiarize themselves with the programs. There are a lot of other stations which should adopt this system. It would save a large number of announcing fumbles.


"yes we have no bananas!"

Pickled Pears

LISTEN to this sad tale, fans! It is the lament of G. L. Baker of La Salle, N. Y. He says: "Last fall I hooked an antenna to the top of my pear tree in the back yard. This tree had pears on every branch excepting that with the aërial on it. Branches on both sides were loaded. Am wondering if the radio waves—or was it the jazz music that killed off the pears?"

Maybe the intoxicating rhythm took all the sap out of them.

The Man Who Wouldn't Shut Up

Continued from page 12

nothing. He is, or should be by inheritance, a giver rather than a getter. Things come to his sort rather too easily for them to have many wants or needs. Very handsome, friendly as a prince and gay as a gypsy, of tremendous vigor, both mental and physical, so that he enjoys study as he enjoys sport, he lacks neither devoted adherents nor stimulating enemies. And, in addition, he has the unpardonable gift of youth.

And he is eloquent, almost too eloquent for his own good. There are always people who mistake fluency for insincerity, just as there are always people who believe that a liar cannot look you straight in the eye. Psychologists know that it is the liar who makes a point of looking you straight in the eye and that the most bashful of men may become eloquent when they have at heart a thing more important than themselves.

Honeymooning Tiger Hunters

MITCHELL does want something, of course. Once a general, always a general, probably; on the same principle that once a mother is to be always a mother. Mitchell wants recognition, fair play for the service he has built up, which seems to him naturally the most important service in the world. He wants safety for the boys who fly with him and under him. He wants to give a thoroughly startled public a deep interest in the thing for which many men daily risk their lives.

That he happens to be one of the most conspicuous figures of the day, picturesque to the point of being spectacular, is hardly his fault, though it doubtless serves his purpose.

A lover who lands his ardent airplane weekly on the beach at York Harbor cannot do much of his wooing in private; nor does a honeymoon spent tiger hunting in India escape attention—the floor of the Mitchells' apartment in Washington is covered with tiger skins, three of which fell to the marksmanship of his young bride. He made the most of his late banishment to Texas by hunting the javelina, a fierce little Mexican wild boar. The cowpunchers carried him around on their shoulders, greatly to the scandal of official Washington, which had expected him to remain for a while in decent obscurity.

And Mitchell has earned the right to criticize and advise in army affairs, whether or not he has been wise to use it. He has served in the army for twenty-seven years, has seen action wherever action was to be found, has made the war game his profession.

He left college in his junior year to enlist as a private in the Philippines, going out with the same regiment in which his father had gone to the Civil War: the First Wisconsin. There, without senatorial aid of any sort—for his father much preferred to have him back in school where he belonged—Will won his lieutenancy for gallant service. And recently he visited his erstwhile enemy, Aguinaldo, and took him airplaning over Manila, while the two of them dropped calling cards down upon a gratified public.

He came back from the Philippines and got his diploma, to please his father; then went off to investigate at close range the Boxer troubles in China; studied conditions for a while in Asiatic Russia, and wound up in Alaska, laying some 800 miles of telegraph wires. Next he built the radio stations now in use in Cuba.

Somewhere during these active years he found time to enter the Staff College and the School of the Line, of which he is a "distinguished graduate"—which means 95 per cent perfect in all studies. Later he was made instructor in the Staff College at Leavenworth—rather an achievement, and not a very popular one in army circles, for a man who was not graduated at West Point. He was the youngest officer ever appointed to the General Staff; and our declaration of war against Germany found him already on the high seas headed straight for the vortex.

His war career is too well known to need repetition—first airman to fly over Germany, chief of the air service of the A. E. F., temporary commander of all the Allied air services: a position which was to have been made permanent had the war continued. And, by the way, he was not demoted from his brigadier-generalship, as is popularly supposed: it was a four years' position, to which he was simply not reappointed.

One fact alone should silence those who suspect some ulterior hope of gain in Mitchell's present suicidal frankness: in three years' time, by sitting tight and waiting, he would have been retired undoubtedly with the rank of major general and the right to speak his mind whenever and wherever he cared to do so.

"But," he explained impatiently to a well-wisher who advocated this more cautious course, "can't you see that might be too late? I've got to talk now, quick, while people are listening and while I've got the nerve."

It reminded one of the plaint of a forgotten great man: "So much to do, and so little youth to do it in!"

Caution should not be expected out of the clan Macgregor; nor yet diplomacy. Diplomacy and caution do not win a man so many decorations and medals that he literally cannot wear them all at once, nor do they build up such an organization as our air force was when the war stopped.

"So little youth to do it in!" For the first time in his life Will Mitchell is beginning to look tired. He admits that he would like to get back to the farm now, and break a few colts, and make the acquaintance of his new baby, and write a book or so, and take life easy for a while.

For an army man to break with tradition, to smash a precedent, is not an easy thing. No West Point graduate could have done it, perhaps. It may be fortunate for the country that Mitchell is not a West Point graduate. With one who has come up from the line, loyalty to his men naturally takes precedence of loyalty to his superior officers. With a man of his antecedents, loyalty to his country's interests naturally takes precedence of anything else.

It may be that Mitchell exaggerates the importance of his mission, as leaders of causes are apt to do. He has in mind nothing less than the revolutionizing of war. He cannot see the purpose of a $40,000,000 battleship which may be destroyed in a few minutes by a $25,000 airship, nor of elaborate coast fortifications which leave the air approaches free to all comers.

Godspeed the Lonely Eagle

PEOPLE who spend a good deal of time up in the air get a different perspective on things from the rest of us. Destroy the lone air sentry's eagle thoughts, his blind daring, and you may as well take away his wings at once.

Mitchell cheerfully faced court-martial and possible disgrace—"because," as he explained with his engaging moving-picture grin, "I shall be a dam' sight more useful down and out than I ever was on top!" A fact which his adversaries are beginning to realize.

On the cover of Mitchell's latest book, "Winged Defense" (a book which should be read by all stay-at-home, think-at-home people), there is a picture which reminds one of the man himself: an airplane running before a storm, flying its long trail of smoke like a pennant, clouds behind, above, below it, heading straight into another cloud, which may be only a flurry of rain to pass through, or may be a hidden mountain top, and finis!

Whether you are with the man or against him, whether you find him a fool, or a very canny Scot, or a hero, or a little of all three, who could watch so gallant a craft outdaring the elements without wishing it godspeed and a safe landing?

The People vs. "My Wife"

How do you settle questions of advertising and selling? On the basis of what your wife says or your partner's brother-in-law thinks? Or do you decide on the basis of what *many* people think and do?

HERE are a few questions that merchants and manufacturers are constantly expected to answer about their advertising: Should we include a return post-card with this letter?

Is a photograph or a color drawing the best way to illustrate these goods?

What is a good title for this booklet?

Wise opinions are expressed. Expert advice is sought and sometimes taken. But sooner or later argument over these questions gets around to what some man or some woman has said or done.

You would not bet on who was going to be elected President or Mayor on such a poll. But you might cheerfully spend a chunk of advertising money on the same sort of testimony.

There are ways to determine the value of a direct advertising program before any big money is spent. They may not be as exact as mathematics, but they are less hazardous than opinion.

You are not likely to fuss with your printer on the question of good printing and cheap printing if you know in advance that you are going to make money out of his work. There are few better money-making combinations than a sure and confident advertiser and a tasteful and competent printer.

To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

Because Warren's Standard Printing Papers are known to be of standard and superior quality, S. D. Warren Company has endeavored to be of still further help to users of direct advertising.

Study into the uses and methods of such printing has given us information that has been condensed into a series of readable and useful books. One book, just issued, is entitled "The Arithmetic of Advertising." This book shows that it is possible to make exact tests of direct advertising at small cost; and shows you how to be sure that your program has the elements of success before a large sum is spent on it.

Copies of this book and others of an equally useful nature may be secured without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or direct from us. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

{ better paper
better printing }

CATCHING UP with the WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

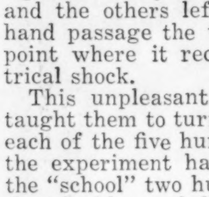
EVERYONE knows that "a worm will turn," but do you know that he can be trained to turn obediently in a certain direction? Some of our psychologists seem to be taking more interest in the education of animals than in the education of their students. Perhaps they find it more encouraging. They have not stopped with monkeys and rats, but have even put worms through courses of training to determine their capacity to learn by experience and remember what they learn.

The training school was a block of wood in which had been bored a T-shaped hole. The worms were started through the main bore, and when they reached the crossroad they turned to the right or left by chance, half going right and the others left. But in the left-hand passage the worm had to pass a point where it received a slight electrical shock.

This unpleasant experience in time taught them to turn to the right. After each of the five hundred worms used in the experiment had been put through the "school" two hundred times most of them had learned their lesson and turned to the right-hand path. Once learned, they remembered it so well that when their heads were cut off they still knew enough to follow traffic rules.

Darwin in the Nursery

DID you ever notice how tightly a baby grasps your finger? A new-born baby is able to hang suspended from a bar by one or both hands. Infants less than an hour old have been reported able to sustain the whole weight of the body for as long as thirty seconds. Some have held on for nearly a minute. This ability increases up to the age of three or four weeks, when the baby may be able to hang by the hand for two minutes.



This is supposed to be reminiscent of the arboreal days of prehuman ancestors. The infant ape, at any rate, must cling to its mother's fur or limbs as best it can or get killed.

The human child's ability to hang on in the same way is cited by genetic psychologists—the late Stanley Hall, for example—as a survival like the vermiform appendix.

In the normal child this instinctive clasping and clinging vanishes about the 120th day, to be reacquired, if at all, as a feat of muscular skill, taxing the power of even a healthy adult.

Recently Dr. Lovisa Wagoner, working at the University of Wyoming, demonstrated the persistence of this reflex in a child nineteen months of age. The child was a microcephalic idiot.

It thus appears that subnormal human beings not only fail to develop new capacities at the right season but may also continue to exhibit gifts that the normal child loses as it grows.

Relief for High Blood Pressure

BLOOD pressure, which causes more worry to most men over fifty than does the income tax, may be alleviated by the action of light. Professor C. I. Reed of Baylor University, Texas, recently obtained remarkable results by inserting a quartz tube in the neck artery of a dog and focusing a bright beam from an arc lamp on the blood stream. In about an hour the pressure was reduced by half or more. In one case a drop of 68 per cent was noted in twenty minutes. The dog died of the shock.

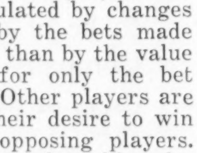
The cause of this is still to be discovered. It is not due to overheating the blood or the body, for the internal temperature remains the same. Screening off the dark heat rays at one end of the visible spectrum and the dark ultraviolet rays at the other does not prevent the action.

We would naturally suspect that the light rays somehow change the composition of the blood, perhaps forming some chemical compound that acts as a blood depressor. If so, it should be possible by analysis of the irradiated blood to discover the agent, which then might be made in the laboratory and injected to relieve dangerously high blood pressure. Or, better still, Dr. Reed may find the particular wave length that effects this change, and then a man with high blood pressure might reduce it to the proper level by exposing his bare back to the sunshine or an electric light for a few minutes every day.

Science Takes up Poker

DR. ETHEL RIDDLE of Columbia has made a study of the actions of players at various "crises."

She finds that for some players the desire to win is stimulated by changes in their hands, and by the bets made on their hands, rather than by the value of the hand itself, for only the bet commits the player. Other players are more stimulated in their desire to win by the behavior of opposing players. The rate and depth of breathing increases in playing poker, but the total increase in lung ventilation corresponded only moderately with the degree of desire.



A player's report of how frequently he bluffed was not an accurate indication of how often he seemed to his opponents to be bluffing. The size of the player's pile, of his hand, of his bet, and of his winnings also induces the appearance of bluffing, even when the player himself does not report actual bluffing. The greatest bluffers, the most aggressive and successful players, are the individuals whom the opposing players try most frequently to bluff in their turn. On the other hand, the player who thinks most frequently that he is being bluffed is the one whose desire to win is not very strong, who bets very little, and whose hands are poor.

Crime Preserved in Alcohol

Continued from page 8

in violence. First, he found that even some of the political leaders who stood in the White House that day and asked President Coolidge to "lend" Smedley Butler to Philadelphia were condoners, as "practical politicians," of vice and crime—and therefore Butler's enemies. Then he found that many of his policemen, themselves put into office by politicians, were his enemies; then he found that the civil service commission of three men, supposed to remove from office all unfit policemen, were his enemies; that they were keeping drunkards, bribe-takers, extortionists, assaulters of women and others on the police force. Then he found that court officials who made up the juries that tried criminal cases were his enemies; he discovered criminals and ex-convicts on juries. The city magistrates he also discovered as enemies; magistrates freed gamblers, bootleggers and prostitutes arrested by his men. He found that some of the business men who owned buildings in which vice was sheltered were his enemies. Enemies bobbed up everywhere. They came from the "Bad Lands" of the Underworld and even from the supposed "Good Lands" of society.

It might not have been so bad if the enemies had been found only in the city and county governments. But—and this is why I mention the congressmen, Vare and Welsh—they turned up in the federal government.

Washington Helped Rule Breakers

THE federal government "permitted" Philadelphia to be flooded with liquor. "Permitted" is the right word; hundreds of bootleggers of alcohol held and to-day hold government permits.

There was a time when Butler and his men got almost sick of raiding "speak-easies," and seeing the magistrates turn the bootleggers loose. Philadelphia kept getting wetter and wetter under Butler's nose. In September, 1923, the year before Butler came, there were 158 arrests for selling drinks and 57 convictions. In September, 1924, Butler's first year, there were 440 arrests and 84 convictions. In September, 1925, there were 1,081 arrests for conducting "speak-easies" and only 2 convictions.

Butler determined to get at the source of booze in Philadelphia. His men tackled "denatured alcohol." His detectives reached the men who dealt in it. "Here's my permit," said one bootlegger who used to be a policeman. It was Uncle Sam's permission to deal in 15,000 gallons of alcohol a month; the ex-policeman was supposed to have gone into the perfume business.

Butler's men went to Washington, as citizens—though the federal prohibition office of Philadelphia should have done the job—and demanded that this bootlegger's permit be revoked. It was revoked. Three months later the ex-policeman was in business again. The police tried to arrest him. He laughed. "Here's my permit," he said as before. Uncle Sam had licensed him again.

"Say! How did you get that permit restored?" an old associate of police days asked him on a train one day. "It cost me $20,000," said the ex-policeman.

Alcohol withdrawal permits flew around Philadelphia like wedding day confetti. An alcohol permit is the "softest" graft in the world. It allows the holder to buy and transport a certain number of gallons of alcohol a month. The holder must prove that he uses alcohol for manufacturing purposes. That was easy, apparently, if you knew how.

Alcohol permits for 150 gallons a month were scattered throughout the city. These bring the holder an income of about $600 a month.

Butler worked out the mathematics of it.

"The holder of a permit pays about 55 cents a gallon for his alcohol," Butler told me. "He spends about one dollar a gallon in paying bribes. He sells it to bootleggers at a profit of about $4 a gallon."

Any wonder that the ex-policeman, making a profit of $4 a gallon on 15,000 gallons of alcohol every month, totaling a monthly income of $60,000, could afford to pay someone $20,000 to have his permit restored?

Butler never succeeded in getting "someone" or "anyone" at Washington to stop the issuance of these permits. He was never able to get the local office of the Federal Prohibition Unit to attack the flood of alcohol.

A favorite trick of the alcohol permit holders is to start a fake "cologne" business, and get "orders" from druggists for the bottled "cologne." Druggists do not pay for the "cologne," which they put on their shelves; on the other hand, they are paid for giving the "order." A druggist who will sign an "order," presented by a "salesman" for one of these fake cologne concerns for ten or one hundred times as many bottles of the "cologne" as are sent to him, will be paid from $25 to $50 by the "salesman." Such fake "orders" go to show that the "cologne maker" is doing a tremendous business and requires a large amount of alcohol monthly. The "cologne" is not drinkable; it is a very cheap brand of real cologne; it is only a blind for handling alcohol that can easily be made potable.

"There will be thousands of 'speak-easies' in Philadelphia until these alcohol permits are canceled by the federal officials," Butler told me.

"Say," he exclaimed to me one day. "Do you realize what the 250 policemen in Philadelphia who are fighting booze are up against? They know the alcohol river is flowing into Philadelphia by the permit route. They know that when they *do* arrest the 'speak-easies' that sell drinks made from this alcohol the magistrates will probably set the prisoners loose, but still these men keep on fighting. The best they can do is to tantalize the bootleggers."

"Tantalize," is not the right word. The "Unit Number One" men are rough in raids. "Speak-easies" must be gluttons for punishment in that town. I sat with Butler in his office until three o'clock one Sunday morning recently while "Unit Number One" carried out a series of forty-five raids that had been planned with all the exactness of battle. Butler had a chart and a list before him on his desk. Every few minutes the telephone would ring and a report of a new raid would come in.

"They got so-and-so many prisoners at such-and-such an address," the inspector would report, "seized so many gallons of booze and *smashed up the place.*"

On the side of the bootlegger, so far as Butler's battle of Philadelphia is concerned, put the federal prohibition-enforcement unit. Its alcohol permits have acted like invisible noxious gases on Butler's forces.

The battle against beer in Philadelphia has been even more desperate than the battle against denatured alcohol.

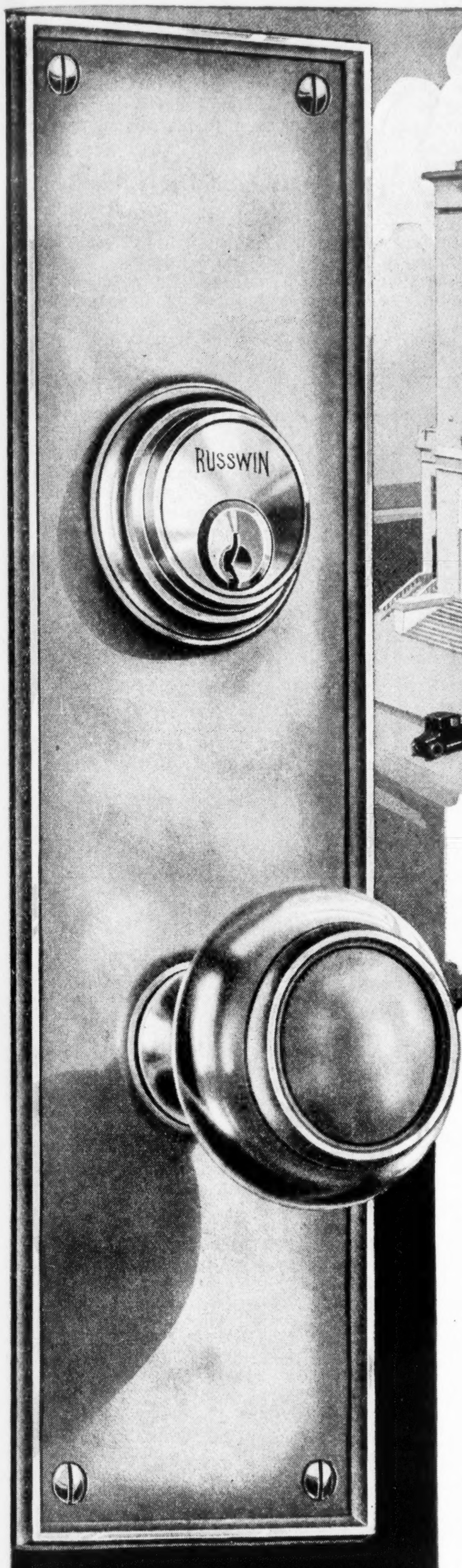
"No Wheels Under a Brewery"

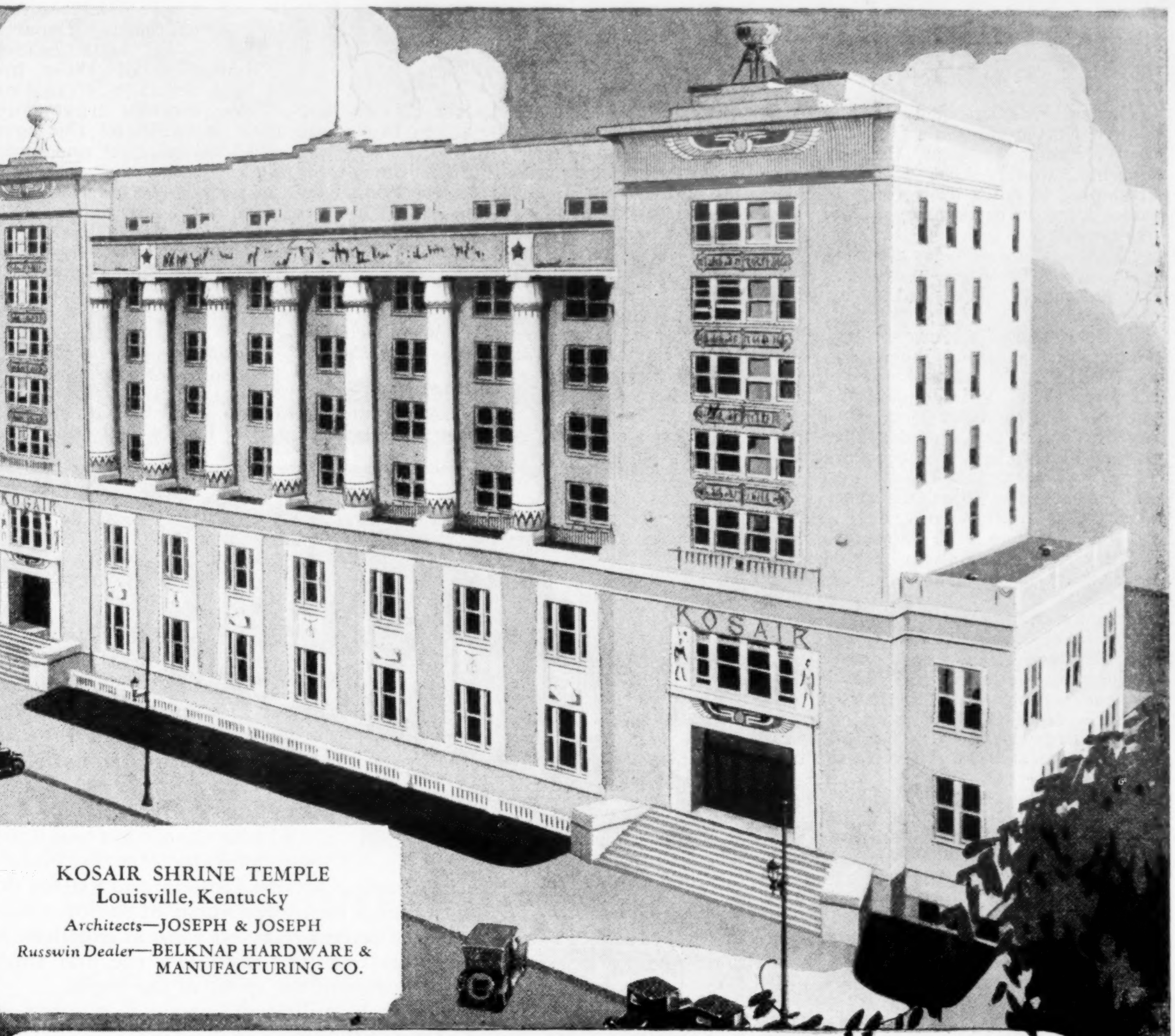
"WHEN the Coast Guard fights Scotch," General Butler said, "it has to chase boats. When you fight alcohol you have to chase trucks. But you don't have to chase a brewery. A brewery hasn't got any wheels. It can't get away from you. There it is. You'd think the police could control the making and shipping of beer, wouldn't you?"

Well, yes, you would—until you knew the story. And then you'd think a Philadelphia brewery, running at full blast, was almost as safe from capture as a five-mile-a-minute airplane.

I've said that federal dry officials in effect, if not in actual fact, were found favoring alcohol bootleggers. But, concerning beer, federal officials were out-and-out enemies of the police.

(*Continued on page 36*)





KOSAIR SHRINE TEMPLE
Louisville, Kentucky
Architects—JOSEPH & JOSEPH
Russwin Dealer—BELKNAP HARDWARE & MANUFACTURING CO.

Since 1839

RUSSWIN

RUSSELL & ERWIN

DISTINCTIVE HARDWARE

For the Bungalow ~ the Pretentious Home ~ the Monumental Structure

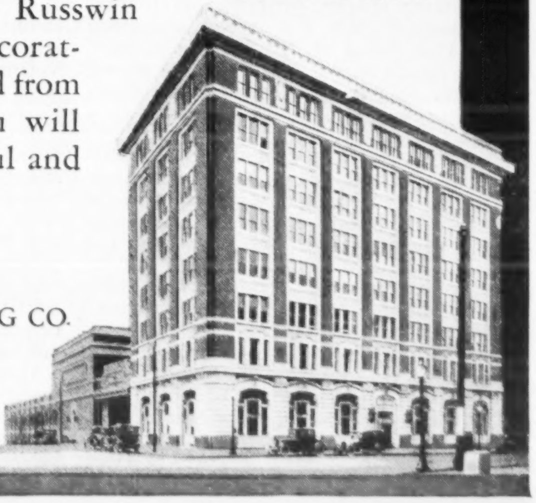
SHOULD you still believe that Hardware is a prosaic thing—cold, utilitarian—stop a bit with your local Russwin dealer. In the deftly wrought designs of Russwin you will discover unthought-of decorative possibilities for your home. And from its years of enduring service you will learn that in Russwin the beautiful and the practical are one.

"To Russwin-ize is to Economize—
the Economy of the Best"

RUSSELL & ERWIN MANUFACTURING CO.
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New Britain, Connecticut
New York Chicago San Francisco London

Residence of
MAX L. BEAR, Pensacola, Florida
Architect—WALKER D. WILLIS
Contractor—R. BURRES, Miami, Florida
Russwin Dealer—PENSACOLA HARDWARE CO.

DENVER TRAMWAY BUILDING
Denver, Colorado
Architects
W. E. & A. A. FISHER
Contractors
THE WHITNEY CO.
Russwin Dealer
THE GEO. MAYER HARDWARE CO., Inc.



Crime Preserved in Alcohol

Continued from page 34

Butler was notified that deputy United States marshals from the office of W. Frank Mathues, United States marshal, would shoot policemen who attempted to enter breweries which the police knew to be turning out beer at a pre-prohibition rate.

"There are some breweries in this town," Butler told me, "that have never stopped making beer, so far as I can discover."

At least thirteen breweries have been making and shipping beer, Butler told me. With Butler doing his best to stop the beer flood, Philadelphia has been, perhaps, the greatest beer-making city in the land. But, incidentally, little enough of this beer the townsfolk got. They had to drink the make-believe whisky of the alcohol bootleggers, while folks in New York, Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago and other cities got the "honest" Philadelphia beer. Broadway took vast quantities of "Philadelphia beer." That is the name it is known by around Forty-second Street.

"You don't have to chase a brewery," says Butler. Well, then, why didn't Butler stop the breweries? Do you remember a cartoon by Fitzpatrick in Collier's recently? It shows a clean little village lying "dry" in the sunshine of its own local enforcement of prohibition. But the shadow of the palsied hand of federal prohibition enforcement is moving on the little settlement like a black storm and under this shadow an army of vice-mongers, criminals and bootleggers are marching on the town. That was a good *cartoon.* But what happened to Butler and his men, who had actually to face the threats of being shot by Mathues' men, was a real *picture,* a photograph of that condition.

Into the Breweries He Went

WHY didn't Butler stop the Philadelphia breweries? Because he was informed by the courts and by official legal advisers that he and his policemen could not go into the breweries. The breweries were in the hands of federal officials! "And they were," Butler says. "Beer was made in vast quantities, while the breweries were supposed to be dismantled by federal officials."

For sixteen months Butler, in the face of official opinion, considered himself helpless against the breweries; Uncle Sam was doing the brewery job, he was told. But, in the railroad yards, his men found carloads of beer, ready for shipment. Through railroad channels his detectives traced orders for hundreds and hundreds of freight cars to be sent to breweries. It is necessary, under the law, to have a permit to make near-beer. But most of the breweries, supposed to have been dismantled by order of the federal courts—by United States Marshal W. Frank Mathues—did not have permits to make even near-beer. Under the law and under court orders they were supposed to be idle and dismantled. "Dismantling" was often a fake process. It often meant that federal officials removed a short piece of pipe which could be replaced by a piece of hose.

Smoking stacks, whirring machinery, the smell of malt, the procession of box cars, that boast of "Philadelphia beer" along Broadway, got on Butler's nerves at last. He heard one day that three freight cars had been ordered for a certain brewery.

"United States marshal or no United States marshal, shooting or no shooting, I'm going into one of those breweries," declared Butler. And into the brewery that had ordered the freight cars his men went. Butler took me there one forenoon three days later. He pointed out 9,700 barrels of fifty gallons each of real beer! I saw great copper tanks of beer in the making. And I saw the three box cars, ordered for a trip to New York, hidden away in a long shed beside the brewery. I saw one Glass, one of the owners of the brewery, give Gen. Butler what I may safely call a pretty dirty look. Within three weeks, this autumn, Butler's men entered ten breweries in Philadelphia.

While his men were in these breweries, preventing them from operating, Butler reported, in a letter dated October 7, 1925, to "Major William G. Murdock, Federal Prohibition Administrator, 219 North Broad St., Philadelphia:

"According to our records the following breweries, at present under police guard, have no federal permits to make even cereal beverages:

"Liebert & Obert Brewing Company, Atlantic Brewing Company, American Brewing Company, Esslinger & Son, Roehm Brewing Company, The Premier Brewing Company, Schmidt & Co., Inc., Vollmer Beverage Company, Philadelphia Brewing Company, The Smith Corporation.

"In all the above breweries we have found cereal beverage with an alcoholic content of considerably over one per cent and every one of these breweries was in operation when raided by the Philadelphia police. . . . We are proceeding along every avenue we can find against these breweries and I am writing to ask you what steps you have taken or intend to take from your end. . . ."

Gen. Butler's letter was not even answered by Administrator Murdock. Mr. Murdock turned it over to Mr. Herbert Smith, recently appointed his assistant. Mr. Smith answered, in part (italics mine):

October 8, 1925,
Treasury Department,
1001 Chestnut St.

. . . Elimination of these breweries would be a great relief to this office. . . . Under the new organization plan we have investigated the agents assigned to this district and find that *it will be necessary to drop a large number.* Therefore, we must do the best we can at this time with the class of men assigned to our force. I sincerely hope you can appreciate the position we are in when *suspicion is attached to a majority of the employees on whom we have to depend for results. . . .*

HERBERT SMITH,
Assistant Federal Prohibition
Administrator.

No real baseball fan sitting in the Crazyville Baseball Club's grand stand could have been any more hopeless of abolishing rule-breaking than that!

Is there any wonder that Butler, in his fight against law-breaking, found enemies among federal officials, with "suspicion attached to a majority of the employees" of Uncle Sam's Philadelphia prohibition office?

Most of the breweries Butler mentioned in his letter had previously been seized by the federal government for law-breaking and had been held under libel or bond or dismantling orders for from two to three years!

All of the breweries raided by Butler, except the Liebert & Obert plant, which suffered the confiscation of a truck load of beer about to leave the brewery, went scot free in the courts of Philadelphia. Joseph Willing, assistant district attorney in charge of liquor enforcement proceedings, explained that police witnesses in the various cases had failed to show that the high-powered beer found in the breweries was being put to illegal use outside the brewery. Near-beer is high-powered beer, dealcoholized.

"Then too," said Mr. Willing, "we are forced to face juries not in sympathy with the law."

Are Law Enforcers Popular?

BUTLER stopped beer to a certain extent, but he couldn't stop alcohol. The last report he had when I last talked with him was that a group of men, backed by politicians, had requested a permit to buy and transport 50,000 gallons of alcohol a month, for use in flavoring tobacco. He had been informed that this was enough alcohol to flavor the entire world's tobacco crop for one year. The plan of these men was to buy the alcohol in some other city and bring it to Philadelphia in freight cars. Out in the railroad yards, at no cost for storage, they planned to sell it to bootleggers who hold alcohol permits directly from the box cars! There would be a profit of about $5.50 per gallon, with no local graft to pay.

Whether "someone" in Washington would grant this permit was a question in his mind. Everywhere in Philadelphia Butler found vice and crime mixed up with booze. He found crime preserved in alcohol. The criminal who could attach himself to the "booze ring" was hard to reach.

He never wore evening clothes in Philadelphia, did Director of Safety Smedley Butler. When he first went to Philadelphia twenty-three months ago, he was the "cry" of the town. The finest homes on Chestnut Hill were open to him and his family. Once, many years before, he was stationed in Philadelphia as a marine officer. He was as lively then, socially, as anyone. He took his drinks and danced and was—well, you know, a marine officer.

"But I never went to Chestnut Hill, this time," he told me, "in my evening clothes. I always wore my full-dress police uniform."

That was Butler's way of telling folks in society that the law was the law, even when society was dining. There was a policeman at dinner.

That policeman's uniform ended the social invitations.

"I wore my uniform of evenings to make it easier all around," laughed Butler. "That uniform has kept me from taking many a drink. I went on the water wagon when I took this job and I'll never take another drink on American soil, while the law stands. The folks we used to go with, socially, have a way of thinking that, while ALL of the laws apply to poor folks, only SOME of the laws apply to rich ones. Of course that isn't so. You can't run America on that basis."

To the folks who live quietly in their quiet, two-storied, white-stooped homes in Philadelphia—for Philadelphia is the city of homes in America—Smedley Butler is a hero. When the politicians almost drove him out, at the end of his first year, December, 1924, hundreds of thousands of these quiet folks became so surprisingly and so extraordinarily noisy in their demands that Mayor Kendrick retained Butler.

Butler was appointed to the office of Director of Public Safety for four years, but his term was contingent upon how much leave of absence from the marines he could secure, with permission of President Coolidge.

The President granted him two successive years. The second year was granted at the tremendous insistence of the citizenry and against the desperate efforts of politicians.

The federal government did not lend Butler to Philadelphia for a third year. President Coolidge intimated, in effect, that American cities ought to find police chiefs who could protect them from crime and criminals, without depending on the federal government.

The Butler experiment in Philadelphia has been a show-up of city government throughout the land. It proves that if we want our cities clean and safe we must make 'em so, by our own efforts in following and enforcing the "rules."

Here are the "Doctor" Prize Winners

THE best letter received by Collier's on the subject "What Do You Think of Your Doctor?" is printed below. $25 was paid for this letter, written by Arthur Brand, an attorney, Room 353, Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. $15 for the second best letter was paid to Mrs. E. Nolan, Box 242, Orillia, Simcoe County, Ontario, Canada; and $10 for the third best to A. J. Wensinger, a registered nurse, of Shelby, Ohio.

Many of the hundreds of letters received were as excellent in general qualities; but, equal merits considered, the first three letters were closer to all points of the spirit of the topic.

For one thing, overlength militated against a number of writers. Mr. Brand's letter follows:

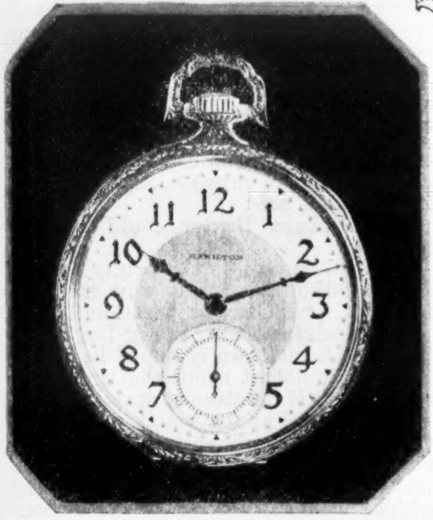
Each of us has his allotted task to fulfill—poor man, rich man, beggar man, thief; doctor, lawyer, Indian chief. Each is intent on perfecting himself in his own particular field. Only a few have the time to acquire knowledge concerning matters that may have no pecuniary recompense. For which reason, although in daily contact with our own "pipes," our information is woefully deficient. State offhand how many bones there are in any member of your body. Describe the process of digestion, of speech, or hearing, or sight. Now, candidly, do you really think you could understand the doctor if he were to explain to you in words of one syllable why your gears did not mesh?

What builder, baker or butcher cares for your trade if you run from one to another explaining your lack of confidence in your present dealer? He knows that HIS turn will be next, especially if you fail to do what he insists be done to insure your satisfaction. I deal with persons in whom I have confidence, whether it be my garbage man, milk man, or grocer. And when I consult a physician it is because I have at least as much faith in him as in my investment broker, and much less inclination to heckle him with questions which serve only to demonstrate my own colossal ignorance of a mechanism which I have abused since birth and which I shall continue to abuse until the doctor signs the certificate which says "I last saw him alive on the —— day of ——."

In order to appreciate the work which the medical profession has accomplished it is sufficient to consider the gigantic strides taken within the past fifty years, far outstripping the advances made in other arts and sciences. . . . *Though the Dog Barks, the Caravan Moves On.*

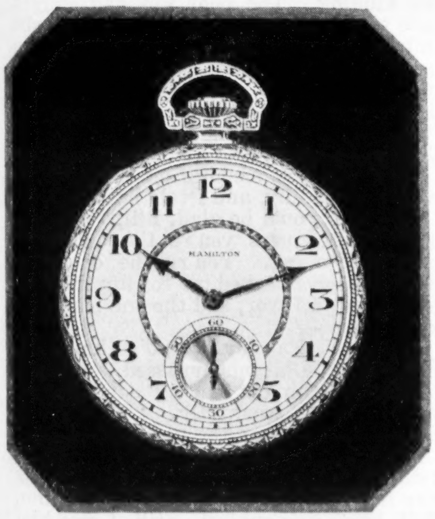
The *Gift* of Gifts ~ A WATCH

A faithful servitor, an exquisite adornment



$53 For this Hamilton
Engraved case of green or white filled gold. "Jefferson" design. Other models at $48 and $50.

$48 Ladies' Wrist Watch
Engraved case of green or white filled gold. In 14-K gold case at $60. Can also be had in several other smart case designs.



$68 The Lexington Model
Engraved case of 14-K green or white filled gold. Other models at $65 to $160.

CHRISTMAS—the day for the gift exceptional. What token worthy enough? What token appropriate? What token permanent, useful enough, to serve as perpetual earnest of love or esteem?

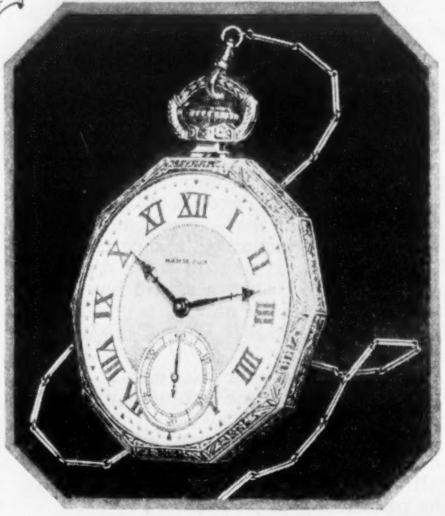
The ideal gift is a Hamilton Watch. A graceful, exquisite adornment. A faithful servitor of time. A gift for son—daughter—father—mother. A gift for cherished friends.

The Hamilton name on the dial of ladies' wrist watch, men's strap watch or pocket watch insures enthusiastic reception. For the Hamilton is the watch of accuracy fame. The men who run the nation's trains choose it for its accuracy. But in a Hamilton there is a distinctive beauty as well.

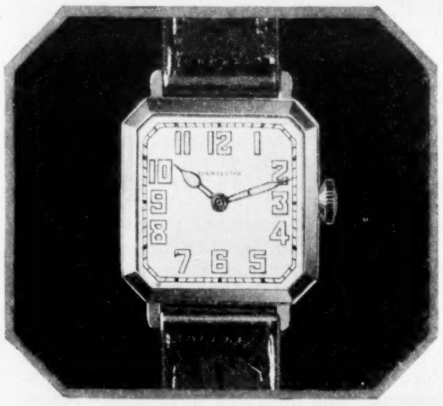
A Hamilton Watch to suit your individual preference may be selected from a number of beautiful cases and dials. Some are graceful, simple and chaste. Others are beautifully engraved and ornamented. All have an intrinsic beauty that will keep them fashionable after years of service. Prices range from $48 to $685.

Ask your jeweler to show you his assortment of Hamilton Watches. He can show you a wide variety of Hamilton pocket and strap watches for men, and charming wrist watches for women.

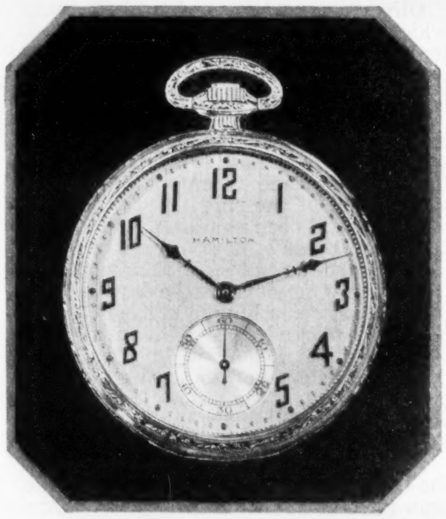
We have prepared a very useful little booklet, "The Care of Your Watch." We will send it on request. Write also for a copy of our new illustrated booklet, "The Timekeeper." Address Dept. 2-A1, Hamilton Watch Company, on the Lincoln Highway, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.



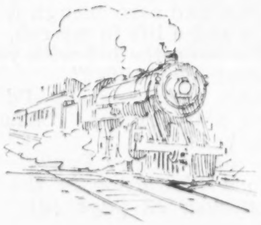
$55 For this attractive model
Engraved case of green or white filled gold. Other models at $48, $50 and $53.



$55 Men's Strap Watch
Square model case, green or white filled gold. In 14-K gold at $85. Also to be had in Cushion model at $50 and $75.



$250 The Hamilton Masterpiece
Case of 18-K green or white gold, handmade throughout. Dial of sterling silver with 18-K gold numerals. Can also be had in platinum at $685.



Hamilton Watch

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

The Knight Before Christmas

Continued from page 10

"A *stenographer?*" I repeats in overjoyed astonishment. "Since when?"

"I went to work yesterday for Philip Hartford, a wealthy Wall Street broker," she explains, plainly enjoying my surprise and delight. "I'm really his private secretary, not just his typist," she adds; "it's—very interesting work."

Something in the way she said that give me a sudden chill.

"I suppose your boss is one of them old, bald-headed, bewhiskered crabs, hey?" I inquires, in what I hoped was very careless tones. But how I hung on her answer!

"On the contrary, Bill," smiles this young and beautiful damsel, "he is very youthful and quite good looking!"

That ruined me! Well acquainted with my own uncountable shortcomings, I looked with dismay on the close daily contact which Barbara would have with her rich, "youthful and quite good looking" boss. Jealous? How d'ye get that way? But—

"A penny for your thoughts!" laughs Barbara, waking me out of my gloomy ponderings.

"Sold!" I says. "I was just wishing that when you was choosing another calling you had gave some thought to the profession of housewife!"

She kidded me plenty after that, and when I left the memory of that kiss was what you might call badly diluted with the thoughts of Barbara's new job. Well, we can't have everything, as the five-footed calf says when he seen the two-headed cat.

SHORTLY afterwards I journeyed to the wide open spaces of Indianapolis, where men are authors, and fought Pete Oliver in the first championship elimination bout. I was guaranteed ten thousand dollars, and the boxing board held up my dough for a week after the muss.

I made up my mind before going into the ring that nothing what so ever was to happen to my recently remodeled nose, come what may! So I fought a cautious and very protective battle, taking no chances, to the disgust of Butch Ford and the rage and hisses of the customers. The mob had paid fancy prices to view bloodshed and violence and not no exhibition of waltzing, and they barked and meaowed terrible when me and Oliver simply dallied and toyed with each other.

Oliver was strictly a counter puncher which let the other boy do all the leading, and when I refused to open up and leave my handsome beak at his mercy he just stalled. The bout was one long, continual clinch for the full fifteen rounds without no knockdowns to liven up proceedings, and several times the indignant referee threatened to throw us both out of the ring. Butch told me my work had been so poor that I'd have to knock Oliver stiff to get a draw.

My charming manager then promised to bust my nose with the bucket if I didn't start something in the last round, so I woke up and chased Oliver all over the ring. But I couldn't knock off this prancing Humpty Dumpty in no three minutes, he was too tough—a good boy with a awkward style which would make anybody look bad.

As the result of my safety-first tactics the best I could get was a draw, and the crowd booed me to a fare-thee-well when I left the ring—the first time I'd ever been gave the bird, and it wasn't pleasant. My startling form reversal made the sport writers believe I'd deliberately carried Oliver, and immediately after the decision I got handed a indefinite suspension in Indiana for not trying.

That wasn't all. When I arrived in New York the Boxing Commission had the referee's report putting in the rap for me, and they called me and Butch up on the carpet. We had to do some tall talking, but I managed to convince the stern officials there was nothing crooked about the fight, except that I'd been trying to save my comely nose from disaster. They let me off with a bawling out and a warning, ruling that I had to box Pete Oliver again before I could swap wallops with anybody else.

Well, the reporters on hand when I was explaining matters to the boxing czars seemed to think my story was the cat's lipstick and columns was printed about my new nose and my wild fears for its safety. They certainly give me a fine pushing around, and don't think they didn't! Some of 'em even went so far as to predict that the next jazzbo to lure me in the ring would play a tune on my precious snout and they rechristened me "Nosey Bill!"

For a couple of weeks after my return to Gotham I tried to interview Barbara Baxter, but it was like trying to get Coolidge to bust out laughing. Her duties as this Philip Hartford's secretary made her too busy to see me in the daytime, and these duties even kept her on the job at nights. My attempts to get her to go places, see people and do things with me was met with a polite:

"I'm sorry, Bill, but Mr. Hartford wants me to go over some important documents with him at his office this evening!"

Leaping tuna! And me the heavy boy friend!

This turn of affairs got me both redheaded and hurt. On top of that, these newspaper cracks daily about what they called my faint-hearted efforts against Pete Oliver at Indianapolis kept me at a continual boil. So when the promoters of a big Christmas boxing show for charity propositioned me to headline the bill against Oliver I jumped at the chance to redeem myself. The heavyweight champ was coming East to be introduced at the fight and see two of his most persistent challengers perform. I planned to dump Mr. Oliver right in his lap at my earliest convenience after the first bell.

I contented myself with light workouts and heavy worry about Barbara and her new boss, which demanded her services night and day. Things had come to a pretty pass, and it didn't look kosher to *me!* Not being able to talk it over with her made it worse. Where did *I* figure against a entry like this Philip Hartford—young, good looking, as rich as prune whip and probably Ritz and Harvard from hat to heel? This sheik spoke Barbara's language and knew drawing-room capers which would always be mysteries to *me.* I was satisfied that the best I could look for was the worst of it!

I begin hunting around for some kind of a business which I could operate as a side line till I quit pushing leather and stepped in it as a regular game. I knew that would make a hit with Barbara and the quicker I could show her I'd started a new future, the better. Searching the "Business Opportunities" columns of the newspapers, I run down a lead one day which wound up with me taking over the lease of a high-hat tea parlor on Park Avenue. Don't scream! It didn't call for much money on the line, and I signed notes for the rest of it. What the Kansas City did *I* wish with a tearoom, you're probably thinking? Well, that wasn't as cuckoo as it sounds. I knew what I was doing, as I'll show you in a few more minutes.

When Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien heard I was running a tea parlor they both got a bad attack of the hysterics, and some of the cracks these cut-ups made had me favorably contemplating the sport of manslaughter! Some informer in my camp tipped off the newspaper guys, which had about run out of jokes on my synthetic nose. That started the ball rolling again, and the sporting cartoonists drew pictures of me in girlish poses serving tea to my opponent between rounds and the etc. This free-handed joshing from all sides made me foam at the mouth, but I stuck to ye old tea shoppe and pretended I was razzberry-proof.

I HAD six girls working in the joint as waitresses, and any one of these cuteys could have tow-roped the field in that Atlantic City beauty rodeo. Butch and Left Hook strolled in one day to partake of some tea and kid me. Left Hook immediately took the count for my thrilling cashier and from then on was a constant visitor. He became a tea-drinking idiot and got shaved twice a day, while my cashier must have had a weakness for cauliflower ears, for she didn't seem to be able to cross the street without Left Hook O'Brien as a traveling companion. Butch Ford come to sneer and remained to cheer.

FRANK RYDER

"What makes ye think it's a speak-easy, Mike?"
"Because ye can hear a lot of loud talking."

ONE frosty morning I was doing road work over the hard-packed snow in Central Park, wrapped in heavy wool sweaters and with Shifty Jones trotting along at my side. Coming around a bend, we like to bump into a taxi, the chauffeur of which was trying to change a flat shoe by simply cursing at it. This being my former gag, I pitched in and give him a hand, with Shifty assisting at the jack. We had the tire off in no time, and I dropped the spare on Shifty's feet when a familiar voice says sweetly out of the inside of the cab:

"If Barbara Baxter could see you now!"

I gaped down into the pretty face of Pansy Pilkington, smiling at me impishly. Ex-waitress at the Commercial House, Fairfax Falls, Pansy had found my little home town cramped her style. She left it flat at about the time I did and come to Manhattan to startle Broadway, equipped as few country girls are. Curved like a scenic railway and just as pulse-quickening as its dips, Pansy knew what it was all about, fooling many which thought different. She'd been fired from "Yes, Yes, Yvette," a musical comedy produced by Jack Fairfax, my best enemy, when she refused the somewhat evil attentions of that gilaygo.

"I like you in a cap and sweater, Bill," says Pansy, powdering her nose. "Long time no see! What on earth are you doing running through the park?"

"I'm training for my next start," I explains.

"My—you must be going to fight Nurmi!" she wise cracks. "Big boy, I have a grand surprise for you. What do you think happened to me this morning?"

"That depends on where you was," I says. "Put me Jerry, I'm no good at figures."

"Oh, Bill, my lifelong ambition has been realized!" chatters Pansy. "Why—I—even now I can scarcely believe it! I—"

"This suspense is killing me!" I butted in impatiently. "Quit raving and tell me what happened, will you?"

"Hold everything—I've been engaged for the Follies!" she busts out proudly. "Laugh *that* off!"

Well, I was as overjoyed as she was, no kidding. The poor kid had caught one tough break after another since she hit New York and had took it all with a grin. Down to her last dime she'd played her hand out, when she was the kind of a girl which didn't have to do without *nothing* if she didn't wish to! Pansy had sand and ambition, and now at last she was cashing on 'em both. I was tickled silly, and I told her so.

"I knew you'd be glad, Bill," she says softly. "I guess you're the only real friend I've got. You're the one man who has never asked me for anything in return for a favor, and the one man who could have—"

"Where's Fairfax now, d'ye know?" I cut her off, a bit embarrassed.

"I saw the cat eating something!" says Pansy scornfully. "That false alarm's show is on the verge of closing, and he's been begging me to rejoin it, telling me I can write my own ticket as far as salary's concerned. I hate him, Bill, he's—he's snaky! Still, I owe him my Follies engagement, I guess. My Charleston in his show is what got me the job."

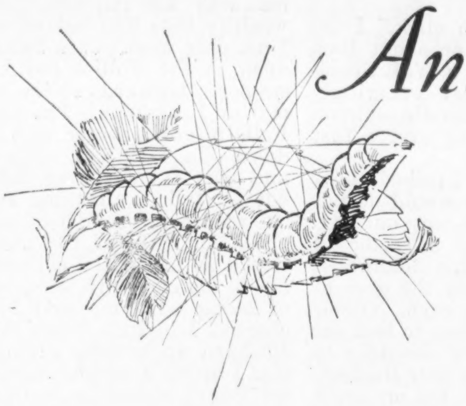
"You should go over and wave your Follies contract in his pan!" I grins. "It would poison him! Well, I got to blow, Pansy, I—"

"Look, it's starting to snow again!" she interrupts, and sure enough it was. "Let me give you a lift in my cab. Did you know I was on the bill with you at that big Christmas benefit?"

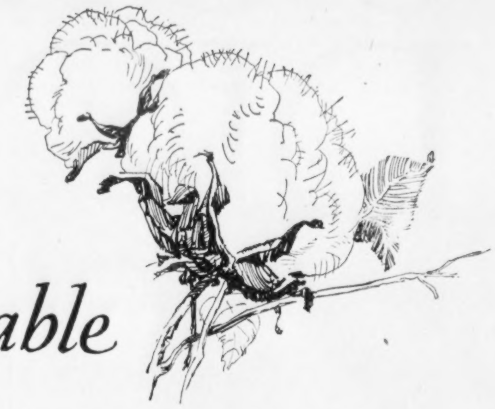
"No," I says, getting inside—I'd long since chased Shifty Jones. "Who are *you* going to box?"

"Be your age!" smiles Pansy. "I'm going to do a Charleston in the ring

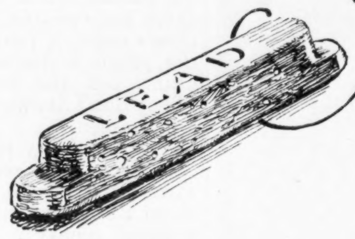
(*Continued on page 40*)



Animal



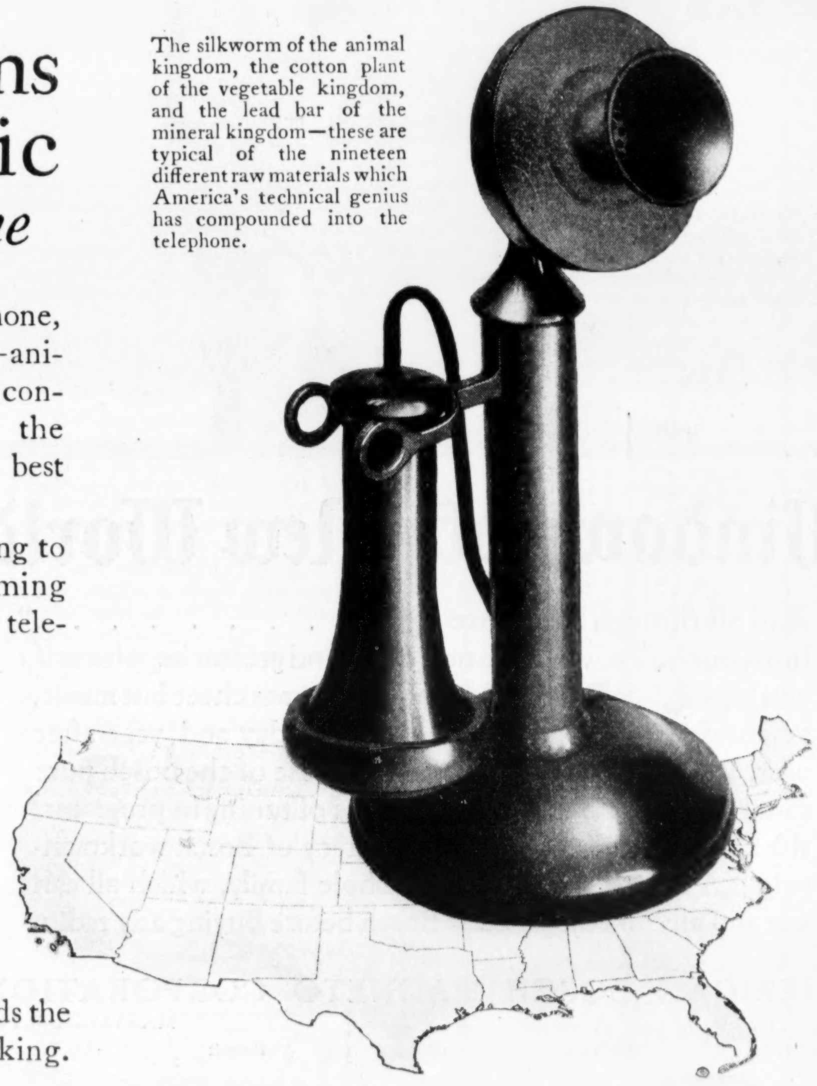
Vegetable



Mineral

It took three kingdoms ...and one republic

— *to make your telephone*



The silkworm of the animal kingdom, the cotton plant of the vegetable kingdom, and the lead bar of the mineral kingdom—these are typical of the nineteen different raw materials which America's technical genius has compounded into the telephone.

TO THE making of your telephone, Nature's three great kingdoms—animal, vegetable and mineral—have contributed generously. And, to these, the American republic has given of its best inventive vision and work-a-day skill.

This has been an enterprise reaching to the far places of the earth but coming back always to the Western Electric telephone factory at Chicago.

Here precious gold and shining silver are matched in brilliance by the ingenuity that directs their use. Here too age-old traditions in the culture of silk are met by modern methods in the production of the telephone.

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Western Electric

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"And all through the house . . . ."
Into your house will come new cheer and greater happiness if you have Bosch Radio. Not only Christmas cheer but music, laughter, world-wide news—day after day and year after year. Bosch Radio is better radio because of the Bosch pure tonal reproduction, the extreme ease of tuning in programs, the beauty of appearance and accuracy of Bosch workmanship. A lasting present to the whole family, which all can use and all can enjoy. Hear Bosch before buying any radio.

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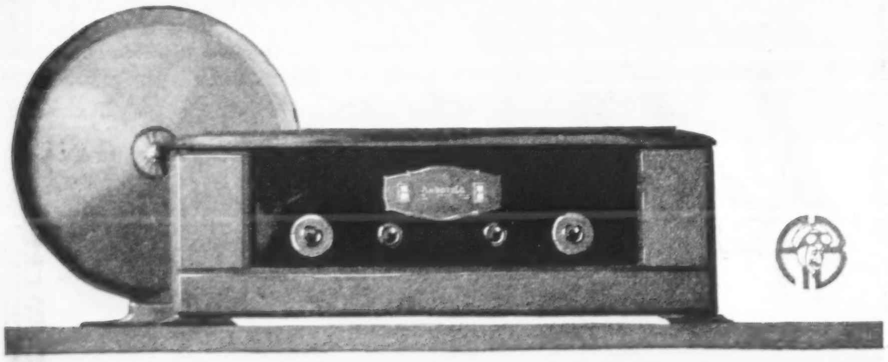

The Knight Before Christmas

Continued from page 38

before you fight this Pete Oliver. There's five acts of vaudeville, you know, besides the bouts."

"Well, I trust we both click," I remarks, and then I told her about Barbara Baxter's new job as a Wall Street mogul's secretary. Pansy sneeringly commented that in *her* candid opinion my girl friend was putting over a fast one on me.

To change the subject, I talked about my tearoom, and nothing would do but she had to see it. On the way our taxi gets held at a busy corner in traffic. I leaned out to see what was holding us up, and I looked square in the eyes of Barbara, standing at the curb. O sole mia! My gasp caused Pansy to look out with her arm around my shoulder to balance herself, and that's how Barbara seen us. Traffic moved on, but my heart stood still from that swift, scornful glance Barbara give us before turning away without a greeting.

The day was all damp for me from then on, but Pansy was pleased. Before we parted she'd made me promise I'd catch her opening in the Follies, for old time's sake. I tried to raise Barbara on the phone a dozen times that day and night, but the best I could get was "They don't answer!" The words seemed a bad omen.

The next day it was the same way, and I couldn't seem to snap into my work at the gym. When I'm worried about Barbara I'm a total loss and I was worried plenty! So I decided I'd go Christmas shopping, and that's what I done, taking with me the mob of ragged little dirty kids which hung around my training camp and looked on me as the eighth wonder of the world.

No matter if I really was just a ordinary socker, them kids thought I was the oyster's lavalliere, and if I as much as give one of 'em a pleasant smile, why, he was the envy of the gang for a week! So I piled 'em all in a couple of hired cars and down town we went. My first imitation was to buy shoes and overcoats for the mob, thinking how *I* could have used a similar set while battling poverty when I was a kid myself. Then we descended on the toys and had what you call a field day, with me having fully as much fun as the kids. I practically bought out the toy department and left my young admirers there while I scouted around for Christmas gifts for my friends.

I got Pansy a embroidered handbag, a white wool sweater for Shifty Jones, a stickpin for Left Hook O'Brien, and a watch for Butch Ford. I'd made up my mind to give Barbara my own four-carat diamond, reset in a Tiffany mounting. Figuring this would be my last spending orgy for some time to come, I done matters up brown!

WHEN I got back that night to the inn where I parked, I managed to get Barbara's aunt on the phone and found that Barbara had been called out of town "on business with her employer." This information put me all out of gear and to me was the tip-off that Barbara's wealthy boss had beaten my time! So I not only went to see Pansy Pilkington open in the Follies but I took her to supper afterwards at the swellest night club on Broadway. The former Fairfax Falls biscuit shooter was a riot in her dance—in fact, she stopped the show and was famous long before the last curtain fell. Pansy had arrived and no one was more prouder of her than me.

Yet in spite of the envious glances tossed at me in the cabaret for having her in my company, her open enjoyment of being with me and her dangerous charms, I had the blues thinking about Barbara apparently giving me the air and I spent a rotten evening. Twice I set Pansy ablaze by unthinkingly calling her Barbara, and before I lay me down to sleep that night I'd made up my mind to see Mr. Philip Hartford's charming secretary the next day and have a cold-turkey showdown!

I GOT it with a smash in the morning paper. All over the front page was the startling news that Philip Hartford had been pinched by government coppers, charged with a big stock swindle! There was no mention of Barbara Baxter, but a rush of brains to the head showed me at once why she took that job! Dressing as fast as a fireman, I rushed up to her apartment and found her at breakfast with her aunt.

I'd took a chance on the reception I'd get and was greatly relieved when Barbara acted genuinely glad to see me. She was garbed in some soft clinging business and simply hypnotized me sitting opposite her at the table, as they wouldn't have it no other way but that I have coffee with 'em. I'd hit a homer on my guess—she'd been ordered to go to work for Hartford to get the goods on him.

I explained how I happened to be in the taxi with Pansy that day and Barbara made no comment, only saying she'd seen what the papers said about Pansy's success in the Follies and was glad to hear it. Glad, she says, looking straight at me, that Pansy was now in a position where she could get along without the help of her "many friends."

When I told her I'd bought a tea parlor, she was highly interested and full of questions. After breakfast I took her over to see it. With Barbara in ye shoppe, them knockout waitresses of mine was just so many girls!

"Why, your place is just darling, Bill!" raves Barbara, looking around. "We—you must get an intriguing name for it, and those lights in the rear should be softened a little. I'll—I know where you can get the cutest little shades and—"

I butted in, playing my ace.

"Barbara," I says, "why not turn in your badge to the government right now and take charge of this place for me?

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With your classy ideas you could put this tea saloon over, and maybe later we could open a chain of 'em, putting in high-class soda fountains, candy, ice cream and that kind of stuff. I'm offering you a woman's job, which has the one you got now cheated! I'm going to quit the ring after three more fights, like I told you. Can't you do something for *me?*"

This was why I'd bought the tea parlor, and I staked it all on that speech!

Barbara looked all around the place with shining eyes, and then she turned her attention to me.

"Yes, Bill, I will!" she says softly. "I've already sent in my resignation to my superiors. I'm simply sickened by the methods I've had to employ to bring about arrests. Hartford stole from the poor and deserves his fate, but there have been others who have given me bad dreams! Besides," she adds, with a quick little smile, "an engaged girl should not associate with criminals. I shall try hard, Bill, to make this delightful shop a success!"

AT THAT point I presented her with my four-carat diamond ring, remodeled so's she could wear it. At first she wouldn't take it, but when I explained I couldn't sell it for what it cost me and that I'd really saved dough on her Christmas gift by having it reset for her, she let me slip it on her finger.

She gave me my Christmas present that evening—a set of Doc Eliot's Classics and a dozen hand-embroidered handkerchiefs with my initials on. She said she'd sewed on 'em most of the time she was forced to be in Philip Hartford's company. That give me a kick!

Well, at last the night of the big Christmas benefit vaudeville and boxing show rolled around. Me and Pete Oliver was scheduled to step in the ring at ten o'clock, but I took Barbara down early with her aunt, and seen they was seated ringside. It's a good thing I did because by nine o'clock you couldn't get within two blocks of the big auditorium where the entertainment was held. My bout with Oliver was what the promoters call a "natural"—viz., a house packer—and two thirds of the mob was in soup and fish, high society being well represented, as they'd promoted the affair. Lots of 'em had never seen a box fight before in their lives, but you should of heard 'em yell right with the gallery fans when Left Hook O'Brien knocked out tough Tommy Neil in the second round of the opening bout.

On the way into the arena we met Pansy Pilkington with the Follies press agent. Pansy deliberately put on the chill for Barbara and her aunt, and called me aside to hand me a box of imported cigars for Christmas. As I was a fighter in training and didn't smoke, that was exactly like giving a guy in Sing Sing a cane, but I thanked the kid lavishly, anyways. It made a extra present for Butch Ford.

The scantily clothed Pansy stepped into the ring surrounded by a hot jazz orchestra and tore off her now famous Charleston to applause which split the roof. She was as attractive as sin, and all the society guys had opera glasses on her, while she just killed the gallery. There was a few other acts—the last one cut off in the middle when the fight fans begin to yell raucously for me and Oliver. The song-and-dance stuff was great, but them birds come to see a murder!

PETE OLIVER was already in his corner when I climbed through the ropes with Butch Ford, Left Hook O'Brien and Shifty Jones, to go fifteen rounds—or less—to a decision. This battle would finish one of us as a contender for the world's heavyweight championship, but I was no longer the nervous, excitable novice of a few months before. To me this was just another fight, and from what Oliver had showed me at Indianapolis, I didn't look for him to extend me.

Besides being well cocoa-buttered, my face was heavily vaselined to keep down the chances of Oliver cutting me up, preparations which Butch had superintended with disgust. As we went to our corner, Butch whispered hoarsely to me that I better forget about my new nose and tie into Oliver, or the bloodthirsty customers would lynch me!

Instead of the frenzied applause which had formerly greeted me when I entered the ring, I was received with a storm of boos and hoots. Sarcastical cracks about my new smeller fell around me like a cutting hail. I seemed to be about as popular as a mad dog since that first fight with the scowling giant I was now facing again. It upset me, and I might as well admit it! My pride was hurt. I looked over the ropes and, sure enough, there was Jack Fairfax in his usual ringside seat—a seat he occupied every time I fought—with the hope he'd see me beaten to a pulp and then knocked dead, as he once confided to me.

The heavyweight champion was introduced amid mingled cheers and groans, shook hands coldly with both me and Oliver and then flopped in his seat, looking bored.

Pete Oliver got a great hand, and the gallery howled for him to get to work on my nose and ruin it. But I wasn't going to be marked up by this big ape and that beak of mine cost too much and looked too good to take chances with!

Oliver knew all about my nose and changed his regular tactics by forcing the fighting from the first bell. He stabbed at my face with his long left, but I went into a shell and covered up, content to let him do the leading. He began bulling me around the ring, landing a right uppercut which made me change feet, and I dived into a clinch where he immediately brought the heel of his glove over my nose. The crowd roared—half approval and half hisses—and when the referee broke us with a warning to Oliver I shot a right and left to his mid-section which made him gasp and look serious.

"Keep on top of him, Bill; he don't like it!" yells Butch. "Applesauce!" I thought. "I got a nose at stake here!" And I let the worried Oliver take the play away from me to the accompaniment of the royal razz from the mob. He lashed out with three lefts to the head, and I was short with a right cross at the bell. Oliver took the first round on his aggressiveness, Butch snarling that I didn't land three clean blows.

"You're as yellow as they make 'em!" sneers Jack Fairfax up at me as I sank on my stool. A faithful admirer of mine next to him give him a argument for me.

THE second round was the same as the first, Oliver doing all the work and me blocking as best I could, countering only when that was the way to save my noble proboscis. Every time we clinched along the ropes near where Fairfax sat, this parsnip let loose a string of filthy abuse which was gradually driving me nutty! Though it looked like I was dogging it, I was simply boxing a careful fight. I wanted Oliver to tire himself out swinging and then *I* was going to get busy. Most of his punches were landing on my arms, elbows and shoulders, but from the gallery it seemed as if he was giving me a fearful pasting. I took some stiff punishment, at that, in this frame in trying to save my face, and just before the bell Oliver smashed a left to the head which was a darb!

When the referee pulled us out of a clinch I walked goofily to Oliver's corner instead of my own and the crowd howled. I was dizzy from that last punch, and the jeers of the fans and Fairfax kept making me dizzier. But my attractive nose was still intact! I nodded cheerfully to Barbara, who seemed white and tense. From a box, Pansy fluttered a handkerchief at me.

During the rest, Fairfax kept up a running sarcastical comment on me which revived me more than the frantic work of Butch and Shifty Jones. I was just going to kick the water bucket down at Fairfax when the bell stopped me.

Now confident he had me faded, Oliver threw caution to the winds in the third and waded in with both gloves flying. A storm of sizzling rights and lefts to the body soon raised big red welts, and before the round was half over I felt like he was socking me with a sledge. The house was in a continual uproar, simply going wild when Oliver staggered me with a right to the jaw

(*Continued on page 42*)

"It's so easy to know the outdoor temperature from the cozy Interior

Since I purchased this Taylor TEMPRITE WINDOW THERMOMETER

NO DRAUGHTS on Grandpa or the baby crawling on the floor by opening the doors, stepping out in the shivery weather to read the thermometer the old-fashioned way, suddenly lowering the room temperature—I just glance through the window at my Temprite. I keep the cold outdoors where it belongs. It means comfort and convenience. We all dress for the weather. I dress the children accordingly for school. It's a health factor, I feel, for the whole family. And it adds a cheery touch to our home."

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In it we have accomplished our desire to create a reliable Window Thermometer for the multitude to sell for $1

Don't deny yourself the use of this distinctive thermometer another day!

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***If not obtainable through your regular dealer* we will ship one postpaid upon receipt of $1.00. Safe delivery guaranteed.**

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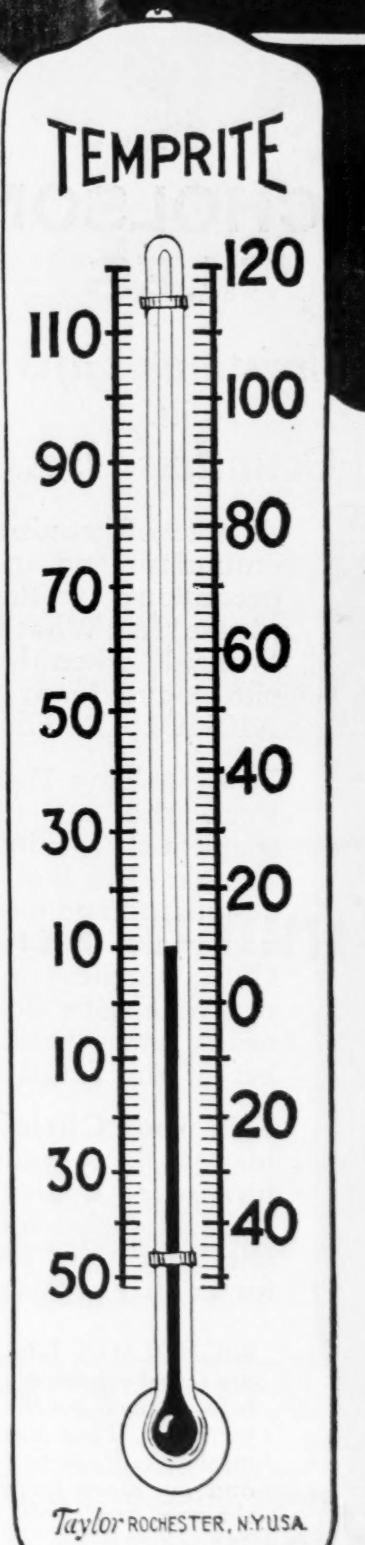
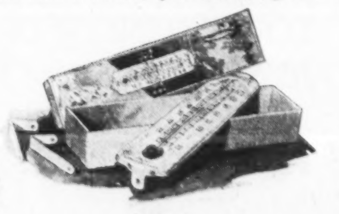
Canadian Plant, *Tycos* Building - - Toronto





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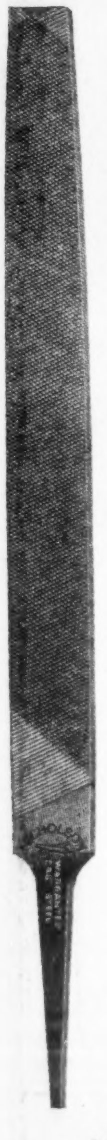

A note of genuine enthusiasm and appreciation colors the phrase "Just What I Wanted" when the gift in question is a NICHOLSON File.

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NICHOLSON FILE CO.
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

NICHOLSON
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(TRADE MARK)

—a File for Every Purpose

The Knight Before Christmas

Continued from page 41

which made me hang on. He was a good boy, this Oliver, and I'd liked to have boxed him again!

I come out of the clinch and missed two lefts to the face, walking into another hard right which landed too high up to do much harm. Still, it didn't do me no *good*—this guy could hit! We roughed it up at close quarters, both landing stiff rights to the head. I put a torrid left to the heart, but took three perfect jabs to the mouth in return, the last one splitting my lips. The gong found us exchanging short hooks in mid-ring. Oliver caught me on the chest with a right after the bell, but I didn't think he'd heard it, and I grinned and shook his extended pardon-me glove.

As I reached my corner Butch sprang forward and doused me with a shower of water from the sponge.

"You know you're behind, don't you?" he growls in my buzzing ear.

Before I could answer, Fairfax stands up, shoves his head through the lower ropes and hisses:

"The big white-livered hound is trying to lay down for the gamblers! He's not only yellow, he's crooked!"

Without a word I leaned over swiftly and took a punch at him, knocking off his hat. Like a flash, Fairfax brought his heavy cane upward and across my face, hitting the bridge of my precious nose and—*breaking it!*

Instantly the house was insane with excitement, nobody sitting down and bedlam in charge. I dropped on my stool, the gore from my busted smeller making my face a red mask, and after one frowning stare the referee wanted to stop the bout and give it to Oliver, as I certainly didn't look able to continue.

While we're arguing in my corner, the bell rung for the fourth round, and I shot out like the maniacal killer I was and looked at that minute. With no Greek god's nose to be careful of no longer, I showed the fans that "Bust-'Em-Bill" of old! Oliver stabbed a vicious left to my bleeding beak which I didn't even try to block, taking the punch to cross my right flush to his jaw. Arms dangling at his sides, he staggered backwards halfway across the ring, and as I tore in to finish him I slipped. A wild swing glanced off my shoulders, upsetting me, and I got to one knee, resting, thinking and listening to the count: "One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight—"

"*Nine!*" I barked, leaping to my feet and shoving the startled referee aside, "*Ten!*" I yelled and knocked Pete Oliver cold with a right hook to the button.

Then, as the saying is, pandemonium reigned! I stood panting in mid-ring looking down at the shining-eyed Barbara, while twelve thousand lunatics surged about the ropes cheering a guy named "Bust-'Em-Bill" Grimm, whose arm was being held aloft by the referee.

The heavyweight champ turned on his way out to give me a thoughtful look. Three husky coppers was pulling Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien off a battered wreck entitled Jack Fairfax. Shifty Jones, which had called the finish and the round and bet that way at sweet odds, was hurling towels and sponge over his head.

Merry Christmas!

Bill Grimm's next adventure will be told by H. C. Witwer in an early number of Collier's.

Collier's
ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

THE twenty-seventh All-America Football Team to appear in Collier's will be in next week's issue.

Grantland Rice, the country's best-known sports authority, will choose it. He will be assisted in his judgments by the same men who gave their advice each year to Walter Camp. Among them are such well-known experts as:

ANDREW J. SMITH *of* UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
GLENN S. WARNER *of* STANFORD UNIVERSITY
TAD JONES *of* YALE UNIVERSITY
WILLIAM W. ROPER *of* PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
DAN McGUGIN *of* VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY
WALLACE WADE *of* UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA
W. A. ALEXANDER *of* GEORGIA TECH
KNUTE K. ROCKNE *of* UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
LOU YOUNG *of* UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Christmas Shopping
Father - Locktite Tobacco Pouch
Uncle John - " "
Helen - Locktite Cig Case
Robert - " "
Jack - " "
Frank - " "

for everyone but mother

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That's the answer to the eternal Christmas problem of what to get. The Locktite Cigarette Case, new this year, for the cigarette smoker. It holds a full package of twenty and keeps them firm and straight. Your choice of several different leathers.

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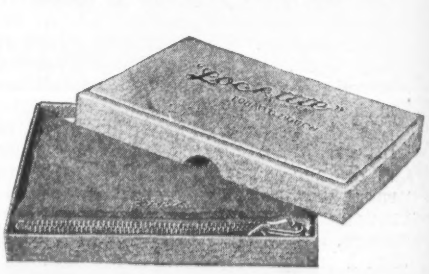


The Beggar's Diamond

Continued from page 19

rather have it like that. I never have gotten any kick out of having people sorry for me. Now this is my little scheme for fixing up a nice last act to the play called 'Sade McHale,' if you get what I mean. Before noon to-morrow I want you to deed over the Baker place to me, so that I can have a comfortable house to move into (I've never liked this one, you know) and Dad can have something to live on in his old age when he's ready to give up bootlegging and—"

"The Baker place? *Deed you the Baker place?*" He stared at her in frank incredulity.

"Evie's place. Little Pete's place. I know you bought it for them, and I know all you are going to say about keeping it for them, but that won't do you any good. I want it for Dad and me, and I'm going to take it—before noon to-morrow. You might as well say that over to yourself two or three times now and get used to it."

"Did you know that I had to put a mortgage on the ranch to get the money to buy the Baker place?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"And that Evie and I have planned to live there since we were married, and have got along in a shack not much bigger than a chicken coop, saving for it?"

"There are two kinds of people," said Sade quietly: "those that do the work and those that profit by it. You never knew me to do any work, did you?"

"No. You've always lived off somebody. And now you're figuring, are you, that you'll live off me and Evie and Little Pete?" He stopped and pondered. "Well, seeing that you were once my wife and that things have gone pretty hard with you, I guess you can, and we won't grudge it to you either. Evie knows all about you, and she wouldn't want you to suffer if we could help it. I can find the money somehow to see you through for the eighteen months, or as much longer as you need it, if you will give me your word that your father hasn't got it. And—and I'd like for you to take it *kindly*, Sade. I—I wish you hadn't said that about the Baker place. I couldn't let you have that, you know. That's Evie's, like you said, and then Little Pete's."

SADE put her hands behind her head, so that the full yellow sleeves of the kimono fell on both sides of her face. She looked like an evening primrose that life had picked yesterday at its moment of perfection and tossed aside.

"That's the reason I want it. I want Evie to get a little of what I've had. It will kind of ease up my last days. Now, I'll have a notary public waiting for you here to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, and you'll either bring me the deed that you got from Baker, so that I can know the place really belongs to you, and execute another deed in my favor before noon, or—"

She paused, as if loath to spend the delicious moment of disclosure which she was hoarding like a golden coin.

"I don't know what it is that you are going to try to blackmail me with, but I'm not afraid of you. Evie knows everything you could tell her, and we don't either one of us care what you say or what you do. You can't have the Baker place ever, and that's flat. Knowing what it means to me, only a devil would have asked for it."

"—or I'll tell the world," she went on smoothly, "that I'm your wife and Evie's not, and—"

"But Evie *is* my wife," he broke in gently. A look of compassion had come into his face. He moved a step closer and bent toward her. "We were married in the little church at Gray Dome. And you are *not* my wife—we were divorced. Don't you remember? I let them grant the divorce in your name because you wanted it that way. Went away and left you so that you could say you'd been deserted."

She laughed like the tinkling of ice. "You *are* a fool! My mind's a good bit sounder than yours. I'm not the kind that goes insane. Did it ever occur to you that saving my reputation wasn't the only reason I had for wanting the divorce given to *me?* Did it ever occur to you that maybe we weren't divorced at all?"

"I asked a friend of mine to sit in the courtroom," said Pete. "He heard the judge grant you the decree."

"Yes. And I've got it now. It's a perfectly drawn decree. With the i's dotted and the t's crossed, and signed and sealed and everything, only I never had it recorded, and"—she shrugged her shoulders slightly and smiled into his eyes—"it's no good until it's recorded."

She lay back on the pillow and watched him, as still and ready as a hovering hawk. To assist him out of his bewilderment, "And so you see," she summed up, "Evie's *not* your wife. And little Pete—well, you know what Little Pete is."

FOR a moment or two he didn't know anything. He stood perfectly still and stared at her. What she said had no meaning for him, because it was impossible. Comprehension climbed into his face like a sloth, and with it a question that Sade answered before he had phrased it.

"No, I'm not lying to you. I guess there's nobody knows any better than you do that I don't lie. It'll save you time to drop that notion right now."

It was a strange streak in her, but a valid one. All her life she had sheared through everything with the flashing blade of her devastating truthfulness.

She had robbed and humiliated and tortured him, but she had never lied to him. It had eased him like spring after a hard winter to find that Evie could tell little fibs to save the feelings of those she loved. He had suffered more from the utter caustic truthfulness of Sade than from any other quality in any human being. She had used it as a scalpel and laid him bare to the marrow of his soul. He'd wear forever the scars of some of the truths she had told him. And she told the truth, not only to hurt, but also for its own sake. *That* was her honor—a curious tough flower blossoming from how strange a soil!

And so that hope died out of his face. She saw it die and nodded. He didn't move. There was no sound in the room but the far-off moaning of the wind and the rubbing of boughs outside. He grew heavily and darkly lost in his thoughts. They bumped each other, and he pounded through them slowly.

His appearance changed. The veins in his temples swelled and throbbed. His face grew dark with blood. The long line of beasts hidden in the past of everyone looked suddenly out of his eyes. Sade felt them behind him, shouldering and jostling. They pushed him forward, and he came slowly and unwillingly, tormented and blind and terrible, and she watched him come with curiosity but not a flicker of fear. When he bent over her she shattered his trance like thin glass with a light hard laugh.

"Come out of it! They'd send you up for life, if Dad didn't shoot you. And where'd Little Methodist Eyes be then?"

He stood before her dazed and limp and shaking. Sweat streamed from his face. The old sense of degradation seemed to creep through the fibers of his flesh. He was like that, but only Sade had made him know it. Through the muddied swirl of pain and shame and fear and horror only the longing ran clear to get away from his old self and the odor of crab-apple blossoms that was choking him and the jeering colors about Sade's bed and her hard, flicking yellow eyes.

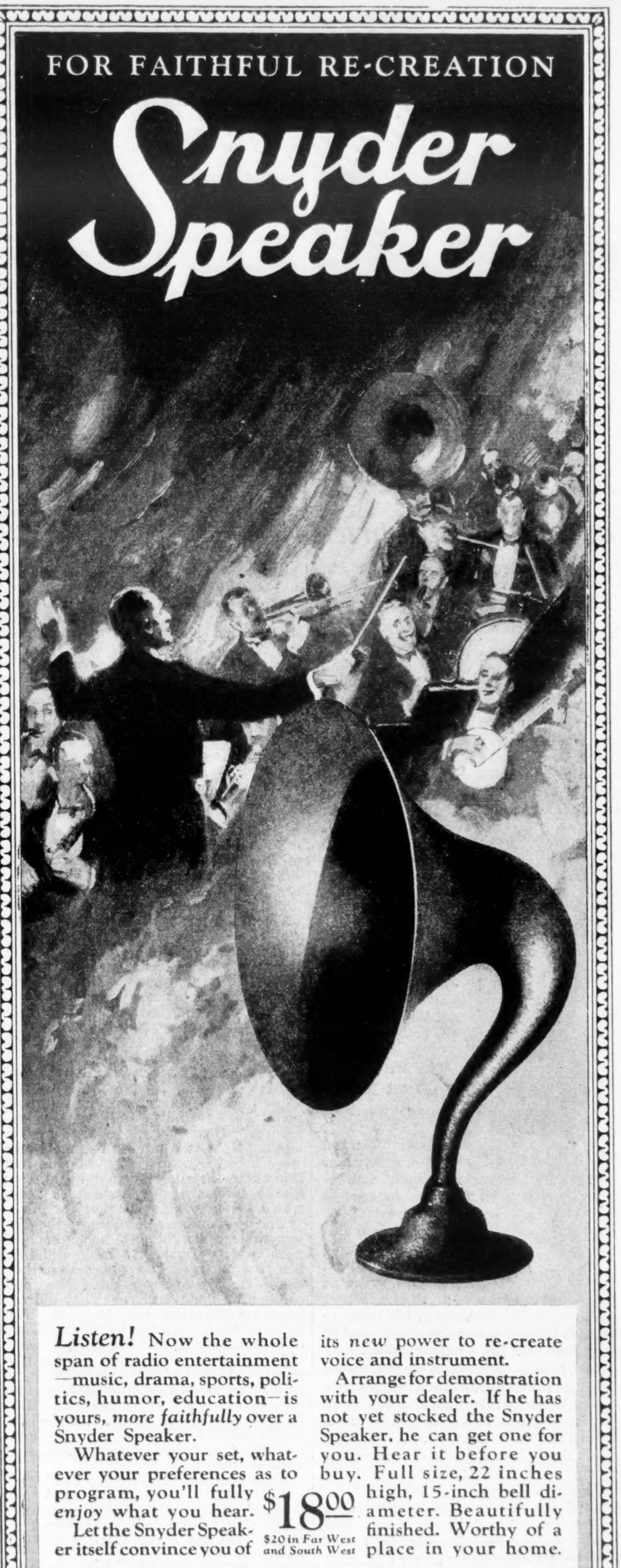
He turned heavily toward the door. "You can't have the Baker place," he said thickly. "I'll see you in hell first!"

"No," she said, as cool as lily buds—"afterward!"

She laughed a cold, sure laugh that followed him far into Long Grass Park.

He rode with his head bent down, smelling the clean, thin air that was

(*Continued on page 44*)



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Let me tell you first about the new Mennen Lather Brush, because that's the great kick in the package. It's a real beauty. Ultra-quality. Made specially for us with some new kinks of manufacture hitherto found in only the most expensive brushes.

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This Mennen LATHER BRUSH alone is worth $3

Actually, it's far and away better than those that usually sell for $3.00 and as good as some I've tried at $4.00 or $5.00. For any man who's using an old whisp of discouraged bristles or some brush of a cheaper variety, it's going to make his Christmas morning shave—and all succeeding—feel like a million dollars.

Then, besides the brush, in the box, there's a fine tube of everybody's favorite—Mennen Shaving Cream; a tube of Mennen Skin Balm—a refreshing after-shave treat; and a can of Mennen Talcum-for-Men—protects the skin, doesn't show. All old friends that every user will appreciate. And to first-timers, they'll come as a revelation.

The Company lets me make this special $2.25 offer in order to win new friends. And between you and me, it's going big. So if I were you, I'd stock up for all my Christmas gift needs *now*, before the druggist says, "All sold out."

Jim Henry
(*Mennen Salesman*)

THE MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J., U.S.A.

The Beggar's Diamond

Continued from page 43

touched with the scents of dead grass and spruce and juniper and freshened with new snow; feeling the good crisp cold regenerate his blood; listening to the swoosh of the great free wind that ranged carelessly through states and continents. Dimly he wanted to go on out and into these things until the trees grew out of him and the wind was his breath and something cold and pure and white like melted snow ran through him instead of blood. He wanted to ride away from the man who had married Sade McHale. He was ashamed.

He hung his head and yielded to the comforting swift trotting of his horse. His mind took hold of the strong steady beat and kept itself empty of everything else. Lacy flakes of snow subsided like tiny tired moths all over him. They covered his horse's head until it looked like a white bonnet. He watched it bob sedately before him in the gloom and rode on home to Evie.

HIS head cleared on the way and he told himself he'd tell Evie the truth. They'd face it hand in hand. She'd see, as he did, that no mere slipping of legal cogs could vitiate a marriage like theirs or degrade their child. What could the law add to what they had? After the poisoned air he had breathed with Sade it had been his pleasure to come out into a cleaner place and to make his every least action as Evie's husband conform not only to his own sense of right but also to that of organized society. For the first time in his life he had gone to church. . . .

Sade had thrown him and Evie's serene little Methodist eyes had led him into religion, and he had been startled and gratified at the lightness of its burden and the ease of its yoke after those he had laid down. He had learned something of that peace of God that passes understanding. As simply as he had turned in his youth toward drink and cards and the flashy beauty of Sade McHale, he turned with Evie toward the obvious forms of righteousness. He wanted the comfort of *knowing* his path wasn't going to twist out of pleasure into pain, of following the way that all people, whatever they themselves might do, agreed in their hearts was the safest for a man to travel with a woman. He sheltered himself as simply now behind the conventions as the jack rabbits in that high cold country shelter behind the snow guards along the railroad tracks when the north wind blows.

Sade couldn't touch a man who had lived like that. He'd get another divorce himself—there were, he reflected, plenty of grounds—and have it recorded. He'd marry Evie all over again. He'd do whatever formal things were necessary, and, since his life had lain there for six years plain and open like a billboard, for anyone to read, who'd care anything about it?

The answer faced him across the dinner table when he got home at half past twelve—Evie. As he looked into her tranquil eyes he realized that they were empty of something he had counted on finding there. They did not know yet the things that he knew. The price of his knowledge had dripped out of him like blood, and the price of hers, if he asked her to pay it now, would be greater. Looking into her eyes, he went as deep as he pleased, and there was no trouble or pain. If he told her, that fathomless serenity, as deep as the sky, would never be there again. He lowered the food he was raising to his lips and sat staring.

Evie laughed. "Hey, wake up!"

He looked so surprised that she laughed again—the happy running laugh that ran so easily from ripple to ripple. He had never heard it without pleasure. When she played with Little Pete and just sort of laughed along like the wind in the trees Taggard would find something to do that kept him near so that he could listen to it. Sade never laughed when she was amused: *her* laughter carried a sting in the tail of it; but the sound of Evie laughing had always brought him an immense sense of well-being and content.

"Did you meet a spook up there in Long Grass Park, old Solemn Face?"

"Maybe," said Little Pete excitedly, "may*bee* he saw Nine Mile Bully! I'll bet yer 'twouldn't take *him* long to get acrost, lookin' for bad little boys! Two-free steps 'n' he'd be there! Oh, Daddy, *did* yer see Nine Mile Bully? *Did* yer?"

For the rest of that day, as he went quietly about his work, Peter Taggard carried under his red-brown scrub-brush hair a hell of his own, and at night he laid it on his pillow beside the tranquil paradise that was Evie's. After she was asleep and he could hear the sound of her breathing, like the gentle pulsing of a little launch putting out into the calm sea of dreams, he raised himself on his elbow and looked at her by the faint glow of the night light they kept burning for Little Pete.

She had been as strange to him when he first began to love her as a member of another race. She *was* from another race to him. He had day-dreamed of people like that, just as he'd day-dreamed of what he'd do if he had unlimited wealth; but he had never really believed in their existence in any world where he might move, until Evie came. For Evie was as clean and natural and unashamed, as delicately fine and strong and lovely as a birch tree. She took him just as he was. The hot passion that was in him didn't turn her away. She poured her own into it, like pure filtered oil, until the flames leaped high and clear and burned away the fumes and smoke that Sade had taught him were of the essence of physical love. She banished out of the day and night a curse and a fear and a shame. She cleansed his love with as hot a love. The things that had tortured him she had never thought about. By a twinkling miracle she showed him himself as the kind of person she was, and the thing he had feared and fought and suffered shame for, as beautiful. It had taken his breath and stiffened his backbone and flung up the forehead of his spirit until he went about singing inside himself.

And then Little Pete came and he found he had wanted a son. It amazed him. He had never touched a child. He had loathed a baby. He sat soberly before this one and worshipped it. Life like a magnifying glass drew all the rays of his being together and focused them on Little Pete. He was so happy that he feared something terrible was going to happen.

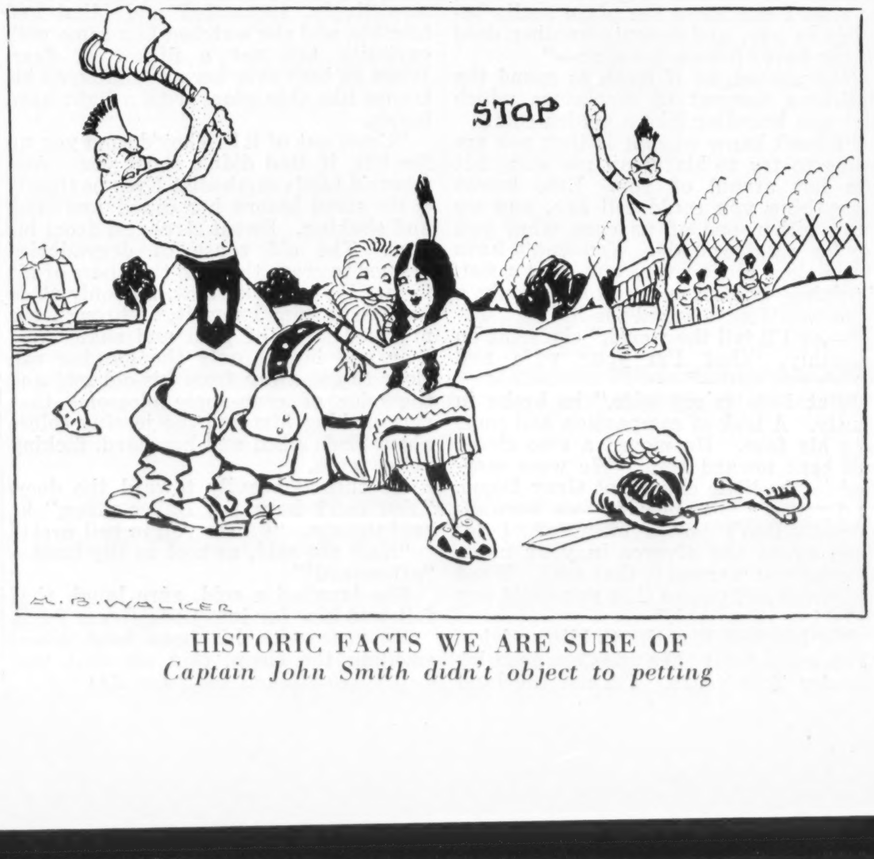
As he propped himself on his elbow and looked at his wife he felt that this was it. Somehow through all the miles and the years he had felt the poisonous thing lying and growing and ripening in Sade's mind. Some powerful ligament still bound them together.

There was a plain and ugly word for what Little Pete was. Sade had but to speak it and it would flare across the county like a prairie fire. Like a prairie fire it would burn down quickly and people would forget, but not Evie. She'd be scorched, singed, branded. It would stop the flow of that proud, free sense of rectitude that ran through her life like sap. Because when all the explaining and justifying had been done, the undodgable facts would remain; she had been living for six years with a man who was not her husband, and her child had been born out of wedlock. Maybe—the cold sweat sprang out of him at the thought of it—maybe she'd leave him until a new divorce could be got. . . . She had the strength and the weakness of those who have never had to compromise. . . . Maybe she'd leave him and take his boy. . . .

He sank back upon the pillow and thoughts snowed into his mind thick and futile. They snowed all night, while he stared the hours away. They told him what it would mean to give the Baker place to the McHales and have them living there while he and Evie slaved on to raise the mortgage. They told him how hard it would be to explain such a gift to Evie. What could he say to her? That Sade, although she had gone off with another man and was not entitled to it, had somehow, through his failure to collect evidence against her, sued him for alimony for all the nine years since the divorce and won the suit? Something of the sort, he supposed; some lie to shelter Sade, who never lied. They told him how it would be if Evie knew the truth. They told him what would happen if he slipped out of bed and dressed and went to the barn and got his horse and rode over the mountains and Long Grass Park to Sade's house and shot McHale first and then his daughter and buried them under the spruce trees. They told him everything there was to say, and they were still snowing hard the next morning when he rose and went about his chores. He couldn't see through them and he couldn't stop them.

AFTER breakfast he drove into the town—to get a new coulter for the plow, he said to Evie; to clear his head, he said to himself; but through his drifting thoughts Sade's voice told him it was to get the deed to the Baker place.

He stopped his car in the courthouse square and looked around him with a fresh realization of his plight. Robbed in broad daylight under the eyes of the people he knew the best! His eyes fingered curiously the names on the stores and offices. There was scarcely one of them but stood for a friend. He could cross the street and drum up an army that would chase the McHales out of the county forever. His eyes nar-



HISTORIC FACTS WE ARE SURE OF
Captain John Smith didn't object to petting

rowed. The line of his lips grew straight and tight. Grimly he opened the door of the car and thrust out one leg—starting.

Yes, and Sade as she departed would speak a word he'd find in Evie's eyes when he got back to her, and the Evie he'd left an hour ago, chattering along with Little Pete as merry as a bird, he'd never see again. *She* couldn't be gone out of the county; she'd be gone out of the world.

For the sake of her he trod steadily into the bank and got his deed and brought it out, bound for Sade and surrender. And for her sake he stopped and obstinately took up the fight again. The Baker place was *her* place. He'd *never* give it up—to anyone! . . .

Aimlessly he began to walk, found himself beside his car, and aimlessly got into it. It was to-morrow now, and behind the clouds the sun climbed steadily toward noon. In two hours he'd have chosen. As he stepped on the starter he wondered detachedly what his choice was going to be. As a spectator he'd like to know. He pushed his little car into low and put forth again—God knew for where.

The voice of Gus Holtzclaw brought him down like a bullet in his wavering flight.

"Hey, *Pete!*" he shouted. "Pete Taggard! There's a call for you on the telephone!"

In the back of the store, over in the corner where the wall telephone was, everything fell still and clear inside of him, to listen, for the heavy tones that shook the receiver in his hand were Morg McHale's, and what he said was this:

"I've got your boy." Slowly, twice. "I've got your boy. He's taking a little ride with me, back into the hills. He's liking it fine. It won't do him any harm, *if we don't go too far.* I was thinking we'd stop up to my place if you could arrange to meet us there alone—before noon, like Sade said—and bring along the thing that you and her was talking about. If you was to *forget* it, or fetch somebody else with you, or be too late, we'd go further, me and the kid. Quite a lot further. And it might be inconvenient for all of us. I might"—with an incongruous, barking laugh—"have to send him home in a box, or something like that, if you know what I mean!"

Pete heaved his speaking machinery into motion like something huge and rusty. "I will do what you say. Give me time. Something might happen to the car."

"All right, then, we'll call it two o'clock. Your wife thinks the kid's over to Hutchinsons', where he was going when I picked him up. If you don't tell her, she needn't know. Wait a minute. I'll bring him in here and let him speak to you."

Little Pete's voice came shrill and high: "Hello, Daddy. Mr. McHale gived me a ride, 'n' he's takin' me on a picnic, 'n' maybe we'll see where Nine Mile Bully lives, 'n' I ain't scared a bit!"

"That's nice, son. Daddy'll be along pretty soon and bring you home."

He was pale as he walked out of the store, but the place was rather dark and nobody noticed it.

"Everything all right with the boy and the missus?" said Holtzclaw; and Pete said yes, they were fine; and got into his car and drove out of the town.

HIS heart seemed beating just beneath his Adam's apple, at the top of a void; the strokes thudded softly into the ache in his head. He drove with great care. All his complexity was simplified. His whirl of thoughts had shrunk to one; he must get the boy. After that he'd see. The flesh of his chest and arms ached for the pressure of the slim little form. They had broken his mainspring. They could do whatever they liked with him. They had him. He must get the boy. He went into the McHale house with the deed in his hand.

It was dark in there, and very quiet except for the distant moaning of the wind. But this time he didn't hear it, nor smell the drench of perfume that weighted the air, nor see the gaudy oasis of colors about the bed. He saw only Sade's yellow eyes, alive and waiting, and beneath them the child, stretched motionless across the foot of the bed. He was to see them like that now and then as long as he lived. The beat of his fear burned the picture into his mind; Sade's eyes like a pulsing flame that had drawn into itself all the light in the place, and the child limp and still—discarded-looking, like something too delicately made to endure, his little face a pale spot in the twilight.

Taggard opened his mouth to speak, but only unintelligible noises came out of it. Suddenly he sat down heavily on a chair.

"Is he dead?" he said.

"So you care like that?" she mused. "It's funny. I wouldn't 've thought it of you. No, he's asleep. He played and talked so much—about himself and you and his mother—that he wore himself out, and all of a sudden he laid down there and slept like a puppy."

Pete sagged in the chair and let the long waves of relief wash over him. For a while he couldn't think.

His eye fell on the document in his hand; he turned it about and looked at it.

HE COCKED his head to listen, and heard the ticking of a clock and the slight noises the stove made against the background of the moaning of the wind. He looked into Sade's eyes to see if he could tell whether the house was empty round about them or whether Morg sat in the other room with his rifle across his knees.

"This kidnapping stunt was a fool idea of Dad's. When he showed up here with the kid I sent him about his business. There's nobody here but me and Little Pete. *I* knew you'd bring the deed anyhow. Is that what you've got in your hand?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "that's the deed," and reached back and laid his heavy forty-four on top of it.

Sade smiled. "You won't have any use for either of 'em here, Pete. I lied to you about the divorce. I had it recorded as soon as I got it."

He got to his feet, studying her face. "You don't lie. You do everything else. You're a devil. But—you—*don't—lie.*" He looked deeply into her eyes. "But I guess you've lied now. One time or the other. And why'd you be lying *this* time? What good would it do you?"

She nodded. "It was the other time, not this one. And my friend here"—she said the words gravely and touched the child's hair with her fingers—"was as legal-born as the parson."

"Why—?" he began slowly.

"After doing everything else, I lied to you, just like you said. And I'm sorrier about that than all the rest of it. It used to be a kind of comfort to me that I didn't lie. It meant quite a lot. It was like"—she pondered soberly—"like a ragged beggar with a big diamond. And now I've lost that too."

"I'd have given you money—"

"I don't like being given things. I like to take 'em. Besides, I wanted to make you wriggle."

"*Why?*" said Pete, from the midst of an old despair.

"Don't you know?"

"Good God, how *could* I know?"

"I didn't either until this little wet-nosed grubby brat that looks exactly like you got to climbing around on my bed. Funny, isn't it? It's because I love you."

There was a long pause during which they looked together at this final assay of their relationship.

"Take him," she said at last—Pete had nothing left within him that *he* wanted to say—"and go home. Dad don't know and Evie don't know. I didn't lie to anybody but you."

He thrust his revolver into its holster and put the deed in his pocket and bent over the sleeping child.

She laid her hand on his arm. "Will you kiss me good-by?"

He kissed her gently on the cheek and gathered up his son and went away. The clock that ticked against the moaning of the wind struck noon.

Sade lay back on her pillow. After a while she drew out the unrecorded decree of divorce. "What they don't know won't hurt them," she said, and tore the paper into bits.

Better Radio Reception Without the Use of "B" Batteries

By H. C. MOHR

Radio Engineer of The Glenn L. Martin Co., Builders of the famous radio equipped Martin Aircraft

WITH the elevation of radio broadcasting to its present high standard of quality, with today's standardization of factory-built receiving sets, radio users are demanding reception of a consistently high quality with none of the bothers and troubles of the pioneer days of radio broadcasting.

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The Little Gold God

Continued from page 6

his big body towering at the table.

"I'll take a chance," he announced.

The others followed the American's example and rose from their chairs.

"One word before we go," Simonou entreated. "My friend is accustomed to have his own way. He does not like to be crossed. It will be as useless to try to beat him down on the terms he will offer you as to ascertain his real identity. Above all things, I beg of you, do not try to find out who he is. It would be a waste of time"—a look of fear crept into the narrow eyes—"and dangerous as well!"

There was a moment's awkward silence. Seaton broke it.

"Then Ramosi isn't his real name?" he queried bluntly.

"Let's call it a business pseudonym!" replied Simonou.

And he led the way.

MAUVE was the dominant note of the room to which their host brought them.

With the light silk-screened, the room was almost in darkness, so that the rows of bookshelves lining the walls seemed to mount to infinity. At one of the shelves a man stood reading. The thick pile carpet hushed the footsteps of his visitors, and he was not aware of their presence until the sound of the door closing proclaimed it. Even when he turned to face them the light was so sparse that, coming from the brightness of the staircase, they could descry little else at first than his black silhouette. Only his right hand was plainly visible as it rested clenched on the table immediately under the rays of the lamp—a long, slim hand thatched with reddish down on the back.

Simonou made the presentations with a certain timorous deference that did not lack impressiveness.

"Mr. Bender Aronfels!"

The American lumbered forward, hand outstretched. The stranger did not move or reciprocate the gesture. Mr. Aronfels inclined himself gravely.

"Mr. Ramosi," he repeated in his thick voice, "glad to know you, sir!"

The other's back was to the dim light. Though Aronfels' shrewd eye was getting used to the obscurity, he found it hard to distinguish the stranger's features. He had a vague impression of dark brown hair rather untidily brushed back from the forehead; horn spectacles with lenses so opaque that they distorted the eyes; a small dark mustache; a set, square-cut figure in neat blue serge.

"Mr. Mortimer Seaton!"

The Englishman nodded unceremoniously. "How d'you do?" He did not offer his hand.

"Signor Aldo Lucca!"

Effusively the Italian bowed.

"Mr. Ismail!"

The little brown man laid his hand rapidly on his forehead and then on his heart.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen," said Mr. Ramosi, and motioned them all to chairs. Himself he seated at the desk, his face in shadow. He had a resonant voice suggestive of a personality accustomed to command, of a character that might be ruthless. He spoke in English without any sort of accent, although Seaton, who was an accomplished linguist, noted a certain deliberation in the choice of words.

"You are all aware," Mr. Ramosi proceeded deliberately, "of the growing difficulty of placing upon the market those rare and beautiful treasures of Egypt's past which your clients would be only too ready to purchase did the supply but equal the demand. Of recent years the situation in Egypt has considerably limited this supply. Am I right?"

"You sure are!" heartily agreed Mr. Aronfels, wagging his head like a bear.

"The Department of Antiquities, in extending its powers, has greatly increased its vigilance. Its aim, of course, is to close those unauthorized channels on which you mainly rely for the replenishment of your stock at a reasonable figure. Even those antiques which, under their licenses, foreign excavators were formerly at liberty to sell to the trade are becoming increasingly rare as the Egyptian Government tightens its grip on excavation. The resultant shortage has put up the price of the genuine specimens, while giving a tremendous fillip to the faking of antiques. You are faced by this state of things at a time when recent discoveries have strongly stimulated public interest in Egyptology, and not only the connoisseur but also the dilettante is prepared to pay any sum within reason for the right stuff. Do you agree, Mr. Seaton?"

"Certainly," drawled the Englishman. "But what are you goin' to do about it?"

"I will tell you what I can do. I can set back the clock. I can take you back to the days of Mustapha Aga, that indefatigable dealer, who, as British consular agent at Luxor, many years ago supplied the cabinets of the great European collectors with their choicest and most splendid Egyptian treasures. . . ."

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Seaton tucked his handkerchief in his sleeve, fixed his glass in his eye, and deliberately measured the speaker.

"Rot!" he remarked very distinctly. "Someone's been pullin' your leg, my friend. I know all about Mustapha Aga. His age has gone forever. There's no more uncontrolled diggin' in Egypt nowadays. A native may pinch a scarab from the excavations here and there. But treasures—no!"

"I don't profess," Mr. Ramosi rejoined composedly, "to be able to revive the golden age of Champollion and Belzoni, when all Egypt was an El Dorado for the intelligent prospector. But as long as there's any digging going on, I will undertake to keep you supplied with the pick of the finds. If you gentlemen can produce the purchasers, I can deliver the goods, as Mr. Aronfels here might say."

"The buyers are there, all right, all right," Aronfels retorted, his little eyes boring sharply into the other's inscrutable visage, "but I'm not so sure about your side of the deal."

MR. RAMOSI raised his long slim hand.

"Mr. Aronfels," he said evenly, "last May you paid fifteen hundred dollars for a string of amethyst beads offered to you by a man called Holt, who called at your shop in New York. He told you they had been stolen from the Scottish

Society's dig at Deir-el-Medina. . . ."

"Wait just a minute," Aronfels interrupted, his eyes sparkling angrily.

"They were not," Mr. Ramosi persisted. "They came from Deir-el-Bahri!"

Seaton laughed a mirthless cackle. "Dam' good!" he murmured.

"You seem to know all about it, don't you?" muttered the American, glowering.

"I ought to," blandly returned Mr. Ramosi. "You see, I sold that string to Benjamin Holt. He got it for twenty Egyptian pounds. What is that? About a hundred dollars?"

"Devilish funny!" chortled Seaton.

"It pleased Mr. Seaton," continued Mr. Ramosi agreeably, "to be rather scathing just now at my expense. I fear I have no very high opinion of his judgment. He paid two hundred pounds last season to Madabegh, the Luxor dealer, for a scarab of Queen Hatshepsut."

"I'll back my knowledge of scarabs against any man's," rejoined Seaton acidly.

"The scarab was unquestionably genuine. I never touch fakes. But—two hundred pounds! When Madabegh got it from me for thirty-five!"

"I don't believe a word of it!" Seaton declared.

"And you gave at least four times too much," continued Mr. Ramosi, ignoring the interjection, "for that Canopic jar."

THE Englishman sat up quickly. "Totnes Four, wasn't it?" said Mr. Ramosi languidly. "I've forgotten what Madabegh charged you. But I let him have it for eight pound ten!"

The others laughed, Mr. Aronfels the loudest.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Ramosi when the laughter had subsided, "you are ruining the market. My organization throughout the excavation centers of Egypt is perfect. I will not have outsiders butting in and spoiling prices with the natives. I am not out to supply the connoisseur alone. The dilettante is my mark. What does he want? Chipped ushabiu, ragged papyri? No. He is looking out for the beautiful, the artistic, jewelry, gold statuettes, Egyptian glaze, alabaster jars. You are all in a big way of business. You know as well as I do what your millionaire clients are after. I can supply it and cut out the middleman. I have my distributing agents already, but I am willing to take you into the ring."

The smile had left Mr. Aronfels' broad face. He was watching the speaker closely, his great mouth shut like a trap upon the butt of his cigar. Now he leaned forward.

"Got anything to show for what you say?" he demanded.

With a bored air Mr. Ramosi turned to Simonou.

"Show them the last consignment!" he directed. Simonou stood up. There was a door behind Mr. Ramosi's chair.

"If you will come with me—" said Simonou. He opened the door and they filed out behind him into the corridor beyond. Mr. Ramosi remained seated at the desk, immobile as a statue, the blue smoke from his cigarette curling upward into the mauve light.

Five minutes passed. Then there was a murmur of excited voices in the passage. The five men trooped back into the room talking eagerly, Aronfels at their head.

"Say," he cried, "have you got any more li'l ol' antikas up your sleeve like them back there?"

"The Tel-el-Amarna stuff is simply marvelous," exclaimed Seaton eagerly, at last aroused from his deathlike rigidity—every man has one enthusiasm and art was his—"what are you askin' for that head?"

"The jewels!" Lucca pressed vibrating fingers to his mouth and kissed them loudly. Mr. Ismail said nothing. He was contemplating Mr. Ramosi with his black eyes staring out of his saddle-colored face.

"It's a good consignment," remarked Mr. Ramosi composedly. "Please sit down, everybody!"

In a flurry of excitement they resumed their seats. Aronfels' cigar had gone out, and his teeth lacerated the stump. Seaton's hands trembled as he tapped a cigarette on the shining enamel of his case.

"There's one thing—" he began and stopped his tapping. But with a backward wave of his fat hand Aronfels silenced him.

"I think we shall be able to do business," he said to the man at the desk. "But first I want to tell you something You don't want to be too hard on us, Mr. Ramosi, sir, and I'm going to tell you why. . . . Just a few plain truths as from one gentleman to another. Things aren't all we'd like to see them in the trade and—"

"Mr. Aronfels"—Mr. Ramosi's clear voice checked the other's flow of speech —"we are not going to haggle. I will state my terms, and you four gentlemen are free to accept or reject them as you see fit."

"Hold hard a minute! Wait till I tell you—" Aronfels interposed hastily.

"It would be better, Mr. Aronfels, if I were to state my conditions immediately."

"Pardon me!" Seaton's reedy alto broke in upon the conversation. "If I go into this business, I want to know whom I'm dealin' with," he announced. He turned his glittering monocle upon Mr. Ramosi. "You've been frank enough to tell us that your business is on the crook. I take it that you've contrived to put the pilferin' of the excavations on a highly organized footin'. Right! I say nothin' about that. But since you've been so candid already, suppose you go a step farther and tell us who you are!"

There was a pause. Mr. Ramosi looked across at Simonou.

"Didn't you explain to these gentlemen the conditions of this meeting?" he asked. Simonou's saffron hue deepened and he cast a beseeching glance at Seaton.

"I expressly cautioned Mr. Seaton—" he began. But the Englishman cut him short.

"I don't propose to waste time beatin' about the bush," he said, disregarding Simonou. "Ramosi isn't your real name; we all know that. Isn't it rather childish to keep up this bluff about your identity?"

"I have told you all that it is seemly for you to know," said Mr. Ramosi blandly, "except my conditions, which I have not been permitted to announce. If you will take my advice, Mr.—er—Seaton, you will let it go at that. I always mean what I say. And," he added with careful deliberation, "I think you should realize that I am not a man to be trifled with, as others have found to their cost. . . ."

"That's all very well," rejoined Seaton argumentatively. But Aronfels plucked him by the coat.

"Aw, shucks," he whispered. "Cut it out and let's get down to business."

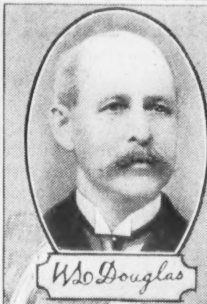
Seaton shrugged his shoulders and was silent. But his mouth was very stubborn, and there was an unpleasant look on his young-old face.

"Now as to terms—" Mr. Ramosi began. His voice was smooth and even, and there was a quarter of an inch of ash on the end of the cigarette that rested steadily between his tapering fingers. He was perfectly unruffled, the coolest man in the room. . . .

AT MONTE CARLO two evenings later Mr. Aronfels entertained a guest at dinner. It was a mild evening, and as he strolled across the front of the Casino the air was faintly scented with the perfume of the flowering shrubs on which the lamps in their round dull-white globes shed a milky radiance.

The restaurant where he had reserved a table was very full. The Aquatic, the famous liner, which had been taken off the Atlantic route for a Mediterranean cruise, had arrived that morning. From his bedroom Aronfels had seen her in the curious light of dawn, dimly opalescent as though the sun were shining through a screen of pale blue glass, lying off the land, her gigantic dimensions quite dwarfing the white houses with their red roofs that covered the heights of Monaco. She had come from New York by way of Gibraltar, Algiers and

(*Continued on page 48*)



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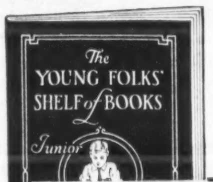

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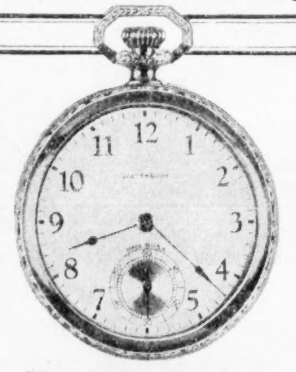

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The Little Gold God

Continued from page 47

Tunis and was sailing for Naples and Alexandria at midnight. The sunburnt faces at many of the tables in the restaurant suggested that a good proportion of her passengers had availed themselves of their brief sojourn at Monte Carlo to dine on shore.

Mr. Aronfels plumped down at his table, ordered a couple of Bronxes and looked at his watch. Seaton, his guest, was late—in fact, so late was he that his host was studying the bottom of his glass by the time the Englishman appeared, without haste and immaculately arrayed in one of those double-breasted dinner coats that King Alfonso introduced at Deauville.

"Sorry to have kept you waitin'," Seaton said, dropping into his seat, "but I've had a busy day."

"Any progress?" asked Aronfels, beckoning to the waiter to serve the oysters.

"Ismail has agreed to go out to Egypt."

Aronfels looked up sharply.

"Then you've not identified Ramosi?" he queried, lowering his voice.

SEATON shook his head. "Not yet. But I hope to do so before Simonou sails to-night. I've had a private inquiry agent on Simonou's heels for the past forty-eight hours, ever since our meetin' at the Villa Scarabée, in fact. My man rang me up at the hotel just now to say that he thought he would be able to give me Ramosi's real name this evenin'."

"Why, you surely have progressed!" Aronfels edged his chair nearer. "This means that Simonou is in touch with Ramosi here, don't it?"

"I take it to be so. Mayer—that's the detective fellow—has promised to telephone me after ten o'clock. I told him I'd be dinin' here with you. That's to say before we leave this restaurant, my friend, we shall have penetrated the secret of Mr. Ramosi's identity."

"Then what's the sense in sending Ismail out?"

"Mayer may let us down. Besides, we have no time to risk it. Simonou sails at midnight for Alexandria in the Aquatic. To get Ismail on board I had to book his berth this afternoon, and the devil of a job I had, I can tell you, for they're packed like herrings in a barrel. If Mayer doesn't come up to scratch, Ismail will get us the information in Cairo. If he sticks to Simonou he's bound to come across Ramosi out there sooner or later."

Aronfels shook his head rather dubiously.

"Say, isn't Ismail taking a lot of risk? Simonou warned us against making any attempt to get at this gink's real name."

Seaton pushed back his plate.

"Ismail's an Egyptian. He has a perfectly good pretext for travelin' to Egypt: he's going to visit his father in Cairo. He hasn't been home for three years."

"Well," remarked Aronfels, "maybe you'll hear from Mayer in time to cancel Ismail's sailing—"

"I shan't do that in any event," Seaton declared firmly. "I intend to have a man on the spot to keep me posted on what Simonou and his little pal are up to."

"Huh! Ain't the business all right? If it's good enough for Bender Aronfels, sonny, it ought to be good enough for you. And your partners aren't kicking any, you said?"

"They're satisfied, all right," Seaton agreed. "But I'm not."

"Say, boy, what's eating you?"

Very deliberately Seaton adjusted his monocle and scrutinized his host.

"I object to the lack of confidence that Ramosi's reticence implies," he announced calmly. "When I taxed him, before you all, with hidin' behind a pseudonym, he didn't deny it, but, with his damned supercilious air, he had the nerve to threaten me. I'm not standin' for it, Aronfels. And you can take it from me that when *I* do business with a man, whatever you or Lucca or my partners in London may think, I want to know who he is."

"So do I, boy, so do I. But at times open diplomacy don't go. When you've been in the business as many years as I have you'll find what uncommon modesty some folk display in their transactions with the dealers. I recollect, when I was a youngster—land sakes!" He broke off, staring. "If it isn't Mrs. Averil!"

He half rose from the table and bowed effusively to a graceful, girlish figure in a black velvet evening coat with an ermine roll collar, who, in company with an older woman, was just sitting down across the room.

Seaton put up his glass and critically examined the newcomer.

"Charmin'!" he drawled. "That's Lady Rachel Hannington, the large lady she's with. You'll have to introduce me to your friend, Aronfels. Who is she, anyway?"

"Widow of Mark Averil of New York. He was an old client of mine. He got killed in an automobile wreck about a year ago."

"Not much of the widow about her," commented the Englishman. "Why, she's wearin' a gold dress!"

"Well," observed his companion, "come to think of it, I don't know as how she'd much call to put on the weeds for Mark. He and a woman he had on the side were killed together!"

"The devil they were!"

"Gosh," observed the elder man reflectively, "some fellers certainly do hand their womenfolk a raw deal. I don't set up to be anything better than what I seem to be, but, gee, I hope I'd never wish on Mrs. Aronfels what Averil put over on that sweet girl across the room. Married for three years they were, and times when I'd go over to their place on Long Island to value the pictures or look at a piece that Averil had bought, she'd tell me about her husband—not to boast, I don't mean, but the way a happily married woman will talk . . . 'Mr. Averil' this and 'Mr. Averil' that. And she was the prettiest, sweetest creature that ever you saw, not but what she isn't to-day, only she's changed—sort of hardened, I mean to say, and my, don't she hate the men!

"The last time I saw her—she'd dropped in at my place on Fifth Avenue about Averil's collection of pictures: she sold up everything on his death. I felt I ought to say something—you know, sympathy 'n' all that—about her husband. I hadn't heard about the other woman then, for they managed to keep the right story out of the papers.

"'Mr. Aronfels,' she said, 'I've known you for a long time'—that was right, for her father used to do business with me too when he was alive—'and you may as well be told the truth. My husband was killed with his mistress, with whom he'd been living almost ever since we were married,' she said. 'So you see there's no need to offer me sympathy,' she said.

"Gee, it was fierce! You could have knocked me down with a feather. I couldn't have believed it possible, I told her, for I felt I had to say something. 'With men anything is possible, Mr. Aronfels,' she told me. It don't sound much, I know, but, say, if you'd heard her voice—ice and then frozen over." . . .

MEANWHILE at her table the woman they were discussing was satisfying her companion's curiosity as to the identity of the portly gentleman who had bowed so devotedly.

"That's old Aronfels, the New York dealer, Rachel," she said. "He disposed of the pictures when—when Mark died."

"My dear child," replied her friend, "it was only the other day, when I met Connie Winter at Cannes, that I heard the truth about you and Mark Averil. I didn't even know that your husband was dead. Why ever didn't you write and tell me?"

Jean Averil had slipped off her wrap. She shrugged her gleaming bare shoul-

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ders, her gray eyes studying her nails.

"It's no good worrying other people with one's troubles," she answered. "What's past is past, and one can only hope to forget!"

There was no emotion in her voice, and she met Lady Rachel's compassionate gaze without a tremor.

"A soup? Let me see—perhaps *petite marmite,* a sole and fried chicken, with a salad, will do very nicely, Louis," Lady Rachel announced over one massive shoulder to the bustling maître d'hôtel, "and some toast Melba. And a bottle of the Lanson brut—no, no, my dear," she insisted firmly in reply to Jean Averil's protests, "you're going on the sea, and a drop of fizz will do you good."

A BLUE-CHINNED waiter with the coiffure of a bullfighter minus the pigtail fussed up with a rack of toast.

"Forget?" remarked Lady Rachel. "Forget, yes, my dear, but also remember. Once bit, twice shy!"

And as though to mark her point her large white teeth crunched crisply into a square of thin, hard toast.

"You're still quite young, aren't you?"

"Twenty-five!" said Jean.

"An infant! You're beautiful, my dear; your taste in clothes is perfect, and you must have been left very well off. A year or two will go by, and one fine day they'll be at you to marry again!"

Jean made a gesture of repulsion.

"Oh, you feel like that to-day, I dare say," Lady Rachel rejoined calmly. "But, mark my words, Jean, unless you're strong-minded about it, one of these devils will get round you. I know them! I'm not a man hater, my dear. I find men irresistibly attractive with their self-possession, their ruthlessness, their *esprit de corps.* Life would be horribly insipid without them. But when *my* beauty ran off with my best friend—she was a handsome baggage, but not half the woman that I am"—Lady Rachel ran a not unappreciative eye over her magnificent neck and arms with the low black corsage abundantly displayed—"I said to myself, 'Rachel, my dear, never again!'

"I meant it, and I've stuck to it. I've loads of men friends, and it amuses me to sit under the palms at my villa at Cannes and watch them swarming around me, fancying themselves in love with me or my money, as the case may be. There may be some good men," she admitted generously, "but a man is good only so long as you don't surrender to him. And remember this, Jeanie, my girl, the best man that was ever born is fit only for the guillotine!"

So determined was she, so transparently serious, that her guest could not keep from smiling. She had a nice smile, a sort of inward illuminant that filled her rather grave face with charm.

"Dear old Rachel," she said, "you know it all, don't you? But how brave you are! I haven't forgotten what a bad time you had when Richard went off like that!"

Thoughtful for an instant, the other crumbled her toast. Then she raised her glass.

"One lives and learns, Jeanie," she remarked in her old bantering way. "Here's hoping that you'll remember my sermon!

"And so," she resumed presently, "you're off to Egypt?"

"Yes," said Jean. "I couldn't bear to stay in America, so I thought I'd come abroad for a year or two. First I went to Paris: I had some idea of renting a studio and going in for art but I was restless, and the weather was so wretched. I'd always wanted to go to Egypt, and so, all of a sudden, I made up my mind to come to Monte and catch the Aquatic. I don't know what sort of a cabin they'll give me; they promised me an outside one. The ship's awfully full, they warned me at the agent's in Paris. But I don't care much as long as I get to the sun!"

"The Egyptian sunshine is wonderful," Lady Rachel agreed. "It'll be a great change for you, Jeanie. But don't get brooding. The evenings are rather sad when the sun is sinking and from the Nile you hear the sailors singing at their work. However," she went on in her old vein, "my principal recollection of Egypt, besides Richard's continual complaints about being robbed, is of riding donkeys that made me so sore that I couldn't sit down for a week! Hullo, your art dealer person is off; no, it's his friend. By the way, it's just occurred to me that I know a man who's also catching the Aquatic here."

"Not a Greek called Simonou, is it? I met him at the Ritz in Paris and ran into him in the street this morning. He's leaving to-night."

"No, it's an Egyptian, Prince Said Hussein, a most amusing creature. He was at the Sporting Club last night. I don't think it would be convenable for me to give you a letter to him, but I'll wireless him in the morning to look you up on board."

"But, Rachel, an Egyptian!"

"He's as white as you or I. He had an Albanian or a Circassian mother, I can't remember which; anyhow, something excessively alluring and romantic in the feminine line. He's fabulously rich and gives the most lavish entertainments in Cairo. Richard and I saw a lot of him there. You'll tremendously enjoy him. Gracious, what's that?"

SHE started violently, as did most of the other diners. A loud report had sounded outside.

"It is nozzing, miladi"—the waiter with the toreador side whiskers stooped to Lady Rachel's ear—"a *pneu,* a tire of automobile, he make *paff!* Everything all raight!"

"Carry on, girls and boys," cried a fruity voice at the next table, "only a tire busted!"

Conversation was resumed, and the next moment the band started to play. Lady Rachel and her guest went on with their dinner. They did not observe the maître d'hôtel as he sidled unobtrusively to the table where Mr. Aronfels awaited his friend's return from the telephone, whither he had been summoned to speak with Monsieur Mayer. They did not notice Mr. Aronfels' precipitate departure. Neither they nor any of the other diners at the restaurant knew that, as music and laughter once more rang through the restaurant, the dead body of a well-dressed man, wearing one of the double-breasted dinner coats that King Alfonso introduced at Deauville, was being expeditiously moved from the telephone box.

It is not meet that merrymakers should know these things.

The teamwork at Monte Carlo is very good.

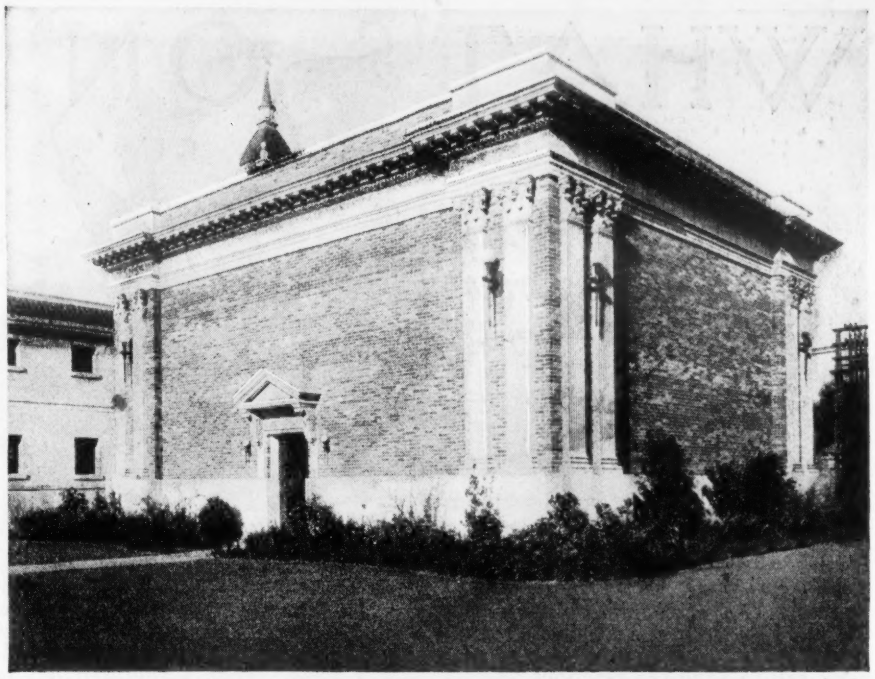
(To be continued next week)

Emma-Lindsay Squier

has written an unusual story of the Christmas season. The setting is cactus instead of Christmas trees, sand instead of snow, but the spirit is as old as Bethlehem. Look for

MADONNA
of the MESA

In Next Week's **Collier's**



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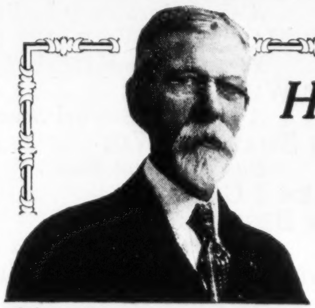

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

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Strewing Flowers in His Path

To the Editor of Collier's:

THE press reviews of the late Senator Lodge's book "The Senate and the League of Nations" call to mind the reactions against Mr. Lodge in his persistent opposition to President Wilson and the League of Nations, which view is accentuated by the obvious purpose of the publication at this time.

The most crushing reaction against Senator Lodge's unyielding bitterness toward President Wilson and the League was the recent action taken at the Locarno conference, when that "aristocratic" type statesman, Austen Chamberlain, came out with tears streaming down his face, saying he "did not know how it was done, but it was done." What more humiliating reversion of a position ever taken by any man in public affairs than the action taken there at Locarno in comparison with the contention of Senator Lodge as to the "futile" efforts for peace of the League Covenant?

But for President Wilson there would have been no League Covenant. And but for the League Covenant there would have been no conference at Locarno: which conference, with the wonderful results there accomplished, is now being acclaimed by statesmen and publicists around the world.

Such thoughts recall how the people of the cities of England and Italy and other of the allied countries, during the war, strewed flowers in the streets as President Wilson passed through those cities—a tribute that will continue in imagination for all time—as his soul goes marching on.

F. W. KELSEY, New York City.

Painted Faces Aren't Hereditary

To the Editor of Collier's:

This morning one of the latest type young flapperty-flaps got on the street car. She looked seventeen but was probably twenty-two. Her hair was bobbed, her skirt was short, her cheeks and lips were of a color Dame Nature can never hope to duplicate, and she rolled 'em below the knee.

She was carrying one of the fattest, healthiest-looking babies I ever saw. It was so good and clean and white and *sanitary* that smiles of appreciation came to the faces of hard-boiled old codgers like myself.

I believe the oft-repeated question "What are these modern girls coming to?" can be answered: Within a few years they will be taking better care of their children than their mothers took of them. A. M. E., Denver, Col.

P. S.—The baby's face was not painted.

Her Own Divorce Lawyer

To the Editor of Collier's:

"What a Divorce Lawyer Knows" I too found interesting reading. I too wonder if Collier's would be as anxious to publish "What I Know About Lawyers."

At an early age I married, and after eighteen months found it impossible to live with the man I had married. I pleaded with him to give up his vice, but when the bare fact was thrown in my face I quietly stepped out of his life.

For ten years I stood behind the counter supporting myself on nine dollars a week. Then I ventured out to secure a divorce. Like "S. G." of New York I had only my husband's word. I tried several lawyers who after inquiring about my salary became uninterested.

Then I heard of a good old lawyer on Broadway. "Fatherly" they called him. After hearing my story through, the fatherly man asked me what I intended to do after my divorce. Then came the sermon on the mount. I decided that I was in the wrong place.

Then I was put in touch with a lawyer who immediately wanted a frame-up, as he called it, but I couldn't consent.

At the end of that year I met "him." He was a woodsman, come east sightseeing. He stayed three months. Then he proposed marriage and wanted to go back home. I told him truthfully the story of my life. I told him I would never put the yoke around my neck again, that laws were only for the rich, and so on. I told him I approved of trial marriages only (I don't really know if I meant what I said or really believed it).

This is what he replied: "I'll always hold sacred your trust, if you'll have me. I'll always be good to you. I don't want to be accused of marrying you while you are undivorced, but surely I can have a housekeeper."

Twenty years have passed since my husband slipped my wedding ring on my finger while the train rolled out of the station, with the words " 'Till death us do part."

We now own a home in the East and are highly respected. My husband is loved by all who know him.

Now I am open to criticism. Did I do wrong by throwing conventionalities aside, and taking a chance with a grand man? I suppose if the good or so-called good people knew my story I would be ostracized. I would be my husband's mistress. But thank God there is no such thought with us.

E. G. E., New Jersey.

What Was in That Jug?

To the Editor of Collier's:

I read the stories of Mr. Densford and Mr. Patterson with interest, but these are mild stories. I question whether either of these men have ever really lived in Kansas or Oklahoma. I lived and traveled in Kansas and Oklahoma for forty years and for ten years settled cyclone losses in both of these states.

I remember a cyclone in Oklahoma that turned a farmer's jug of drinking water wrong side out without spilling a drop. I saw this happen and would have brought the jug, but couldn't carry it as the handle was on the inside.

Give me earthquakes every time. The only strange thing that the earthquake did that I have heard of was to shake the works out of a clock, but they rolled back in and the clock never missed a tick, so no real damage was done.

H. L. OSBORNE, Santa Barbara.

Hot Stuff From Mississippi

To the Editor of Collier's:

In your magazine I see that you invite readers to express their opinions and after reading a recent issue I have a few things to say.

For instance, the article "For Mississippi, et al." is carrying things too far. We do lynch a Negro occasionally, but if a Negro should attack your wife or daughter you would feel differently about lynchings.

As for Negro policemen I think that is giving them a little too much power. And if a Negro attempted to arrest a man from the South it is very likely that he would be buried.

I am a Southerner and am proud of it, and any slur directed at the South is to me a personal matter. It has always been the policy of Collier's to knock the South. A knocker accomplishes little save to advertise his ignorance and narrow-mindedness. Why don't you do something to help the South if it is so badly in need of help? We of the South are very well satisfied with things as they are and would appreciate it if you would leave our affairs alone and clean up your own back yard.

If you would like the Negroes to be thinned out just pass a law making it necessary to have a certain number of Negro police and I will be willing to make you a little wager that they will be killed out faster than they can fill the vacancies. Or that lawlessness will increase to such an extent that they will have to be taken off.

Would you care to publish this?

MISSISSIPPIAN.

Maybe He's Spanish

To the Editor of Collier's:

Is Don Marquis a French count? He is interesting even if he is.

He says something about Mary Magdalene that has a truer ring to it than anything I have ever heard or read. Very often those who have to bear the stigma of Magdalenism are made to bear it not because they are guilty but because those who have succeeded in fastening the stigma upon them use prayer meetings and song services for the benefit and conversion of the poor Magdalene as a putty wherewith to seal the cracks and knotholes of the coffin in which the corpse of their own Magdalenism is confined. One poor Magdalene is often the victim whereby the skirts and very often the trousers of those who have branded her are able to escape the stigma for themselves.

HANNA M. FORSBERG, Denver, Col.

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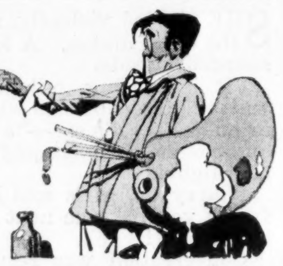

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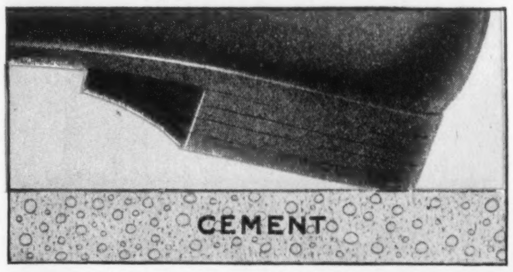
Do you force your clerks to walk on ICE-HARD floors?

FOR seven or eight hours a day you pay your clerks to keep alert, energetic, and industrious.

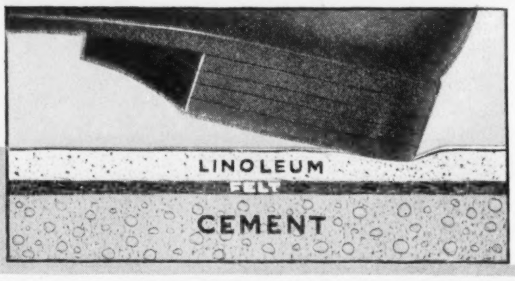
Yet if you are forcing willing office workers to walk all day long on hard, unyielding floors of concrete, you are subjecting them to an unfair, unnatural strain. For constant walking on ice-hard floors takes its daily toll in tensed muscles and fagged nerves. Tempers snap, nervous energy wears out—work suffers!

Now look at the attractive office shown at the right. It is the New York office of the Crowell Publishing Company. When this office was opened last February, the floors were cement—like the floors in most new buildings. Yet the floor you see in this picture is a foot-easy, energy-saving, easy-to-walk-on floor.



The cement floor you see above is a hard floor. It is also a cold floor. Its ice-hardness conveys to hurrying feet nerve-sapping, energy-taxing shocks, jars and jolts. And needlessly so.

Below is the same cement floor. But it is now an underfloor, as it was always intended to be. Over it has been laid a soft, resilient floor of springy linoleum. And between the linoleum and the concrete is a heavy lining of builders' deadening felt which further adds to walking comfort—and office efficiency.

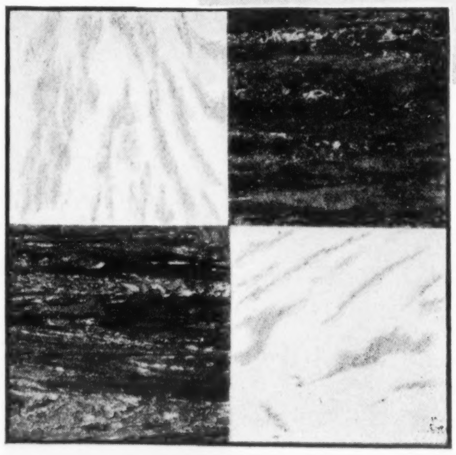


Installed quickly—no bother

How was the transformation made? Easily and economically. First a lining of builders' heavy deadening felt was pasted over the concrete underfloor (concrete in an office should always be considered as an underfloor). Over this soft felt base, a springy floor of Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum was cemented in place, its seams and edges tightly sealed with waterproof cement. The job was done quickly, with scarcely any interruption to business. The finished floor was in use the same day it was laid.

Easy to clean—beautiful too!

This Armstrong's Linoleum Floor is more than just comfortable to walk on. It is an extremely easy-to-care-for floor. Feet can't scrape it or splinter it. Tracked-in rain, snow, and dirt do not injure its finish. All it needs to keep it always looking as fresh as the day it was laid is a nightly brushing and polishing; no scrubbing; no oiling; no refinishing.



People get work done in this New York office of the Crowell Publishing Company. And the foot-easy floor of Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum does its part to lighten the day's task. At the left you see Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Pattern No. 72.

And then there is its beauty—beauty that is dignified *and permanent.* In all the new Armstrong designs—two-toned Jaspés, which come in green like the floor you see here and also in browns, grays, and blue; natural marble effects; inset tile patterns; and others designed for office use—the colors run clear through to the tough burlap back. Your architect, contractor, or any good linoleum merchant will gladly give you further information on the low first cost of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors and their remarkably low upkeep cost. First select your pattern. Then get an estimate on the complete job. In the meantime write for our illustrated book on

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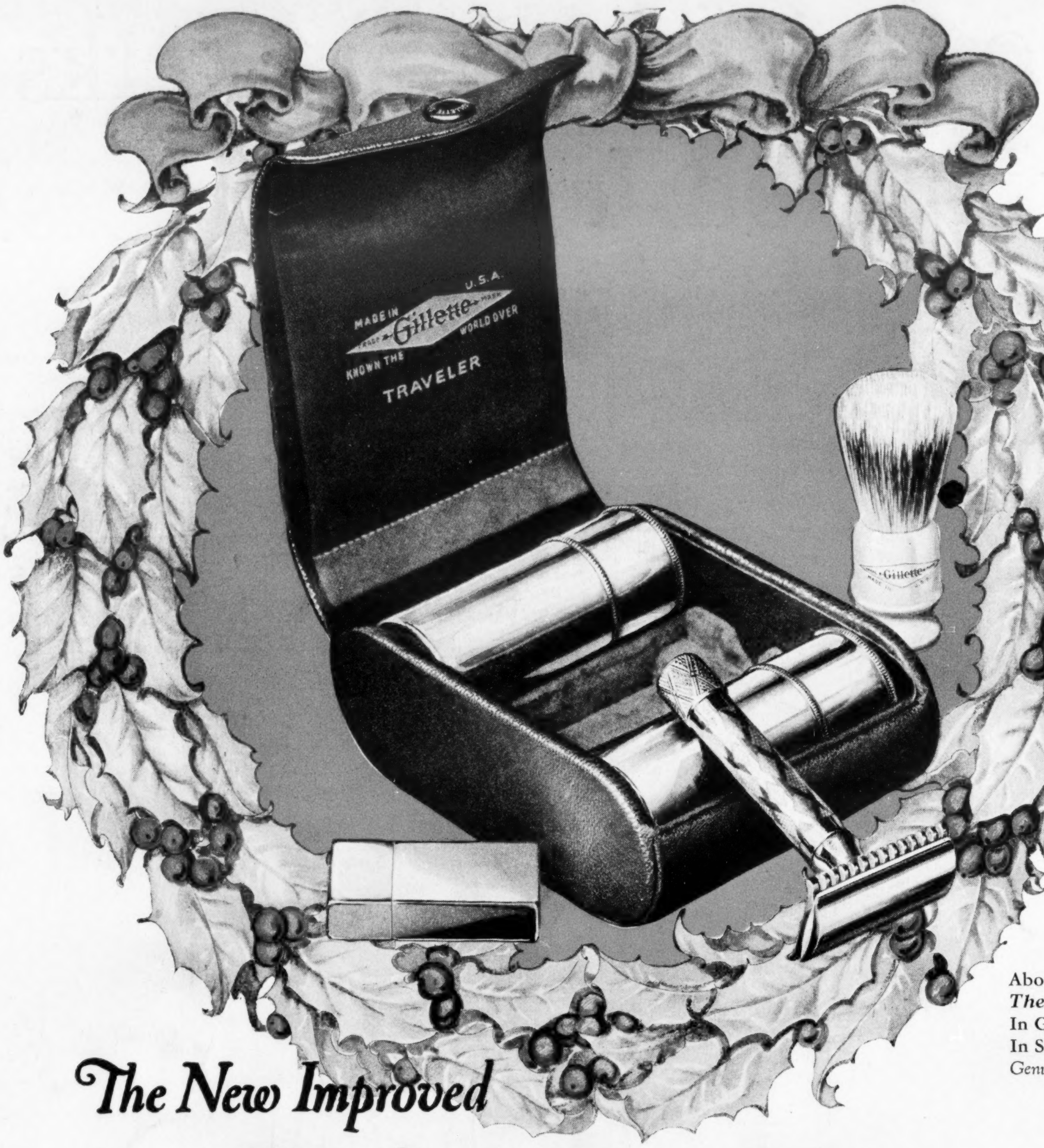

Above:
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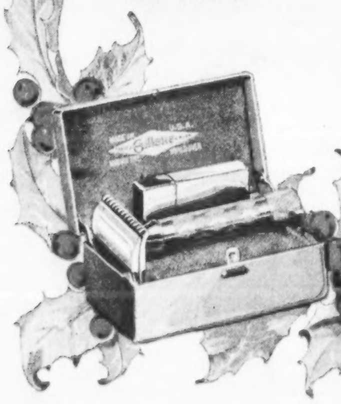

The Big Fellow:
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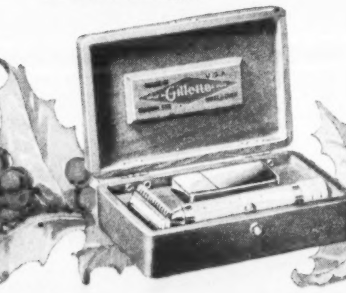

The New Standard:
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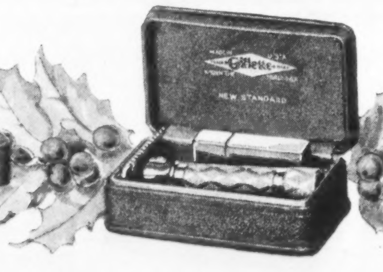

The Richwood:
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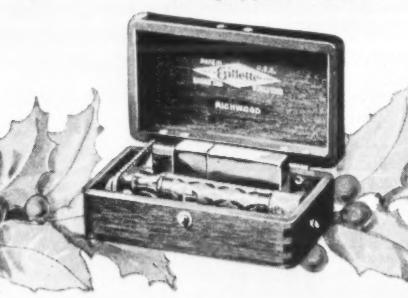
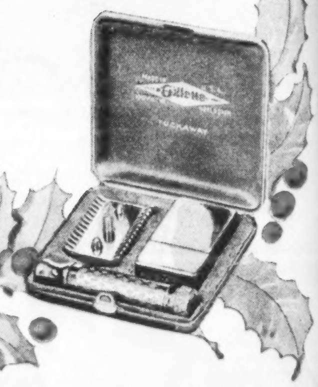
Mahogany finish wood case



The Tuckaway:
In Gold Plate, $6.
In Silver Plate, $5.